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SIX MONTHS IN
CAPE COLONY AND NATAL
ETC.

J. J. AUBERTIN

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SIX MONTHS
IN
CAPE COLONY AND NATAL,
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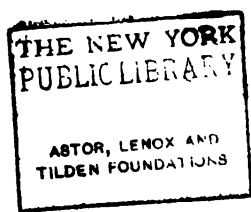
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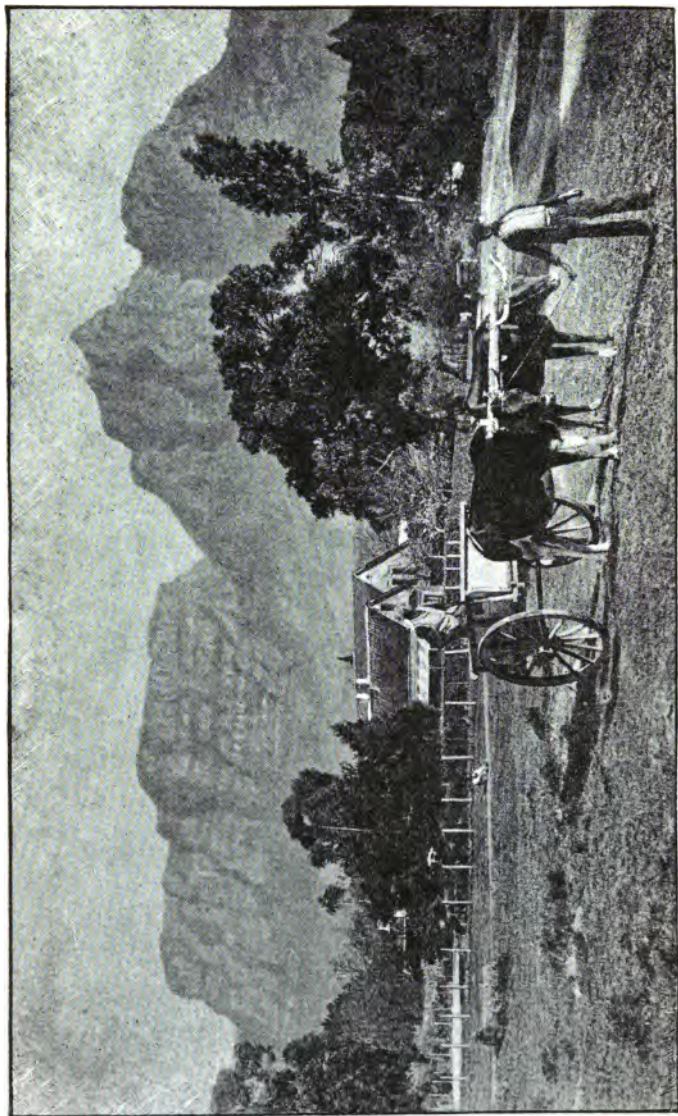


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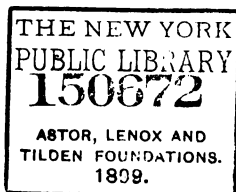
From Camp Ground, Rondeliasch.

SIX MONTHS
IN
CAPE COLONY AND NATAL,
AND
ONE MONTH
IN
TENERIFE AND MADEIRA.

BY
J. J. AUBERTIN,
TRANSLATOR OF "THE LUSIADS" AND "SEVENTY SONNETS OF CAMOENS,"
AND AUTHOR OF "A FLIGHT TO MEXICO."

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS AND A SKETCH MAP.

LONDON:
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1886.



BOOKSELLER (*loquitur*).

“A Tour, indeed! I’ve had enough
Of Tours and such-like flimsy stuff.
What a fool’s errand you have made
(I speak the language of the trade)
To travel all the country o’er,
And write what has been writ before!
We can get Tours—don’t make wry faces—
From those who never saw the places.
I know a man who has the skill
To make you Books of Tours at will;
And from his garret in Moorfields
Can see what every country yields;
So, if you please, you may retire,
And throw your Book into the fire:
You need not grin, my friend, nor vapour;
I would not buy it for waste paper!”

Tour of Dr. Syntax, Canto xxii.

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CHAPTER I.

BOUND FOR CAPETOWN.

FLOATING, drifting, and sailing over what we figuratively call the ocean of life, I found myself at Southampton on the 10th of November, 1884, on the margin of the ocean of salt waters, on board the Union Company's S.S. *Trojan* (Captain Larmer), bound for Capetown. And after spending six months in Cape Colony and Natal, visiting Madeira on my way home, and crossing thence to Tenerife and mounting its celebrated peak, with its 12,186 feet, I found myself again in England on the 31st of July, 1885. This was the scope of the voyage and journey ; and if you, my good reader—and I address you individually, and not as a mere printed name—are disposed to sit down with me, and hear what I have to tell you of all I saw and heard and thought, I shall really be very pleased to have your company through these pages. But I have no sensational stories to recount ; no gigantic criminals to bring to justice ; no thrilling and agonizing compound plots to unravel, with that

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perfect satisfaction to all right and justice which is so easily arranged in novels, but which never comes to pass in the real world. I have no intoxicating pages to indite, with which so many of those who repudiate all wine and spirits are wont, nevertheless, and in a far more poisonous manner, to inebriate the brain. Therefore you must be content to read a quiet tale, which I will vary for you as much as the subject will admit of, even though I may not succeed in raising in you any new sensation.

Now, it was no new sensation for me to find myself about to enter on a voyage, as so many scores are now daily doing, of some few thousand miles of sea, without any pressing misgivings of shipwreck or starvation ; nor was it new to me to reflect, while paddling about on a cold wet deck, that in a mere handful of hours I should have left behind me wet driving winds and rains with their chilly heavens, and should be lounging under warm, bright skies instead ; for I had several times gone through all this before. But it was quite a new sensation to me that at the end of some six thousand miles of ocean I should land where the Queen was reigning, where the English flag would be flying, and where the English language would be spoken ; for I had never before visited one of our colonies, never before set foot on any spot of that vast colonial empire which is said to embrace in the aggregate an area of eight million square miles, or something only a little less

than that of the whole European and Asiatic Empire of Russia.

So forth we set from Southampton in the afternoon, and sailed away in gloomy atmosphere to Plymouth, whence on the following day we turned our prow towards the south, and made for Funchal in Madeira. And soon I found that another new sensation awaited me, in the character of the time we were to pass on board; for though I had traversed some tens of thousands of miles at sea, I had never met with anything like the life and spirit I found there, from the moment when we sailed into pleasant weather until we landed at Capetown on the 11th of December. The truth is that we were taking out with us a number of volunteer officers, with their men, who were on their way to join Sir Charles Warren on his expedition into Bechuanaland. Well did they illustrate the spirit of the volunteer! Some more and some less, of course, according to age; but altogether little of age was prominent. What were we not entertained with? Of these officers I must give a list for memorial's sake, and here they stand:—

Lieut.-Colonel A. Morrison.

Majors Knox, Martin, Ollivant, and Hon. M. Stapleton.

Captains Davison, Hanson, Howell, Harris, Johnstone, Jones, Newbigging, R.A., and Rait.

Lieutenants Angell, Hon. C. Bingham, Churchward, Davidson, Deare, Falknier, Gamble, Hibbert

Keefe, Hon. R. Leigh, MacAdam, Monroy, Pelle, Smeaton, Tongue, and Williams.

Surgeon-Major Maunsell, and Surgeons Coates, Emerson, Hughes, Johnston, O'Donnel, and Robins.

Veterinary Surgeon Cox.

Dep.-A.-C.-G. Calder, and A.-C.-G. McComb.

Dancing, theatricals, and concerts, Christy minstrels, cricket, and quoits, were in turn celebrated; in the first three of which entertainments there were happily well-qualified ladies on board to take a part; and an amusingly gossiping newspaper was periodically published, to which I fancy Lieutenant Keefe, with his inimitable cry of "Walk up! walk up!" on all occasions was a main contributor, as, indeed, he appeared also to be a general Corypheus.

Nor was this all; for we had daily lotteries on the "runs" of the ship—two or three different lotteries, with auctions for the sale of the tickets; and in these one of our fellow-passengers, Mr. Myers, of Kimberley, greatly distinguished himself as the auctioneer. Whoever bid the highest for any given ticket, and thus bought it of the owner who wished to sell it, paid double the price he bid, of which one-half went to the owner, and the other half to the pool. But the owner was obliged to bid for his own ticket if he wished to keep it, and the amount he bid went into the pool, which every day seemed to me to grow larger and larger, though I never succeeded in feeling the effects of this in the palm of my hand. But one very

singular circumstance in connection with the doctrine of chances happened, which I cannot but record. On the Monday, for example, a Mr. Burroughs and a Mr. Wood each drew the same number in the two different lotteries, and the number proved a prize; and on the Tuesday the same fact in drawing happened to them, and their number was again a prize! This Mr. Burroughs was a sporting farmer, and a keen bidder among the tickets; and there was a special feature about his journey to the Cape connected with the present state of agriculture in England. He had rented a farm not far from Winchester, and had attained to really middle age; but, declining to continue except at a considerable annual reduction of rent, and his landlord equally declining to reduce it, they had parted, and he was sailing to the colony with his cheery wife and two nice young children, a boy and a girl, to buy land and begin life anew.

Well! thus we sailed with always lovely weather after touching at Funchal, at whose beautifully clustered city with its suburbs sprinkled above on the green mountains of Madeira we arrived at about half-past ten on the morning of Tuesday, the 25th of November. No further hindrance to our navigation had occurred than a short stoppage on the night of the Saturday, and this was brought about by no greater circumstance than the death and burial of the old cow on board. I had been looking at her on that day and wondering how she could give milk! Milk on board

is indeed a puzzle and a penalty, notwithstanding all the variety of condensed preparations, and the death of a really good cow would deserve a full mortuary notice.

Funchal sparkled in the sun, and light clouds lay on the tops of the green mountains behind ; and on leaving this lovely island—why did not England keep it ?—as also on sighting the Peak of Tenerife on the following day, I resolved that this should be the last time of seeing these two ocean gems without realizing an expedition through them.

Lounging, basking, and bathing weather had now begun, and all the life that I have alluded to continued in full swing, though a smartish head-wind blew during the theatricals. We were not to touch at St. Helena or Ascension, so that we sailed onwards from Madeira without stoppage, gradually coming up to the sun, passing under him, and leaving him to our north, until, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 11th of December, we sighted land to our port before dinner, and drew gradually towards Table Bay and Mountain a little after sunset. The approach was grand. The perfectly cloudless sky was tinged all over with that after-sunset rosy hue which must be familiar to you if you know these climates, and in front were the sharply traced outlines of the massive group that forms the background of Capetown, with the long straight table-line in the midst that gives the name to the mountain. There was not light enough for the

eye to trace the uneven surfaces of the face, which all lay in the dark blue mystery that approaching night produces. Lights, electrical and others, were glistening in the harbour, where it was too late to enter, and we lay quietly at anchor outside till the morning.

And now our little sailing world, that had been kept together on the waters, was disordered and dispersed. Some went on shore at once in boats with friends who had come to meet them, while among some few of us there was a last carouse before the morning's final separation—

“ Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be.”

CHAPTER II.

FIRST DAYS IN CAPETOWN.

IF the mountain masses, with their dark azure fronts and clear sharp outlines against the fading roses of the sky, impressed me at evening, so did their aspect when we came on deck at early morning, to watch our slow and careful entrance into harbour. To our left, as we faced the shore, there frowned a large group of ragged mountains, and immediately in our front stood forth the wide-extending precipices of the real Table Mountain, with its broad flat table top. But you would have been as astonished as I was at the peculiarly shaped mist that hung upon the brow. On my uttering an exclamation at this appearance, a passenger belonging to Capetown responded, "Ah!" said he, "many strangers are struck when they see that sort of cloud upon the Table for the first time. We call it the 'Table-cloth.'"

"And well you may," I replied. "It lies exactly like a cloth along the edge, and there is the very festooning of the linen folds in front, disappearing

exactly at the proportionate depth of the usual hangings. The name, though not romantic, is remarkably descriptive."

"When the wind comes quietly from the south-east we have that effect, but at times the clouds are vast and towering."

"What a majestic mass the whole group presents! What do you call the two mountains to the right and left?"

"That to the left we call 'The Devil's Peak.'"

"The devil you do!"

"Yes; and this to the right of the Table comprehends the Lion's Head and the Lion's Rump, where the Signal Station stands. From that point you have a splendid view of the Twelve Apostles."

"Of what? What are the Twelve Apostles?"

"Oh, they are twelve magnificent buttresses running down the side of the Table Mountain; in fact, you will not know the mountain till you have been completely round him."

"But you are like the rest of the world in giving odd names to your mountains; and yours in particular present to me a rather curious picture!"

"Why so? You have devil's bridges, and his peaks and dykes and punch-bowls everywhere else!"

"Yes; but here you are yet more peculiar, for you have so managed your names that you have the devil on one side and the twelve apostles on the other, and the table between them, with the cloth laid!"

"Well, well, well!" quoth he, breaking out into a laugh, "you can put it so if you please, but it never struck me in that way before, I must confess. However, there are the names you asked for."

As we were carefully and quietly gliding into dock, I remarked upon the aspect of the town. There was a hot and dry appearance all round it.

"Ah!" said my friend, "you have come in the hot, dry time. Our fruit season is now beginning, and you will already find quantities of strawberries; the peaches and the grapes will follow. But if you had come in September, which answers to your English March, you would have seen all those harsh, dry slopes covered with beautiful flowers; and this change of aspect in spring is presented over even our driest districts."

Having been gradually brought up to the quay side, we went on shore—it being Friday morning, the 12th of December—and I was immediately hailed by a "hansom," a whole row of which stood ready for us, all being painted white, to resist the heat of the climate, which at latitude $33^{\circ} 56'$ south is naturally rather considerable in the month of December. But another feature in the scene immediately struck me, and reminded me of my former days in Brazil; one, indeed, which struck me more and more everywhere I afterwards went—and this must contribute to the difficulties attending Cape questions—I mean the abundant mixture of black and coloured population.

A fellow-passenger who had disembarked the night before, and who knew the town well and recommended me not to sojourn there, had been good enough to undertake to bespeak a room for me at the International Hotel, which lies some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour outside and above the city ; and I was well content to drive through all the hot streets to get there. Passing the Roman Catholic cathedral, which is, I must say, about the ugliest building belonging to that Church (which has so many pleasing ones) that I have ever seen, I found myself mounting the long straight slope of Hope Street, at the top of which the hotel stands, under the vast broad front of Table Mountain, whose sheer precipices were face to face with me as I drove up this road. As I gradually approached this mountain, it reminded me of my first view, in 1846, of the Swiss Gemmi Pass as seen from Leukerbad, whose precipices I could not then persuade myself we were really going to scale, until we were actually upon them. But I soon became aware that the proportions of Table Mountain were far and far greater than those of the Gemmi. Not only is the width of its table line immense, but while the Gemmi precipices rise only to some two thousand feet, those of the Table Mountain are given a height of 3852 feet above the bay, or between two and three hundred feet higher than Snowdon. At the top of Hope Street, I came to the gateway of the International Hotel, the two sideposts of which bore pretty plain evidence

of either clumsy or inebriated driving ; and curving through a large front garden I found myself between two large oleander trees, at the bottom of some steps leading up to a pillared corridor, here called a *stoep*, and running nearly the width of the house. Here I was greeted by Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan, the host and hostess, with cheerful Irish faces, and (being Irish) with a large family, of course. Eldest and youngest, all looked merry, and I was shown into a spacious bedroom opening on the corridor. This same corridor faces to the north and presents this peculiarity : in summer it is shady, though hot, because the sun is too high to shine into it : while in autumn and winter, from his lower meridian, he pours in his rays. In the evenings, by moonlight or starlight, it is a charm. This charm, however, sometimes proves somewhat uncharming ; for people often seem to forget to go to bed, and march to and fro, or maintain unmusical conversations far beyond the hour when those who occupy the rooms opening on to it would wish for sleep and silence. The growing popularity of the hotel, however, will justify Mr. O'Callaghan in building additional rooms ; and particularly so as a tramway—where is there not a tramway now?—runs up to the garden entrance. The position is perfect. Trees there are in plenty, and an avenue ; and from some of the windows you look across the blue water of the bay on to the brilliant white strips of sand that shine on the

opposite shore like a streak of snow ; and then come the distant mountains beyond.

On almost my first morning, I had a specimen of what is dust in Capetown. The south-east wind had increased to hard blowing, and that phrase is enough for any resident to know what was taking place. The cloud on the Table had swollen into immense rolling masses, losing all vestiges of a cloth, and a wind in the Arabian desert would scarcely have pelted one with more gravel and sand. The south-easter is called "the doctor," because it cleanses the air. Perhaps the dust operates as a broom in its hands—it is often thick enough to pass for such an instrument ; and might be called a flogging broom, or rod.

Too ! too ! too ! all the morning long. What on earth is all that noise about ? It is the fishmen in their carts. They come galloping into town from Kalk Bay with fish, and blow their horns in every corner of the city. This, also, is one of the earliest features that a stranger may well note in Capetown.

The delivery of letters being one of the first duties, I began with Government House, a cab having been called up from the town by a telephone in the hotel. Sir Hercules Robinson was not in, as he lives by the seaside in the summer ; but a day or two afterwards I repeated my visit, and was favoured with a long and interesting conversation, with an offer of letters for my

intended journey to various parts of the colony. The cheerful Military Chaplain, the Rev. Rice Thomas, to whom I had brought a pleasant letter from the Very Rev. Mr. Alder, of Eastbourne, formerly Dean at the Cape, was one of the first to call upon me, and brought an invitation to me to luncheon with Miss Arthur at her establishment, "The Orphanage," where I met the Bishop of Capetown and Mrs. Jones, to whom also I had brought a letter from the Rev. Mr. Hutton, the rector of Chipping Barnet. This orphanage is a small and unpretending but remarkable establishment, the fruit of true benevolence ; and on going over it, and over a school attached to it, I was again struck with the variety of race, and of physiognomy among all the children : presenting all the colours—not of the rainbow.

On this subject, again, let me here interpolate that, a few days after this, Methuen's Horse arrived. As I was standing talking in the street with some officers, we were all ordered to stand off, for the men to be drawn up in line. On one side stood these fine fellows in their brown corduroys, and on the other stood a line of Capetown varieties staring at them. Such was the contrast that I found my right eye and my left (as it were) asking, each the other, what it was looking at.

On leaving the Orphanage, I found it my most convenient duty to visit the Cape of Good Hope Bank, where, after paying a respectful bow to an

individual with about the finest head of white hair I have ever seen, I was introduced to Mr. Wright, who received me with no misgiving countenance, and proved my friend to the last in enabling me to fulfil all my desires by furnishing me, from time to time, with that material we all so unaffectedly despise because we are so utterly dependent upon it. This visit gave me the opportunity of surveying, in its full length, the main straight artery of the town—Adderley Street. It runs down to the sea; it is wide; and contains the principal buildings, among which those of the Commercial Exchange and Reading Rooms, and the pompous South African Bank appear; and turning to the right hand at the end, you come upon the railway-station. The houses on each side are of various whitey-brown colours, and generally speaking have flat roofs. Up this large artery the south-easter occasionally rushes, discharging with vehemence his shot of dust and gravel; and when the air is still and the sky is clear, great Table Mountain pours down the reflected rays of the sun from his vast broad hot precipices. What other city has such a background? In the worst of the heat, my good reader, you might possibly suggest, "or would wish to have?" The cathedral may rank with some of our average London churches, and when I have said that, and that there are various straight streets running in various directions, laid out with old Dutch regularity, I seem to have said enough

about the actual town, with all its public buildings of the usual category. Two, however, of these I must specially mention out of gratitude for the hospitality they afforded me—the “Civil Service” and the “City” Clubs.

But when you return to the International, do not do so in a cab up Hope Street again, but walk up the long avenue of oak trees. Government House with its garden faces on to it, and opposite are the remarkable Botanical Gardens. Further up, and before passing out of the shade, you will come upon the college on your right. The very large and important building to your left, as you entered below, is the Palace of the Legislature, or House of Assembly. As this was yet unfinished when I first saw it, and was not inaugurated until the meeting of Parliament in April, 1885, I will not yet speak of the visits I made to it during the session, after my return from my excursions. So, if you please, we will go straight up the three-quarters of a mile of oak avenue, and, passing to the left over a certain length of hot road, get back to our hotel, and to the received modes of relief after a walk under hot skies.

CHAPTER III.

EXCURSION TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE bishop having been good enough to give me an invitation to spend a couple of days at Bishopscourt, I decided to make that my start for a visit to the whole of the peninsula, including, of course, the actual Cape of Good Hope, or "Cape Point," as it is now more popularly called. Though comparatively very few ever make this visit, I had a great personal interest in so doing, partly because under any circumstances I should have wished to see this grand historic spot, and mainly from a species of romantic association I had imbibed from my translation of the terrible and mysterious scene which Camoens so powerfully works up in the fifth book of his *Lusiads*, as occurring between Vasco da Gama and the prophetic giant Adamastor. Now this Cape of Good Hope has really no title whatever to that name, except upon the supposition that we can unchristen ourselves and substitute for our baptismal nomination some other by a subsequent ceremony. Vasco da

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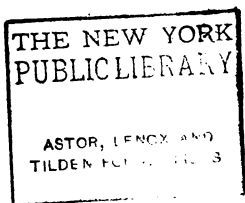
Gama, who sailed from Lisbon on the 8th of July, 1497, under the auspices of his king, Dom Manoel the Fortunate, was not the discoverer of this cape. It had been discovered ten years earlier, in 1487, by Bartholomeo Dias, who was the first to pass it, on his attempted sea voyage to India, in which he managed to get as far as the (now called) Great Fish River, many leagues to the east of Port Elizabeth or Algoa Bay. But so bad was the weather when he passed this cape, that he did not sight it in his outward course, but only on his return ; and then, consistently with what he had proved of it, he called it Cabo Tormentoso, or Cape Stormy. That ought to be its name now ; but his king, Dom John II., for the purpose of encouraging renewed attempts to reach India by sea, changed this real name into the very opposite one which the Cape now bears. Poor Dias had no reason at all to consent to the change ; for not only had he named the Cape as he found it, but in 1500 he lost his life during a terrible storm in those regions, while sailing in Pedro Alvares' expedition. This catastrophe Camoens puts into the mouth of the giant Adamastor, as in the form of prophecy—

“And here I hope to take, if not misled,
'Gainst him deep vengeance who discovered me.”

Well! on this excursion I set out, beginning with my pleasant visit to Bishops court. On leaving Capetown by rail I soon began to realize the truth of what my fellow-passenger had told me about the beauties of



ENTRANCE TO BISHOPSCOURT.



the mountain ; for every minute unfolded new striking aspects of his vast masses. Arriving presently at Claremont Station, some forty minutes' journey, I found the bishop's chaise, with his chesnut horse and black coachman, and began a remarkably picturesque drive of about twenty minutes through thickly planted roads. One feature here was the almost impalpable red dust that blew in all directions and actually painted the trees, a large number of which were the lofty Eucalyptus. Then, on entering the property—presented to the bishopric, I understand, by the late Bishop Gray—we passed into a most imposing avenue of lofty pines. These trees had all been planted by the Dutch in years gone by, and the house was Dutch also ; a striking feature connected with it being the large courtyard into which you drive for the entrance, planted with large oak trees, all in order. Few views, indeed, of the particular character can be more enchanting than that of the garden, trees, meadow, and mountain from the bishop's verandah. You may gaze and go away and come to gaze again. “*Decies repetita placebit.*” How far all may be pleasant amidst these charms when the rains come on may be another question. And in this close mountainous district the variations of temperature are important. But oh ! the joys of cool nights. The bishop showed me a variation in his thermometer, while I was there, from 85° Fahrenheit in the shade at noon to 51° at night. In the afternoon, after going to the station to

meet a Mr. Bird, an old and constant public servant in the colony of Natal, whom I am now happy to be able to call my friend, we were taken a drive all through the wooded neighbourhood, with a visit to the two Constantias, Great and High, where Dutch families are still living, and where that wine of that same name, once choice in England, grows. No one hears of it now, and the reason of this, as generally given, is somewhat amusing. Formerly it appeared on the royal table, in the shape of an annual tribute, until in an unhappy moment the growers requested to be relieved of this small burden; which request being unhappily conceded, the wine disappeared from the general table when it ceased to appear upon the royal!

It seems impossible to speak of Constantia without speaking at once of the grapes of the Cape as table fruit. There are many kinds, and all are pleasant. But the great grape is the famous oval one which is curiously called the Haanepot (or poot) grape. The literal meaning of this word is simply "cock's foot"! How can a bunch of beautiful grapes be associated with such an object? Forthwith, erudition exults and expatiates, while the heedless public contentedly devour the fruit, careless of the derivation of its name. The easiest explanation of it was given me by Professor P. D. Hahn: viz. that when hung up the bunch invariably shows a form of growth which might rudely be compared to a

cock's foot with its hinder claw delineated. But Dr. Theophilus Hahn gave me a learned origin: viz. that the word comes from the Low German "hanebutte," meaning the red berries of the wild rose, which are oval, like the grape. This latter association is certainly less unpleasant than the former; but, to cut the matter short, and because the grape is lusciously sweet—almost too much so—it is often offhand called Honey Pot, which will do quite as well, if no sense can be made out of either of the other derivations. The grape is also fleshy and hard-skinned. It is used rather for brandy than for wine.

I remember one feature in our drive—the wind. It was high and dry, and, of course, dusty; and it caused a curious stiffness in all the muscles of my neck and shoulders—not a cold, but a stiffness.

The episcopal property occupies some three hundred and fifty acres, and is highly picturesque throughout, as indeed is all this neighbourhood of the peninsula; and on certain holidays of the year the bishop opens his grounds to the public for their day's enjoyment. We took a long walk through various parts of it, and I was particularly struck with one peculiar tree, not large, but growing in abundant groups and waving with white silver brilliancy in the sun. It is called the *Protea Argentina*; it is peculiar to the peninsula, and its stiff dry flossy silver leaves, of which I brought home several, are turned to

account in various ornamental designs. When these trees die, still preserving their leaves (of which I saw several examples), their silver takes on a most peculiar ghastly hue, and their appearance is like that of ghosts among the living.

Finding my way from a curious sort of bazaar to the station on the afternoon of Monday, the 22nd of December, I went as far as the Muizenberg Station, about half an hour's distance, where I stayed till the 24th, and lodged comfortably at an hotel still called "Farmer Peck's." Muizenberg is backed by the mountains, and offers a very broad and extensive shore of pure white sand, fringing the deep blue waves of False Bay. Moreover, by one of those atmospheric caprices which are known to exist in various parts, its air is far less enervating than that of its immediate neighbours. But it also recalls historical recollections; for it was here that Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig landed in 1795, when they were sent out by the English Government with a fleet and troops, at the request of the Stadtholder of the Netherlands (the Cape then belonging to Holland), to take friendly possession, as a protection against the French. On the occasion of this, my first visit, it was enlivened by the bivouac of many of the troops for Bechuana-land whom we had brought out with us. Here I had a conversation with a gentleman from Kimberley, who had been managing the mines of the French company there. "This is my fourth fever," he said,

"and I am here to recuperate ; and then I go home, and will have no more of this." I had been told not to go to Kimberley yet, and this remark very naturally confirmed my intention not to do so, and to complete this excursion through the peninsula and others before moving off in that direction.

I made use of my day in driving over to Simonstown, our naval station, in order to make arrangements for my ride thence to Cape Point—or Cape Stormy. These were concluded with a Mr. Jones, of the Admiralty Yard, whose son was to accompany me to Mr. McKellar's, he being inspector of the lighthouse on the Point. On the morrow I was to return to Simonstown, and horses were to be at the door of the British Hotel at five o'clock on the Thursday morning.

So to Farmer Peck's I returned, and on the Wednesday went again to Simonstown by the afternoon train ; but only to Kalk Bay ! And from Kalk Bay I had to take the public cart to go on to Simonstown. Now, here, my good reader, you will not wonder that I diverge into a few remarks. We of England took second and forcible possession, in 1806, of the Dutch possessions at the Cape, for the mere selfish purpose (without using the phrase censoriously) of securing a strong naval position. I am now writing in 1885. Yet, with all the thousands and thousands of miles of railway that have been made with English

and colonial money, including the late extension to Kimberley by means of an Imperial loan, proposed in consequence of immediate possibility of war in neighbouring quarters, there is not yet a continuous line of railway between the capital, Capetown, and the Naval Station, Simonstown. And what is the amount required? Just £50,000! It is somewhat difficult to understand any kind of backwardness on the part of the Imperial Government in promoting by all possible means and facilities the protection of Table Bay and the communications with the Naval Station. The remark of the French Admiral, whoever he was, in the last century, is often quoted at the Cape—that whoever holds this African position and the Bay of Trincomalee must eventually be the victor in any naval war in these quarters of the globe between two European Powers. Warfare has been always, directly or indirectly, a great power in forcing on facilities of communication. The Romans made their roads in view of conquest and possession; and the old grand roads of the Simplon and the St. Gothard owed their existence to the same source, for Napoleon having originally constructed the first for the passage of his artillery, Switzerland eventually found herself obliged to construct the second, in order to protect herself against the subsequent exclusive use of the first by commerce, after peace was established. I certainly felt some real astonishment at being obliged to take cart within a few miles of

Simonstown, after coming all the way on rails from Capetown to Kalk Bay. The line of road, you will understand, runs all along the western shore of what is called False Bay. Why it is so called I cannot say, though the most natural reason would be because the original mariners mistook its formation, and supposed it communicated with Table Bay ; and when they found out their own ideas were false, they then called the bay false. The causeway (as we call the word) is curious, and the mountains grow very bare ; but the long range on the opposite side, especially towards sunset, stands out magnificent, both in form and colour.

Early on the morning of Christmas Day, Thursday, the 25th of December, 1884, I started on horseback with my guide to visit the real Cape of Good Hope, of which we have all heard so much. There are two roads to it from Simonstown. One runs high along the cliffs for a considerable distance, and then turns inland towards Mr. McKellar's. The other winds up a long, tedious, steep red road, well seen from Simonstown, and continues along the top of the remaining space of the peninsula. It was this one that we took. The other was not mentioned to me, nor should I have cared to undertake it on a strange horse (with a single curb, of course), if the heights and ledges are at all like those which I passed over afterwards in the north of Madeira in a hammock on men's shoulders. The distance is called seventeen miles, and the journey,

not very interesting, lies over a wild, sandy, mountainous ridge, with occasional dwellings and cultivated spots of vegetable and barley growths. Strange-looking small wild animals appeared and disappeared among the rocks as we passed along, and large hawks and eagles screamed and wheeled above us in the sky. Among the shrubs there were curious blossoms attracting the attention and interest of my ignorance, which my young, round-cheeked guide could not illuminate, though he had a sort of poacher's eye for game. Nevertheless, I recognized in abundance the wild mesembryanthemum, here called the Hottentot fig, of which, but in far greater beauty, I had seen such spreading banks in Sicily. You might easily lose your way ; though to the Point you would of course have to come, after long fumbling, at last. Walking, jogging, and hand-galloping, we occupied a little over two hours in our journey, the first evidence of Mr. McKellar's habitation being some half-dozen ostriches, which, being happily outside their camp, ran from us instead of at us on our approach.

We were at the door before the dwellers were up, and, as I must tell you all particulars, I was first hailed by a young wife of about twenty, and shortly afterwards came a "young" husband of about sixty. Mr. McKellar, in fact, had lived in his small domain, made for himself, for some twenty-six or twenty-seven years as a bachelor, and had been married to a friend's daughter for about as many weeks. He was a hale,

joyous bridegroom, and at first introduced his wife, whose real relationship I had no clue to, as his eldest daughter. But this half-shy, half-proud joke was soon dispersed in laughter, and my welcome was hearty.

I had not, however, yet reached Adamastor's rocky headland, for Mr. McKellar's house is still some four miles and a half from that magic spot. So a ride thither was arranged for the afternoon; and after an early Christmas dinner we mounted our horses and took a wild gallop to the lighthouse. Mr. and Mrs. McKellar, her brother, and myself and guide made up the party. The last quarter of the ride was, however, a severe pull. At length we dismounted at the station, and after sitting down indoors for some few minutes, I went up into the lighthouse and surveyed the gigantic cliffs and the ocean below at a depth of eight hundred and forty feet. Under care of the man in charge, I afterwards walked to the very head of the cliff, an overhanging one, and thoroughly realized for myself this far-famed historical cape. From the edge on which the lighthouse stands a vast independent shelving mass juts directly out into the sea, and at the bottom stands a large independent pillar. This projecting mass is called Vasco da Gama, a noble monument to the heroic navigator.

While gazing forth upon the ocean the mind recurs to former times, when this now comparatively superseded route to India was hailed as an

enormous discovery, and curiosity asks, Will anything like the old current of intercourse be ever re-established? The passage by the Suez Canal naturally offers great advantages; but many such belong to the passage by the Cape which can never be claimed for the former. The question of difference of time must of course be dealt with first; and here the wonderful speed now acquired by our best steamers offers a feature of competition. If this question is reduced to one of merely a few days, against this is to be set the safe, free, and healthy character of the Cape voyage: no extreme and trying heat like that of the Red Sea, and of the slow dawdle through the Canal; no enervating influences on the constitution; no dangers of cholera. All these considerations will apply to times of peace. Then, take into account a state of war and its interruptions, and it seems at once to become obvious that at all events our Naval Station at the Cape should on these grounds be deemed and treated as of the very first importance to us, and that nothing should be grudged in developing all the artificial, as well as the natural advantages, which Table Bay, with its splendid dock accommodation, already offers.

There are, in fact, three separate points here, but the other two are wholly inferior in character to the Cape Point. The outside one is called Cape Maclear, after the famous South African astronomer, and claims to be the real cape, geographically speaking,

because its point stretches somewhat further south than the actual Cape Point. There can be no manner of doubt, however, that it was this same vast, imposing mass of rock that Bartholomeo Dias christened "Cape Stormy," and which Camoens, after doubling it on his voyage to India, poetically describes as the transformed giant Adamastor in the famous fifth canto of his *Lusiads*. The middle rock I managed with much fatigue to reach and climb, in order to obtain a grand view, and grand indeed it was, of the brow and profile of the veritable, vast, darksome headland.

Yet, after all, on looking carefully at the map of Africa, it seems somewhat strange that this point should have occupied such prominence in the early navigators' observations, considering the small and almost retired position it occupies in reference to the general southern mass of the continent.

If you will open your right hand in a natural manner and lay it supinely on the table, the fingers together and the thumb rather apart, you have a very fair, if not a geographically exact, figure of the coast of South Africa. In this form you may really take your thumb as the peninsula, with Cape Point at the nail; the hollow space between thumb and fingers as False Bay; and your middle finger as the southernmost point of the continent. But I verily believe that many of us—whether you as well as I, my good reader, are one of them you will know—used to suppose the

Cape of Good Hope to be that same southernmost point. But look again. It is no such thing. Camoëns himself, indeed, registered this erroneous impression in his epic, for he makes Adamastor, in allusion to the first explorer, say—

“Aqui toda a Africana costa acabo
Neste meu nunca visto promontorio.”

“The southern point of Afric’s coast I stand,
On this my promontory never seen.”

That ultimate point, however, bears quite another Portuguese name, which we, by the way, have hideously transmogrified. Its features, I am told, are by no means prominent, and its name was given in relation to the number of small hidden rocks that cluster under water in front of it, typified as needles, for which the Portuguese word is *agulhas*, pronounced, if you please, *agúlias*. But as some of us choose to hold the Portuguese language as ugly, we have refined the pronunciation into the more elegant one of *agulluss*; and not only so, but in our scientific reports we learnedly add something meant for an article in the shape of “L’”. But there is no such article in the Portuguese language, and, even if there were, *agulhas* is, of course, plural.

Before leaving these districts it is impossible not to recall the grievous national disaster that came to pass off Danger Point, lying between False Bay and Agulhas, when, on the 26th of February, 1852, Her Majesty’s troopship *Birkenhead* struck upon a pointed rock and went down, only 184 persons out of 638 being

saved, 454 of the crew and soldiers perishing. History will for ever record how in that catastrophe nine officers and 349 soldiers went down standing to their arms, in order that the women, children, and sick might escape.

As the shades of evening were closing o'er us (to borrow something of the phrase of a pathetic old song) we mounted our horses again and galloped back to Mr. McKellar's ; and on the next day, bidding adieu to my hospitable host and hostess, I returned to Simonstown. And thus ended my pilgrimage to Cape Stormy, or the Cape of Good Hope.

Before leaving Simon's Bay I of course was taken through the dockyard, where the usual iron and steam processes, somewhat different from those of the mere production of apple pies, was going on ; and I paid a visit to the admiral on the station, Admiral Salmon. It is a trite observation and a trite circumstance that we very often stumble upon old associations far from home. But I choose to remember this instance of it. My visit was one purely complimentary, and I was therefore surprised to hear that my name was familiar ! " Perhaps," I said, " you are thinking of the other Huguenot name here, which struck me all of a heap in a newspaper, the very day after my arrival ; for I read that at a certain meeting—not only a Mr. Albertyn, but—a Mr. J. J. Albertyn had warmly opposed some resolution." This was wide of the mark, however, and it turned out that in

days of yore, and in the quiet Rectory of Swarraton, in the then far away county of Hants, I had known and often met at friends' houses the admiral's father and mother. He himself was at that time twelve years old, and at that age they sent him to sea. Behold him now, the admiral at Simon's Bay! But at Lang's Nek, later on, a far sadder association awaited me, connected also with Hampshire. "We want a million immigrants out here," said the admiral, "all white, of all conditions ; with capital, industry, and intelligence." My subsequent excursion through the two colonies continually brought this expression to my memory, for the thought had been already dawning on me before this interview.

The time from Saturday, the 20th, to Monday, the 29th, served me for this excursion, but it included on my way from Simonstown, a two days' sojourn with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Anderson at their beautiful home called Erinville, near the Rondebosch station, and many a time afterwards I enjoyed their hospitality. At his father's house, close by, there are the same grand features of Dutch plantation which I have already noticed. These old Dutch gentlemen have adorned the peninsula abundantly in this respect, and the walks and drives are charming. The oaks have grown magnificently and their foliage is very thick.

So back I turned to the International to eat morning strawberries again. Always from Stellen-

bosch they came, brought regularly by a coloured boy, in a number of small baskets, closely packed in a large one filled tightly with leaves. The fruit was picked very early, and was still cold and fresh with morning dew, defying the after hot sun. But do not leave them till dinner time. There would be as much difference in them then as between a girl of seventeen and a woman of seventy-seven. While eating plates of them, I one morning read out a paragraph from one of my *Times* newspapers—that “about a bunch had been gathered at Oxford in November.” How many different worlds this one world of ours contains! And how many different races too! Not all Archbishops of Canterbury, to wit. Travel only a little, and then call on yourself to define “the human race.” The Cape strawberries, though thrice welcome, have not (it must be confessed) much flavour. Indeed, I think all English fruits are in their taste the best of their kind; what is not so much to one’s taste is—the cost of growing them or buying them.

My New Year’s Day of 1885 I spent, as I afterwards did many other pleasant days, with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbridge, at their charming place at Sea Point. This I shall call their *chacara* or *quinta*, because its name is Mimosas; and this word must be Portuguese. It lies on the west coast of the peninsula, which presents an aspect totally different to that of the east. Go as far as what is called the Round Church by the tramway. You see the great

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mountain to your left, with numbers of villas, detached and otherwise, but there are no planted roads. The entrance is really at the back of the house, and immediately on passing through to the front you find a most inviting trellised verandah, shaded with all kinds of fitting shrubs and plants; and then comes a long, well-planted garden, leading down to the rocky shore, whence you breathe an air singularly charged with iodine, smelling as fresh as freshness itself. Through this garden I have often lounged with Mr. Fairbridge, and heard the names of all the special trees and plants he has collected there; but, shamefully forgetting them, I have asked to hear them all again—I think at every visit. This forgetfulness, however, insured a certain repeated novelty, and my host was always ready to reinform me. If the day was now and then very hot, there was always the large cool library of some twelve thousand volumes to lounge in. Choice of books enough, and the place of any one of them asked for always known. At evening there was the walk—not always too long for some—to a rest upon a group of large cool rocks; where a growing gibbous moon might be shining high over ocean on her way to the west, above the well-known rosy afterglow of sunset. If our friend Mr. Bird was with us, there was sure to be an apt quotation from the poets. What a scene and what an hour for love! And was there love? Vast indeed is the ocean that you gaze on here! You command, no doubt, the

one island of Robben, or Seals, where Cetshwayo was imprisoned ; but there is no range of opposite mountains, as in False Bay. All is open rolling waves and water, far and far away across the globe to the very shores of South America.*

It was on returning from one of my visits to Mimosas on the tramcar, that I made the acquaintance—through the old respected and lamented Captain Murison, whose subsequent death I could not but anticipate when leaving Capetown—of the Hon. Colonel Schermbrucker, the Commissioner of Crown Lands ; an acquaintance among my most agreeable, and attended with many acts of courtesy.

* I adopt this mode of spelling the name Cetshwayo on the authority of Miss Colenso. The “Cets” is not a syllable in pronunciation ; it is one of the “clicks.” Its sharp sound is produced by pressing the tongue close behind the top front teeth and snatching it quickly away. The sound is a familiar one, and the “hwayo” is pronounced broadly, as it is spelt.

CHAPTER IV.

A TEN DAYS' EXCURSION.

THE month of January at the Cape is certainly not the best chosen moment for making excursions, for the weather is extremely hot and the roads are very dusty. One ought, I believe, to arrive in September, and make the best use of the three following months for this purpose. But as it was not open to me to do this, I had no option but to do what I could, rather than sit still in Capetown monotony. I did not care to lounge about the beauties of Rondebosch and Wynberg, nor could I make the ascent of Table Mountain, where I was hoping by-and-by to pass a day and a night in Government surveying tents, for the then season was bad for that. Wonderful however, if not inviting, were the perpetual changes occurring on that giant, by night and by day: now and then glistening in sharp outline under the bright sun and pure sky, and firing down his rays of heat from his hot precipices; but presently laying his table-cloth with apparent care and exactness; and now and then, and at a moment's notice, when a wild south-easter

swept him, overwhelmed in majestic masses of towering, high white clouds—these sometimes shining against the northern sun, or mysteriously silvered by the moon at night.

It was on the morning of the 10th of January, that I took the train to the Lyndoch station, about twenty-five miles out of Capetown, my first halting place being at Welmoed Farm, cultivated for its owner by Dr. Theophilus Hahn, to whom Mr. Wright had given me a letter. I paid two visits to this farm, the second being in the beginning of June, during the wine-making season. And on now looking back on my entire excursion through the two colonies of the Cape and Natal, the observation that comes most naturally to me is this : either Dr. Hahn is over-cultivating Welmoed, or (as a general truth) the lands of the two colonies are practically uncultivated. The latter is my own conclusion, certainly. And in confirmation of this impression, which surely must otherwise force itself easily upon anybody and everybody, I quote the following concluding sentence from an address on agriculture in the Cape Colony, delivered at the Stellenbosch College, on June 20th, 1884, by Professor A. Fischer. "When," he asks, "are the representatives of this colony to take steps for the purpose of developing the enormous natural resources of this country by introducing and promoting better methods of agriculture?" This question would suffice to show that Dr. Fischer would support the ideas, in

this respect, of Dr. Hahn ; but the matter extends much farther. Even square miles may be seen where no attempt whatever has been made, nor is at present intended to be made, to cultivate at all ! How can it possibly be otherwise, with your scant white population, with your coloured labour, with your scant capital, and especially with the preponderance of Dutch possessors, who hold their thousands of acres, and generally (if not universally) speaking quietly utilize and cultivate for their own unambitious purposes and unpretending lives their tens or perhaps hundreds only ? I am speaking of the whole range of the two colonies. Dr. Hahn is astonishing his neighbours by what he is doing, and is often met with the discouraging question, "Is it worth while ?" He is possibly astonishing the owner. But were I the owner and cared for my purchase, I should support him in his vigorous efforts. The land would seem to be of excellent fertility for corn, wine, and oil ; but the farm has borne, hitherto, only a neglected and expectant appearance. It has been waiting and asking to be really cultivated, and no sum should ever be paid for the purchase of any farm without taking into account the outlay necessary for bringing it up to the level of being worth the possession. Were I called to the occupation of any farm in these colonies, my first exclamations would be, "What a deal there is to do ! What an outlay is required ! Where are my buildings and utensils ? Where is my labour, and of

what kind is it? It must be black. How much I shall have to watch and to superintend and to teach! And what are my means of carriage and communication?" The truth is, that there has never existed anything like general vigorous agricultural enterprise and activity throughout the colony. There has never yet existed a population fitted either in numbers or in nature to develop that pursuit. The Boer had been long in possession of the land when the English took hostile possession of the government and country in 1806. He is far indeed by nature from being an enterprising agriculturist. But to this day he is the real possessor of the land; of thousands and thousands of *morgens* (a measure of about two acres), that lie idle though full of sleeping fertility. There exists, indeed, a curious contradictory state of affairs in the colony—the English govern, the Boers possess, and the coloured population overwhelm. This mixture of races would appear to me to be hostile to any great general advancement of colonization. This vast holding of land by the Dutch, who, following their own philosophy, do not understand setting themselves vigorously to work upon their *morgens*, stifles all chance of general agricultural progress and wealth throughout the colony. They do not understand being hurried and worried into doing more than they have been accustomed to do. They do not like the attempt to jerk them out of their groove. What is new is annoying. And where is the capital? Large

outlay upon farming seems utterly strange. They have no more means and no more knowledge either than they have of disposition to depart from all their old associations, and are worse in this respect than thousands of our old-fashioned English farmers of yore. The Boer is essentially bucolic. Still they take great pride in keeping possession of their wide domains ; and this acts as a heavy wet blanket on the whole colonial community. Corn, of course, is grown, and agriculture (*comparatively* speaking), is actively pursued in such districts as Malmesbury and others ; but what says Dr. Fischer, Professor of Agricultural Chemistry and Experimental Physics, in a Report presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of His Excellency the Governor, June, 1885, on this ? —“For grain-producing districts, as, for instance, the Malmesbury and Koeberg districts, the presence of one or two dozen reaping machines does not mean anything ; in the Malmesbury district alone there ought to be a couple of hundred.” The fact remains that the colony depends largely upon Australia for corn, and that some £500,000 a year are paid away for cereal importations. In that most useful and instructive book, Silver and Co.'s “South Africa,” the population of the colony is put down as at the rate of 2·48 persons to a square mile. While this fact may make us wonder that a vast fertile country cannot produce sufficient corn for its own consumption, it may, at the same time, serve to explain the circumstance.

On my second visit to Welmoed Dr. Hahn was engaged in the wine produce of the farm. The vines, rightly or wrongly, are grown in bush plants, and are not either stuck or trellised. They present a most healthy appearance, and here, as elsewhere, were laden with an abundance of fruit, which to me was quite surprising. I have visited the vineyards of France, Germany, and Italy, but in none of these have I seen such prolific fruit-bearing vines as I saw in Cape colony. And here I will quote from what the Baron Carl von Babo says in his "Report on Viticulture in the Cape Colony," also presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of His Excellency the Governor, 1885: "The yield of the vineyards at the Cape is greater than anywhere else in the world." This, after seeing the grapes, I was prepared to read; but, even so, was astonished at the following comparative statement: "In European vineyards the yield of one thousand sticks is never one leaguer" (125 or 130 gallons?); "while in Cape Colony the highest yield given is six to seven leaguers of wine. In the interior, from three to six." Are these grapes of a nature to give good wine? or must the wine be always tainted with what I call the "Cape twang?" Is so prolific, so magnificent a grape-growing colony to stand out of the received ranks of wine-producing countries? None but those who are blessed with the strong protection of a coarse palate, I take leave to say, can pretend to be satisfied with the present character

of these wines ; and, again, none but the most idle and indifferent could survey the lovely fruit which the vineyards bow beneath everywhere, without being filled with ambition to make their colony famous for its wines, and ashamed of its present position.

I am not intending, my good reader, to trouble either you or myself by going into a long and unauthorized discussion as to what ought or ought not to be done in preparing wines—on this practical part of the subject the Baron's "Report" is most valuable—but I will at once say that Dr. Hahn showed me a specimen of a light pleasant wine prepared by himself without the slightest tinge of the "Cape twang" about it. He also impressed upon me one great feature in his treatment of the grape juice. He had taken great care to have clean casks, and he spoke to me graphically and emphatically of the actual black filth he had washed out of them. In fact, there seems to be, generally speaking, a loose, slipshod, rough, coarse habit of *non-preparing* all things.

On my confessing to this one excellence in the wine, he said, "If I am successful with it, what shall I call it?"

"Anything," I replied, "rather than follow the present blind fashion of calling it by a name that cannot belong to it. Call it 'Welmoed.'"

Why have the growers adopted foreign names for their wines, which would not apply even if they were

perfectly prepared? Why "Cape Hock," and "Cape Sherry," and "Cape Madeira?" The comparison is at once damnatory of the specimen offered. The best wine yet grown here is the dry red Pontac made from the dark Pontac grape. I had an excellent specimen of this once offered me at table by a gentleman somewhat impatient of my dislike of Cape wines; and finding I liked it he asked, rather tauntingly (albeit with a laugh)—

"Now, can you improve upon that?"

"No," said I; "but I could knock off half its value without drawing another cork!"

"How so?" quoth he.

"By calling it Cape Port," quoth I.

"Good Cape wine," writes the Baron, "under its true name, will soon become known and famous." And he also insists that "there is land enough" (fitting land, of course) "on which to grow as much wine as will supply any demand for foreign countries."

Immediately below this quotation let me write just one more. "In order to give a correct idea as to the share which the Cape has at present in the wine trade of Great Britain, I quote the following figures, taken from the 'Wein-Merkur,' of February, 1885. The imports were in 1884—

Dark wines,	8,817,166	gallons
Light wines,	6,321,479	„
	<hr/>	
	15,138,645	„

Most of this wine was from European countries.

The Cape Colony only exported 64,584 gallons (about five hundred leaguers) of this quantity. In 1883 it was only 49,872 gallons." The Cape Colony, therefore, has not yet been called upon to "supply any demands for foreign countries."

Bad wine and bad brandy both intoxicate much sooner than the pure productions. And there is a fierce sort of bad brandy (or something) produced in the colony, which is called "Cape Smoke." The effect of this, as shown in the police returns for the month of May, 1885, which I cut out of a paper, I beg to offer, with all respect, to total abstainers, who will thank me for them. Assault, theft, and vagrancy, stand in the "forties ;" far above all others but one, and that one stands far above them—drunkenness, 174 ! Behold a good reason for producing good wine and brandy !

"Not at all," said a joyous married lady, still in the twenties ; "it shows that neither the one nor the other ought to be produced."

"What, then, would you do with all the beautiful fruit that Nature gives you in the grape ?"

"I would eat them as fruit."

"That would be impossible."

"Then, I would not grow them."

"That refusal would also be impossible."

"Well ! perhaps it would ; but, if I kept the juice, I would have it unfermented."

"But it would not keep in that state ; and, more-

over, would be doubly intoxicating. What is this strange prejudice against wine ? ”

“ It causes intoxication, as the very list you have been showing me, while talking, proves.”

“ Yes, but I have told you why ; and again, you must take the proportion of all who use wine and spirits as against those who abuse them. There is nothing of which you may not have too much.”

“ Well, I have heard some excellent preaching on the subject ! ”

“ May you not have too much of that ? Besides, what say you, who fly so high, what say you of the marriage feast at Cana ? ”

“ Oh ! that’s easily asked.”

“ Yes ; but not so easily answered.”

“ Never mind ; the miracle was never intended to encourage wine.”

“ Then would it not have been better to turn wine into water rather than water into wine ? ”

“ I have no right to discuss that ; but it was nothing of real wine, perhaps.”

“ Yes ; because the Governor of the Feast was complimented upon it.”

“ Well, I am convinced it’s all wrong ; Providence gave the grapes, but did not make the wine.”

“ My good lady ! what have we about us that He really made, if that is the view you take of it ? Surely Providence did not make that exceedingly becoming little crest that adorns your hair ? ”

"Go away!" she said, breaking into a joyous laugh, and throwing a rose she had in her hand in my face. "I won't talk to you any more."

Truly this question of the sale of coarse bad spirits is one of the most serious kind as regards the natives, even more so than as regards the white population. The Kafir himself knows the effect of spirit-drinking on his race, and actually dreads it. He is even afraid of himself under the influence of it, for it inflames him into a downright madman. Yet his craving for it, if once indulged in, exceeds that of the white man's; so much so, that the temptation becomes, in many cases, a very terror to him, and he will even seek to be protected from it. I have known of this among the negroes in South America, long before coming to South Africa. He is the worst of the worst enemies of the coloured races who would throw facilities for spirit-drinking in their way.

What a strange vice is this vice of drinking! How does it come to pass that there should be such a general partiality in the human system—as we full well know there is—for that toxic element which, in excess, is notoriously so destructive to life power? Life is, I suppose, only a mode of motion; and motion loves to gallop in excitement. Hence the appeal and re-appeal to alcohol.

These views, however, are quite unconnected with the childish fanaticism of professing to look upon all wine and spirits, and beer besides, as little,

if anything, less than a liquid devil. This fanaticism is not only childish, it has become intrusive, censorious, and self-righteous. Where so permitted, it has become even a persecution. If people, like Dr. Johnson confessed of himself, cannot enjoy certain of Nature's gifts without falling into excess, they are praiseworthy in denying themselves even a taste of them. Many an abstainer is of this class. Many abstain, as from things that make them uncomfortable. There is no great virtue in this. But the sort of "passing-by-on-the-other-side" abstainer is a species of small, though unpleasant impostor; and if he will assume very high and pious virtue, he is liable to be retorted on by the suggestion that he is vaunting himself as too good to permit himself to accept of the gifts of "the Giver of all good things." I was glad to find native beer in Capetown, though I confessed to have preferred the English. It must be very difficult to manage brewing in these latitudes; but the more beer brewed the better, so as to keep out spirits. Native brewing has acquired fairly good success in Rio de Janeiro, which lies just on the south tropic, so that it ought to progress favourably in Capetown. I think there are four brewing establishments, and I think Ohlsson and Co. was the name of the firm generally visible. The act of charity that would leave me last would be the giving of a labouring man a glass of beer or a sick one a glass of port wine at need.

As regards the wine-growing interests, so far as I could learn, they are in very poor plight. If a change of proprietors takes place, with introduction of art and money, a renowned production of wine with wealth may respond to Nature, who at present must mourn to behold one of her choicest gifts, here given in abundance, defiled and sacrificed.

During my stay, Dr. Hahn drove me, on Sunday, the 11th of January, to see Mr. John Faure, at his neighbouring farm ; a good loyal subject and a sportsman, who showed us some remarkably well-looking horses, famous for their running. In the afternoon a fine drive, in full view of the mountain range, brought us into Stellenbosch, whence came the strawberries I have spoken of. We met more than one Dutch family returning from their church ; and I could not but remark upon the severe and rigid countenances that they seemed to bear, coming immediately from the worship of the Calvinistic God. This form of faith will keep the Dutch more or less separate to themselves always ; they are very strong indeed in it, and you find their particular, and often handsome, churches everywhere.

Now, reader, if you ever come to the Cape and want to see a beautiful old Dutch town, go to Stellenbosch. In these days of corrugated iron such a visit is a charm indeed. The streets are laid out in lines ; water runs on each side ; oak trees line them, through avenues of which you look down the most pleasing

perspectives ; and on each side of you there peer out the old Dutch houses, with their quaintly formed gable ends, in pure and unadulterated ancient pedigree. Here is, indeed, to be found some of the old poetry of architecture. Whither has it flown from so many even of our own most pretentious structures, without even coming down to corrugated iron ?

At Stellenbosch we called upon one Aletta Meyer—Letjie Mülderslei—famous for cakes and Cape jams ; and here we were regaled with the strawberries and especially with soft peaches. I mention these last with the word “especially,” for the general peach in the colony is the hard one ; those which in the south of France they call “alberges,” good for preserving, but a libel on the soft ripe fruit itself.

The next day we went to Somerset West, a remarkably pretty village, with a remarkably pretty descending approach to it ; and thence, round the ever-varying outlines of the grey mountains, we drove through thick plantations to a real old historical farm called Ver Gelegen. It was established and the large old dwelling built two centuries and rather more ago by the then proud Dutch Governor, Simon Van der Stel ; and it bears good evidence of the autocratic character attributed to these rulers of the old Dutch times. There must have been a considerable command over labour here. One overwhelming feature of the place is a row of enormous camphor trees, planted in front of the house when it was built, and

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still standing in their gigantic vigour, their planter having long since disappeared. The farm is now occupied by a pleasant old Dutchman, but its ancient glories have departed. A frugal-looking kettle was hung up and humming over a small fire in an immense kitchen grate. We ate some Cape gooseberries (so called !) out of a weedy garden, hanging with hard peaches ; and with friendly converse we departed.

In these drives we passed through a great deal of uncultivated ground, on which, however, certain small patches had been dug up. There is a certain bush, called by some the rhinoceros bush, but by Professor Fischer the rhenoster bush, which appears at short intervals, and where this grows it is said that wheat would grow. Flocks of sheep may wander and find sweet food from many of the various bushes that cover these grounds. One strange gentleman I saw there for the first time (and many afterwards) parading in quiet dignity and careless of our presence—a large parti-coloured lonely bird, called the secretary bird. He is held as sacred ; hence his independent bearing. He is a great destroyer of snakes, and therefore a very useful personage in these parts. We did not witness, nor was I ever fortunate enough to do so, any encounter. I am told he beats his victim savagely with his wings, and seizing him at the proper moment in his beak, flies high with him in the air and then lets him fall. Snakes are a great plague

and danger in the colony ; but are far less so than they are in Natal.

On the evening of Monday, the 12th of January, after my first visit to Dr. and Mrs. Hahn, I left for Wellington by rail, but stopped at the Paarl for the night, where I confess to have been less struck by the long row of trees than I had anticipated. They are very far asunder and not of very luxuriant growth. Here there is an important wine company, who appear to be doing their best to make Cape wines palatable. The vineyards flourish, as also the orange-gardens in the neighbourhood. I did not learn whether what is called the Australian bug had attacked the trees in these districts. But it is far too prevalent throughout many parts of the two colonies and very destructive of fruit. Its appearance is that of a smallish white bladder. Ostrich farming also prevails here, and one or two breeders have been very successful with their feathers. According to all accounts it must be a relief to those who travel about in search of these beautiful articles of commerce to find them so near as the Paarl. At the hotel I fell into conversation with an English traveller in this trade, who circumstantially confirmed what a German, in the same occupation, had recounted to me at Simonstown, as to their sufferings far up country when they are travelling on their tours of purchase.

The modes of living—and this is only natural among isolated people who have never been taught

better—which they have to find shelter among are (and as described to me must indeed be) trying to the last degree; and now and then ill will is shown—a feeling, I am told, that has grown among certain individuals since Amajuba. I will just give one anecdote I heard at the Paarl. “I was obliged to deny my nationality,” my informant said, “in order to get a change of horses”—an outspan, as it is called. “I fortunately knew a little Dutch and German, and so escaped. After my horses had been ordered, the man turned to me, and said, ‘I have a great mind not to let you have them, for I think you are a Verdomter Englishman.’ ‘You are mistaken,’ said I; ‘I am a German.’”

There is another industry to be noted in Paarl and its neighbourhood, the making of waggons; and this handicraft has naturally been, as it were, forced into proficiency by the badness of the roads over which the waggons have to travel with the enormous weights they are sometimes loaded with. You have only to meet them grinding, jolting, and wrenching along upon their journeys to realize what they have to resist. But this sort of production is far from being a satisfactory one. It belongs only to a necessity which indicates much backwardness of means and modes of communication in the country, and occupies a vast amount of energy which might be devoted to far higher and far more fruitful purposes. It was one of the disadvantages attributed to Kim-

berley in earlier days that the immense increase of traction which it caused for the purpose of supplying its needs drew many away from even the small efforts they were making to cultivate land and sheep and goats to undertake the mere carrying trade. Millions of men and millions of pounds sterling are wanted to develop Cape Colony into the great country that it ought to be, but which under its present circumstances it is idle to suppose it ever can be.

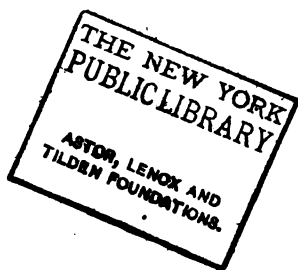
From the Paarl I went on the next morning to Wellington, where I was to engage a Cape cart to go through the mountains by Bain's Kloof, as it is called, and across the flat valley through which the railway curves, and thus up Mitchell's Pass to Ceres; the Kloof and the Pass being the two mountain passes of this part of the country. The journey would occupy a long day and it would be a hot one, and I cannot say that my scanty entertainment at Wellington was calculated to fortify me for my next day's toil. However, in the evening the "darkie" came to bargain; and the price was agreed at £3 10s., I paying the turnpikes, for turnpikes are here. The charges for these Cape carts are always very high, and I will explain to you, at once, what the carts are. You may or may not know what our old curricule was. It was a very aristocratic-looking large gig, with a pole and two horses, instead of shafts with one. From the pole came a metal upright with a cross-bar that ran free through rings fixed over the pads on the horses'

backs; so that they thus supported the balanced carriage. I have only once, many years ago, seen one of these beautiful carriages in the Park, which was being driven by a fine old-fashioned gentleman. It is a pity they have quite gone out. Well! Cape carts are not so aristocratic-looking; but they work on the same principle. The cart is hooded like a carrier's, or the hood goes up and down; and the mode of supporting the pole is reversed. The cross-bar of wood is put under the pole, and straps are thence buckled over the withers, and not over the backs, of the horses. Thus there is always a necessity of exactly balancing the cart in loading it, as the pole must not weigh heavily on the withers. Such is the Cape cart, in which you must always travel, and for which you must always pay dearly, in the colony. A Malay driver and a black boy were my conductors on this occasion.

I was not at all struck with Bain's Kloof on the Wellington side, and not very particularly afterwards; but I was pushed about by a very high wind at the top. It is arid throughout; still, points of it in the descent were rather striking, and at the bottom we outspanned for some tea and eggs—only that—and rested for a couple of hours. The long range of Ceres Mountains looked grand beyond the flat valley, and when we had crossed it we entered them, and wound up the Mitchell's Pass. Here, also, all is bare and arid—very bare and very arid; but Ceres is a very



MITCHELL'S PASS.



pretty healthy village, well planted. It stands on red earth, which adds much to the general colouring. But all is extremely primitive. On coming down in the morning by the post-cart to join the line at the Ceres Road Station for Worcester, I found the approach to Mitchell's Pass presented by far its most effective aspect; but it must always be remembered that the whole scene is extremely barren. At Worcester I visited the magnificent pool of boiling water, which is fed by numerous bubbling springs welling up at its bottom, while the water rushes out in full steam, and gradually cools down for domestic uses and drink for cattle in the pastures beyond. It contains no medicinal qualities. A curious accident had happened here a day or two before I came. A young sportsman on a hot day had brought his dog with him, which immediately jumped into the pool and was scalded to death on the instant. This sort of accident I was told has happened more than once. The water is pellucid, and the edges of the pool are thickly clothed with every variety of fern.

At Worcester I was introduced to a fine old-fashioned German Lutheran Minister—a Mr. Esselen. He is of many years' standing in the colony and has many experiences of the country. He superintends a large school of many-coloured children and is universally respected. He has many sympathies with the Dutch, but says that all the natives love Imperialism, as the best and safest rule. He shook

his head very significantly at the mode in which Mr. Gladstone had behaved as regards the retrocession of the Transvaal; not so much for the act, as for the ignominious manner of it, which caused mischief to all concerned. He held that the people of the Transvaal would have been quite content to remain under English rule but for the mode in which Colonel Lanyon treated them, and that they had lost greatly by their regaining independence. As regards Colonel Lanyon, he said, "It is always your military men who do the mischief." I asked him if he thought the Transvaal would ever regain the position it was fast attaining to under British rule. He hoped so, but gave another long wag to his head and remarked, "You cannot ride without a horse." He is one of those men who seems to wish well to all, and to whom all wish well. Nevertheless, he has his own opinions, and they are shrewd ones.

At Wellington, surrounded by fine ranges of mountains, I was on my way to the Hex River Valley, in order to see the engineering of the railway up the mountain. It is a fine piece of work. I went as far as a station called the Triangle, where I managed to sleep very comfortably, at a push, and had some excellent coffee; and on the next morning I came down on the engine, in front of it, and had a perfect view of the whole scene. The finest grouping of the mountains is at the bottom, and in these recesses, I am told, there is somewhere to be found

(though no one would undertake to find it) one of those well-known Bushman caves with rude drawings of men and animals. Just before mounting the incline a very fine atrium opens on the left.

It was on this return journey that I stopped to pay a visit to Mr. Michael De Vos, then in occupation of the farm lying below. And here I observed again the prolific qualities of the vines, which were completely loaded with grapes. We also called on one of his tenants—a Mr. John Du Préez, who kept a nursery and fruit garden. The literal loading of the trees with peaches of the finest appearance was surprising; but they were all of the hard “clingstone” fruit. The tenant had held the ground for some eight years; had built the house—somewhat rude—and in the first year had paid for it. Vines and trees were loaded with fruit, and yet the season was terribly dry; irrigation, nevertheless, is indispensable in this valley for general cultivation. A curious proof of how much even the birds felt the drought of January 1885, was shown by the state of a certain fruit-tree.

“What on earth is that fruit?” I asked.

“You may well ask,” was the reply. “The birds have been suffering so much from heat and thirst that they have eaten everything off the mere stones and left them naked upon the tree.”

This was the case here and there over the grounds. And in the midst of all this heat the mountains in the neighbourhood were covered with smoke from fire

being set to the dry growths on their sides! This is a most mischievous practice.

With such a beautiful growth of the grape, I asked Mr. De Vos about wine. His answer was significant. He showed me some red, which he had prepared under the suggestions and instructions of Dr. P. D. Hahn, brother of Dr. Hahn at Welmoed, and Professor of Chemistry at the University in Capetown. This gentleman has lectured admirably on the subject; but where are the means of really carrying out his views? There was no twang in this wine that I could detect; but it must be confessed that this might have been hidden behind another very potent flavour—acidity. On my face screwing up into the usual form that expresses the sensations in such cases, he said, “Ah! there it is! The juice proved delicious, but I have no real cellar to put it into; and under the corrugated iron the sun turned it all sour!” Poor, beautiful grapes! why do you trouble yourselves to grow? Like the rest of us, you require care and attention, or your Giver is slighted by the gifts you give being thrown away. Yet, under all this acid, there was a real flavour of clean wine. When will the Cape give good wine? Worcester, Stellenbosch, the Paarl, Clen Drakenstein, Montague, and Robertson all offer grapes. Is the soil too good? Are the grapes too saccharine? Is the season of harvest too hot for fermentation? Have care and money and art enough been yet bestowed upon the produce?

These questions are treated of by Baron Carl von Babo.

In this Hex River Valley the heat is very great from the reflection of the comparatively close mountain ridges on both sides. The summer of 1885 being very hot and dry, I proved this fact beyond dispute. The river is small, and but little (if at all) available for water purposes. The system of reservoirs should be adopted. But money and labour are not forthcoming. The farm I visited gets its name from the plentiful growth of the *Acacia Mimosa*, and is, in the elegant Dutch of the colony, called "De Doornen" or "The Thorns." The growth of this tree is said to show fertility of soil, and the thorns are very long and frequent. The adjoining farm is called by another significant name, Moddendrift or Mud Furrow. The modes of working were most primitive, threshing out by horses being one among the number. On remarking some Kafir huts in the shape of large beehives, I was told that they were at that moment empty. The Kafirs had been at work for some time, but had suddenly moved off on a wander somewhere else; and this, I was informed, is one of their customs, and that they who employ them must expect this sudden disappointment.

A hot railway journey took me back to Capetown, on the near approach to which I suddenly respired a sweet whiff of air from the sea; a pleasing element after all the hot dry inland atmosphere I had been for a long time breathing.

CHAPTER V.

TO PORT ELIZABETH.

I NOW began to think about my journey to Natal ; but I did not mean to double the Cape and go by water, nor to run over the 839 miles of railway up to the Aar Junction and so down to Port Elizabeth. But I meant to find my way by road as far as Port Elizabeth, where I was to meet my friend Mr. Bird, on his way back to Natal on board the *Asiatic*, by which boat he would be returning, well furnished with additional materials for his projected history of Natal. It was therefore necessary to make special arrangements for this journey over a road totally unknown to me. Accordingly I was furnished with a very pleasant introduction to Mr. De Smidt, the Surveyor-General of the colony, who engaged me to drive out with him to beautiful Rondebosch and consult Mr. T. C. Bain, the inspector of roads, and son and worthy successor of the Mr. Bain who made the road through the Kloof that bears his name, and of which I have already spoken. I was rewarded with

a complete itinerary, letters of introduction, and a sketch map, with information as to carts, etc., and on Friday, the 6th of February, I set forth.

By the advice of the bishop, on whom I was calling before leaving, I took the railway as far as Prince Albert Road Station, in order that I might embrace the pass of Meiring's Poort, and I must here record my thanks to Mr. Elliot, the able manager of the railway, and Mr. Difford, the traffic manager, for the generous facilities they extended to me over the line, as having been for many years the Resident Representative in Brazil of the Directors of the São Paulo Railway Company.

Hot was indeed the morning when I arrived at Prince Albert Road Station, after travelling all night, and hot was indeed my twenty-eight miles drive for £1, in the post-cart to Prince Albert. At the station, moreover, I had to wait from nine a.m. till past one, vainly endeavouring to escape from a furious sun under an iron-roofed side inn. The line of the country we had traversed by the railway from the Triangle, of which I have spoken, is called the Karoo, spelt gáro—from a Hottentot word, signifying "barren," as I am informed—as far as Buffel's River; and from Prince Albert Road Station I travelled in the cart over the same class of country, which is called the Tgough (Koup). The meaning of this word and its mode of spelling it were given me by the local magistrate at Knysna, Mr. Jackson. From the spelling

few would guess the pronunciation. Its meaning is, in Bushman's language, "bright" and "flourishing;" and it is applied to the dry bushy land after the rains, when herbs and bushes break forth, as they do also over the Karoo, and offer abundant and nourishing pasture for wandering sheep and cattle. Our cart was covered, and, sitting by the driver's side, my face was away from the sun, as we were running south. "You were more fortunate than I a short time ago," said Mr. Van Bredá, the resident authority at Prince Albert. "I was travelling with the sun in my face; the soil is covered with ironstone; and I was literally scorched by the reflection." In the long, straight, windy, dusty street, with water running at the side for all purposes, called Prince Albert, or Prince Albert Town, hot in summer and terribly cold in winter, I engaged a cart to go over the mountain to George Town, and for that two days' journey I was to pay £8. Such is travelling in these regions.

I took Mr. Van Bredá's hint, however, to spend a day in going up the mountain to see the new road that Mr. Bain was making to Oudtshoorn. The entrance to the kloof is most remarkable, from the variety of contortions in the strata of the rocks and from the variety of colours of the lichens that grow upon them. These appearances continue up to what is called the First Station. Thence the usual style of engineering zigzags continued till I came to Mr. Dreyer's dwelling for breakfast. He is the engineer in charge, and a

sportsman ; witness the trophy of that huge buffalo head. We walked over the brow and some little way down, and looked over a very striking scene far below and beyond, embracing the Congo Valley and the Oudtshoorn district, and after a pleasant ride back we drove to Prince Albert again.

In the two valleys we looked down upon there was much cultivation, but in proportion to the extent of the view it was little more than a patched one. Professor P. D. Hahn, with whom I had a conversation about this part of the country, entertains the highest opinion of its capacities and climate ; and Dr. Fischer, in his "Report," mentions a farm called "Buffel's Drift," where Mr. Carel de Jager produces on one morgen tobacco to the value of £350 a year. He also adds the striking fact that for the last eleven years annual crops have been obtained with slight manuring. But there hangs to this cultivation the same "ding, dong, dell" of "want of"—everything except Nature's gifts.

Should I go hence direct to "George," or visit Oudtshoorn and the Congo caves? I decided not to visit either, for two very good reasons. Oudtshoorn was reported as supplied only with dirty water for all purposes ; and the Congo caves, besides being very difficult and tedious of approach, would, most likely, be lighted only with candles, or, if with Roman candles, with very bad ones. I am told that the notice I obtained insertion of in the *Graphic* concerning the

glorious Adelsberg caves has caused them to be now lighted with the electric light. Never again will I visit stalactite caves with tallow and seal oil, and their accompanying foul-scented darkness made visible. My last experience of this disappointment, increased by tantalizing damp Roman candles, was at the glorious cave of Artá, in Majorca ; the gigantic entrance to which, high up on the coloured cliffs, is of itself worth the journey to see.

In the evening Mr. Van Bredá invited me to call on a Mr. Luttig, formerly a member of the Cape Parliament. We found him sitting out on some timber in the open grass at the top of the long street, surrounded by a flock of rather young but large ostriches, which I was at first rather shy of approaching ; for I had been well warned of the spiteful character and power of this hateful bird, concerning which I shall have more to say by-and-by. But he beckoned me on laughingly, assuring me that they were all as yet too young to be vicious ; so that vice is not always the characteristic of youth—nor, indeed, virtue of age ! His general conversation was sure to include the Transvaal question. The country was annexed a little too soon, he thought ; for in another three months the people would have asked for annexation. He had seen that coming. He was sure it had been grievously thrown back by the retrocession, which he thought might have been intended as a magnanimous act ; but he would say nothing about

what actually took place, as he wished to continue an admirer of Mr. Gladstone; and if he ever came to London he would come to me to put him in the way of getting an introduction! Such an event is not likely to come to pass; and thus the worthy gentleman (without quoting Campbell) may be yet considered as admiring from the distance; which small joke on my part I am afraid Mr. Gladstone will never even come to know of.

At exactly a quarter-past four on a fine, clear, cool morning, I started in my Cape cart for George Town, where I was to arrive on the following evening. The morning star was then shining brilliantly over the mountain brows with ten thousand others, and neither man nor horse cared to invoke the hot and garish rising of the sun. At 6.45 a.m. we stopped. We out-spanned at a sort of open stable, and made a small bush fire in the wind to boil a kettle and make some tea.

Our road immediately afterwards lay up a long sandy hill beyond us, and, as my driver was occupied with his horses for more time than I cared to stand waiting about, I set off to walk some way forward on foot, and had gone about half a mile when I descried an open cart, in usual form, coming down towards me. It proved to be carrying an oldish Dutchman with his good stout wife and a daughter. I mention this circumstance just as it occurred, as showing how scant is population here,

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and how strange it is to people to see a strange figure. As the old man came towards me, he stared with apparent wonder, and when he came up to me he stopped his horses. He was an old-fashioned pointed-featured man, with a good, kindly, benevolent-looking face, and he gazed on me with an expression which might have been provoked by the finding of a lost child. What his words were I know not, but he was evidently asking me with feeling interest, "What could I possibly be doing there?" I pointed onwards, and pronounced the word "George." "George!" he exclaimed, and then gave his whip a wide range in the direction to intimate what a terrible distance I had to go. But I pointed to his own cart, and then down to the stream to mine, whereby he understood that he was not leaving me quite lost and desolate on the dreary road; and then giving me a "good day," with a countenance in which anxiety was no longer mingled with benevolence, he whipped on; and I walked on till my driver, whom he met below, overtook me.

Thus we continued through dry country, with sudden spots of green in hard outline on the brown, where water now and then flowed, and where farm dwellings were to be seen, meeting the usual ox waggon and their long teams of fourteen, sixteen, or sometimes even eighteen animals, with their black drivers in patched trousers by their side, hooting or cracking their immensely long whips, until, in

the heat of the sun, we reached a spot called Klaarstroom at eleven o'clock. Here we stopped for two hours, and I luckily found some cool water in a cool room; for so ovenly an atmosphere upon the rocks and among the rocks I never before experienced. They assured me it was correspondingly cold and windy in winter; and I travelled on wondering why the place was called Clear Stream, and how anybody could persuade himself to *suffer* there! It is shortly after leaving this spot of sunstroke associations that the Meerings Poort is entered. The precipices are in parts gigantic, but everything is dry and barren. One essential drawback to the scenery is that the tops are all flat and plainly visible to the eye; so that nothing is left to the imagination. Where there is no mystery, there is little scope for worship. Many might be more astonished with this Pass than I was; but for my own part it is not of that class which I should ever go far out of my way to see. It is vast; running, I believe, as much as fourteen miles from one end to the other. Beyond it, after passing through more aridity, patched with a few farms which served to show what the whole country, if well watered, might be, we came to a Mr. Ranken's, where I was regaled with a cold bath; and an hour and a quarter thence brought us to our resting-place towards sunset. Good-bye, sun! with contentment; but, alas! not welcome with contentment meat harder than the always hard meat for

supper! What are the teeth and stomachs of thousands made of? I almost wish I had both! But it does not seem to be customary to use teeth!

The cloudy and disturbed weather of the following morning, at about five o'clock, was not only most pleasant to the feelings, but was accompanied by singularly beautiful atmospheric effects. My sleeping-place was rather high among the mountains, in which regions one always looks for wonders; and here the strange dashes of divers-coloured light through depths of shadow, ever varying and never ceasing—a grand, a very grand double morning rainbow high up in the heavens, and the still brighter morning star with one other of first magnitude—enchained my close attention, and made me overlook some few brushes of thick passing showers, to which, in truth, I owed the surprising atmosphere. But all these phenomena soon passed away, and a hot dry day ensued. On, on, on we went, through arid bush country, with a few farms now and then appearing where water was to be found, and which again showed their hard patches of green splashed on brown, until at last we came to a store, looking naked in the wilderness, where I found some tea and biscuits. Then we approached the range of mountains which divided us from George Town, and here a greener aspect suddenly and strikingly opened to us. Halfway up we came to a small, comfortable-looking hotel, called the North Side Station, and here I found some food and beer.

Thence we mounted to the top, where Montagu Pass opened upon us, displaying a long, green, moist, and well-wooded defile of greatly picturesque features. The change, the sudden change, from the other side was almost electrical, and it assuredly was agreeable also. The sweeps of sloping woods upon the green far below on your right as you go down are finest towards the top, and the scenery somewhat tames as you descend. To the left there is only a steep hill-side, here and there well timbered. I think it took us some forty minutes to go through the Pass proper, and at length we came to a toll-bar, whence we had the first view, to our left, over the vast green undulating mountains of George Town. "That's not a town," said my driver; "that's trees." And such was the appearance thence. Gradually, however, we found out the houses, and I was comfortably lodged at Ford's Hotel.

How shall I describe George Town to you—or "George," as it is usually called? There is a great broad straight street or road running through it, planted with large trees on each side, and more than a mile long. There are large breadths of grass on each side; there are white open rails for divisions; there are detached dwellings, with their trees and gardens on each side; stores, church, and school. There are loose cows wandering over the green, and there are the usual fourteen and sixteen oxened waggons moving to and fro, to the screech and the

whip crack of the Kafir driver. Walk out towards whence you came, and you will see the large green mountains, folding one with another. These are called the Otiniqua Range, and Montagu Pass comes over them. On their sides, at about Christmas time, had been seen two or three wandering elephants, quietly carrying their trunks about. These eccentric animals come roaming through the long mountain-side forests from the Knysna and beyond; but their visits are not so frequent as of yore. They may be harmless or they may be dangerous.

My letters enabled me to call on Mr. Guest and on Mr. De Smidt, the brother of the Surveyor-General, in their two tree-bedecked houses, who again furnished me with other useful introductions. It was curious indeed to find one's-self thus transferred from a harsh dryness to a moist air and clime, perhaps even verging on the damp.

My next halting-place was to be Knysna, on the other side of the river of that name; and I hired a cart and horses of Mr. Ford for that journey for £5, with the option of making two short days of it or one long one. I found it most convenient to adopt the latter course, and, starting very soon after six in the morning, arrived at Knysna about five in the evening. This road crosses a number of small streams that come running from the forested mountains on your left. They are themselves wooded where they run, and the several dips down to them and up again,

shrouded as they are among their thick recesses, lend a romantic interest to many portions of the road. Among these crystal streams I would mention the Zwart, the Kaaman's or Crocodile's, and especially the Silver River. How much and how often was I reminded of the forests in Brazil as I passed in and out of these watered shades! The intense thickness of the foliage and the heavily bearded branches were features well known to memory in former long mule rides.

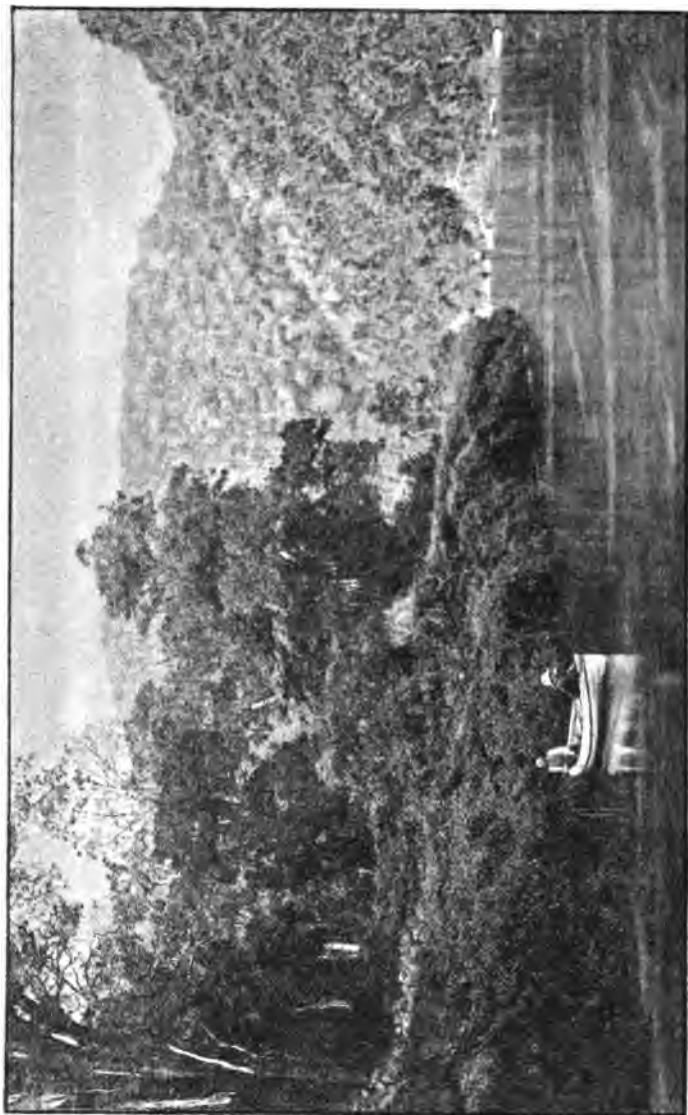
It was about nine o'clock when I arrived at the first station for breakfast, where I found a Mr. Stevens or Stephens—a jolly, keen, middle-aged English farmer. His house is built upon the open, and occupies a lonely but lordly position, with remarkably fine views of the woods and mountains I had already passed through. He is the owner, too, of a lordly domain—four thousand acres, bought cheaply. He has had his troubles, and now wants a moneyed partner. His land will grow maize and all the cereals; all the roots, mangel-wurzel—not *mangolds*, my revered reader, pray! because that word is utterly and ridiculously unmeaning—turnips, etc. It will also give good tobacco. As to potatoes (of which I was tempted to take a few with me to Knysna where the black cook spoiled them), a hatful, after three plantings, gave him sixty bushels. Bearded Bengal wheat yielded thirty-fold, and clover I myself saw flourishing. Yet here he is alone; and in many and many a crabbed corner

of the world scores are crowded together, suffering and starving. But he told me a curious fact—that the Tgough (Koup) would do all this and more without manure, could it but command fair rains.

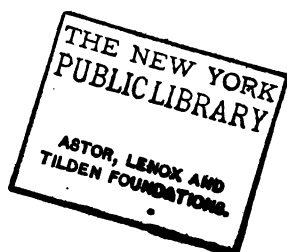
Here let me again quote shortly from Dr. Fischer's "Report" touching on this point of the subject. "Each drop of rain should, as far as possible, be saved for the dry season." "The expense for one dam is more than paid in the second year." "If the making of dams and the planting of trees were to be carried out in the better parts of the Karoo it would soon become the Eldorado of South African agriculture."

From Mr. Stephens's station the country was wide and open, with sea views; but broad forests ran in thick, distant bands along the Otiniqua mountains until we came to the large Homtini Forest, down the steep slopes of which we wound, meeting the usual toiling bullock waggons from time to time, till we came to the wooded crystal Homtini river in the bottom. Here we outspanned and reposed for a while, and here also we came up with the post-cart, man and horses reposing also.

A long consultation ensued about passing the Knysna river where there is only a ford with a broad post in mid-stream marking out the various depths. If you are on horseback, and your horse will swim, go when you like; but you must not attempt to pass with wheels if the rising tide has covered No. 3. The post-driver always has his hours officially



THE KNYSNA RIVER.
Up Stream.



given him, and therefore when he started I was not a little anxious to start too rather than run the risk of a night by the river-side, for it was a rising tide that afternoon.

Out of the cool shades we therefore issued with no unnecessary delay, and after a long climb up, we came again into the open, where, to my great satisfaction, I found the post-cart pursuing but a quiet and unanxious pace. Indeed, by-and-by the driver pulled up, and we veritably passed him. It was not the imagined terror of passing through the river that possessed me, but the terror of not passing; but presently we did come to a real terror in the shape of a long, steep, winding, stony hill that we must descend in order to get to the river. Take care of the tackle, and how you tackle the hill! This was at last accomplished, and when we came to the bank the wide water was just touching No. 3. "Go on," I said; but the driver paused and looked back for a signal. He was answered by a wave of the hand. So in we went, over a causeway at the bottom, marked out by posts which it would not have done to trespass beyond, and the post-cart followed. The water was quite high enough for our own wheels, and the driver expressed great contentment when the gurgling and the splashing ceased. It was the first time for both of us; and had we, in utter ignorance of this question of tide and depth, been another half-hour behind, it would have cost us a most unpleasant night. A very tedious road

brought us at last to Knysna, and to supper and bed in Horn's Hotel, built almost entirely of corrugated iron, with a sloping roof of that offensive commodity to my bedroom.

"Foh!" I could not but exclaim on entering it. "You have had a hot day here to-day."

"We have, indeed, sir."

"Open the windows, pray!"

But the windows opened on to hot lower roofs, and all was hot till long past midnight.

Knysna itself is a hot place, at the bottom of a long green slope from the hills, and is in itself small and ugly. That it is hot I found very soon after the sun began to bake me in my iron bedroom. It was Sunday morning, and there were three bells going—the jail bell, the English church bell immediately opposite, and the Dutch church bell across a meadow. These two separate churches you will find everywhere, and very often the Dutch is the handsomer of the two. Nor need you refer to these two churches, Dutch and English, to find out differences. In the English Church itself they exist, and here some offence had been caused by the putting of the choir into surplices. We have heard of this very often in England.

Old Mr. Horn was very eloquent upon the subject. "They tell me they do so at cathedrals. I say this is not a cathedral! They tell me these are catechists. 'Are they?' says I. What's a catechist? I don't find it in the Articles. I only find bishops

priests, and deacons there ; and you may put them in surplices, if you like." So he religiously goes to the Dutch church, where he is not very likely to be troubled with the ghostly garment he complains of. At the same time he is radically for the Church of England, and is thoroughly opposed to the now mooted question of establishing a South African Church in communion with, instead of being a branch of, the English Church. This question is taking wide dimensions. In the course of the afternoon some one called, and sitting under the verandah, a long discussion went on between them. Don't be alarmed, gentle reader, I do not remember it all, nor would recount it, if I did. But the final "shut up and walk away" struck me as rather quaint. "The Church is here, and therefore it is the South African and not the English Church," argued the visitor. "Well, then," said Mr. Horn, "you may as well say I'm not an Englishman!" "No, more you are," quoth the other, off-hand. "What am I, then?" "Why, a South African, to be sure ; for you are completely domiciled here, under Cape Government." "Oh ! I am, am I ? Well, then, all I can say is, you may as well tie a duck up in a stable and call him a horse !" So an adjournment of the debate thereupon took place. But there is a great deal going on upon this subject just at present, and not always of a very pleasant or polite character. Religion very often makes people very acrimonious ; or, shall we rather say ? Creeds do so.

Another remarkable conversation, and not a very agreeable one for many, was that upon ostrich breeding, and the egg and feather market. The statement made to me was referred to an agent of the Standard Bank of South Africa for confirmation by him—viz., that a comparatively short time ago a pair of good breeding ostriches stood at the market price of £200, £250, and even £300, but now, at not more than £50, and even less. So of their eggs and chickens: from £5 and £10 apiece they have come down to much less than half. Feathers used to fetch £40 per lb., and the value has diminished to the present prices of the day. When the ostrich fever was at its exacerbation, farmers were known, it seems, to give all their sheep for birds. Then it sometimes happened that the breeding qualities failed, or even, from want of proper management or other causes, one or both of the birds died! Where, then, was the farmer? It was not always so; but (as is usually said) in too many cases it was. That was my information, and certainly bankers ought to know. Mr. Jackson, the local magistrate, favoured me with a call, and on my returning it he confirmed this information. With this and with a pleasant visit to Captain Harrison I got through my hot Sunday, with awfully tough chicken for early dinner. Oh, me! ye people, ye people! Early dinners under iron roofs in summer, under latitude $34^{\circ} 32'$ south!

Knysna is an ugly collection of houses, but it is

impossible to leave speaking of it without mentioning its lovely little bay—a perfect picture. It is honoured with a small steamer at somewhat irregular intervals, and the entrance is interrupted by a rock. When, however, the new road which Mr. Bain is making all the way to Port Elizabeth is opened, there ought to be a great change of movement both in Knysna and in its bay. The entrance should be cleared of the rock, and regular and effective steam communication established.

I was now to make a long hire of cart and horses for a distance of some seventy-six miles, according to Mr. Bain's itinerary, to the Storms River Station, where, by a letter of introduction, I was to seek shelter with Mr. Bromley, the engineer and superintendent of the works of the new road in that district. The journey could be made in two days by starting early; and Mr. Horn bargained very fairly with me, giving me a cart and four horses for £6. So, in early morning, and in nice pleasant rain—even rain can be pleasant by contrast, in a hot-clime journey—I started with my cart and four to spend the night at a house called Forest Hall, just thirty-eight miles distant, including three out of the road, and belonging to Mrs. Newdigate, whose husband was lately dead. In due course we outspanned for coffee and hobbled the four horses in the usual style; and gradually came for a meal to a large and glorious bay, fringed with rocks. Here, or shortly afterwards, begins what is called the Zitzikama country.

The hotel was on high ground, and all this scene, with the curved shore and blue sea, was lying stretched out below us. The Portuguese of old gave a proper name to this bay; they called it "Agoa Formosa," or "Beautiful Water." But the well-known self-importance of the Dutch governors altered a good many names; and in this case the harmonious one of the bay was changed by the then governor (from 1771 to 1773) into his own ugly one. So it is now known as Plettenberg Bay. This, however, has not altered its beauties, which I continued to gaze upon while sitting on a quiet piece of grass in front of the rustic dwelling.

Then came the start for Forest Hall, where I was to ask the hospitality of Mrs. Newdigate for the night. The hall lies three miles out of the regular line of road, and the country is quite an open one. The only incident on this road was the crossing the river Kuerboom, with its romantic woods; but not this time by a causeway under water. There was a pontoon, and this sweet scene, I afterwards learned, is sometimes chosen for a quiet picnic party, when a gathering together can be managed among the scanty neighbourhood.

At about halfway on the drive towards the hall we beheld an open carriage with its two horses coming over the plain towards us, in which my driver recognized Mrs. Newdigate. I therefore made a becoming gesture for a halt, and on getting down and presenting my letter was very hospitably bid forward on my

way to the hall, where I found the eldest son, who immediately made me at home.

The position is romantic ; the woods, with the mountains beyond them, all combining to compose a scene of liberty and beauty, over which a setting sun threw many warm and varied colours. A family party had been down to the seaside on horseback, and came in shortly after my arrival ; and a large and cheerful family dinner completed the evening. But in these climates there still remains the night after evening, and for some time later we sat out in the verandah, under the stars, while amusing experiments with the heliograph went on between the house and the meadows below.

The air of freedom and of undisturbed enjoyment in the midst of comparatively wild nature which one breathes in visits to these quiet domains is peculiar and impressive. How much I remember of it in Brazil ! And at Forest Hall I recalled these former experiences of both that country and other parts of the world. But of course this tranquillity implies an absence of population, of activity in life, and of national advancement in the march of the world. The mere visitor may be regaled and charmed in his few passing hours ; but the permanent dweller may become palled with the monotony, which even wild sport cannot always serve to alleviate. The intrusion of dwellers in the forests, also, may be sometimes annoying, even without counting those that are dan-

gerous ; they may claim to share with you, even if not to entirely spoil you of, the fruits of your labour.

Now here was an instance of this very kind. While talking with young Mr. Newdigate under the vine-festooned verandah in the afternoon, he made a small diversion with the remark, "Ah! there they are, those rascals; do you hear them barking?" I certainly had heard an odd noise without attending to it, and on listening more attentively, asked whence it came. To my surprise and amusement, he said, "It is from those rascals of baboons that downright eat us up!" There was a large plantation of maize—curiously called "mealies" in the colony, which I take to be a corruption of the Portuguese word *milhos* (*meelios*)—and he told me that every cob had already been torn off and eaten up by these same "rascals." To attempt to shoot them all would of course be a world's labour; but to shoot any one of them is not easy, for they know the sight of a gun, and even of a man, from whom they will immediately hide, though not so from a lady. "Why, then, don't you disguise yourself sometimes?" To this pretty obvious question the answer was immediate, "I have often done so; but they detect me." Such is the mischievous nature and the intelligence of the baboon, and such is his tyranny over man, the "lord of nature." And why, after all, is he mischievous? He merely looks out for food, as we all do. But he is a great nuisance, because he gets in man's way.

I should have been welcome to stay another day at Forest Hall, but my time did not allow of this, and having gratefully inscribed my name as a guest I bid my friends a morning's adieu, and started on my road to Mr. Bromley's, at the Storm River Station. This point I reached at a reasonable hour in the afternoon.

I had to regain the main road, of course, by my same three miles' divergence from it, and shortly afterwards I came upon the very finest point of my whole journey, and, perhaps the very choicest piece of forest scenery I ever saw ; it was on the descent to the Groot River. This descent began so charmingly, that I stopped my cart and walked down, ordering the driver to keep slowly behind me. I think it was about a thirty-five minutes' stroll altogether, including stoppings every now and then to gaze into the singularly thick green spreading foliage that covered all the long deep winding ravine on the left of the road below. And out of this deep ravine there rose the tall rough majestic stems of what is here called the "yellow wood" tree—a real monarch of these forests. All was of course overshadowed by their immense heads above, and I found myself literally feasting on the scene, until I came to the crystal river that crossed the road at the bottom, regretting that I had found the end. But on I must go. One gentleman, however, who had more time at his disposal than I, I left behind me. He had looked at me as I passed, as if he merely cared to say, "Well! here am I, and there are you

and what then?" It was a baboon! After this scene, the ground rises very rapidly, and a vast view is obtained of the forest below you and the expanse beyond. And thus at last, after stopping at Mr. Rawbone's, at Blue Kranz Station, I came to be welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, at Storm River Station.

Hence Mr. Bromley drove me in his cart and four horses over bad roads, roads making, no roads, and across plains, until at last we came to Assegai Bush, where he was to leave me. This name "Assegai Bush" may perhaps suggest terrors to you, timid reader, in the shape of savages rushing out of ambush with the deadly weapon known by that name, ready to shed blood; and you may perhaps romantically imagine the spot as fascinating by old murderous legends; for we know that, in travelling, associations of horror always lend the chief interests to the spots we visit. But, unfortunately for imagination, no references of this kind are attached to the name; it simply means a certain wood, a species of lancewood, used for poles of carts, spokes of wheels, etc. Yet, again, it *is* connected with the dreadful weapon; for it serves to make its staff, and therefore actually furnishes its name, which should more properly be derived from the spike of the weapon itself, instead of from its handle.

I could not but warmly compliment Mr. Bromley on his management of the four horses across such

country, driving them, moreover, as he did, from the necessarily low seat of the cart. Our outspan took place at a forester's in the midst of a forest, where we reposed under large trees on a true forest green, outside a true forest habitation, and where children were wallowing in sunshine and liberty. Great is the romance connected with these recondite scenes !

But let me not forget that our drive was a sporting drive. I had noticed that a gun was hung in front of us, and I noticed that two dogs followed us ; yet it did not occur to me that we might be sporting on our way. But out among the thick grass on one of the plains I saw a "point" suddenly made ; and at the moment of my exclamation up pulls Mr. Bromley, takes out the gun, and walks into the grass. Two brace of partridges fall to the two barrels. And this not once but often ; so that when we came to our journey's end the cart was even full of various birds.

Other game abound through all these forests, if you will wander into their depths to find it. Buffalo heads are to be seen at all your private resting-places ; elephants move about, though not so numerously now as formerly ; and curious anecdotes are told of these latter. They have been known to walk down through a row of engineers' stakes and pull them one by one out of the ground, as being innovations they by no means approved of ; and Mr. Bain has reported an instance of loud cries of distress having proceeded from one which had officiously come to gaze at a

deep cutting, when the edge suddenly gave way under its weight, and it was carried, to its terror, down into the road. Mr. Bromley gave me the skin of a beautiful golden cuckoo he had shot, which I am having stuffed. The bird utters only one note of ours, and flies through the sunshine, glittering in all its green and gold.

When I look back on all the wild and wealthy nature I passed through from George to Assegai Bush, and think of the new road that Mr. Bain is charged with making, I am fain to imagine some future day when population, cultivation, and intercourse shall be extensive and active throughout its range, and baboons no longer be masters of the position to appropriate the fruits of the labour of mankind.

On arriving at Assegai Bush the romance of my drive to Port Elizabeth was at an end. No further striking features of country remained to be seen, and I had only the post-cart to depend upon. Here, also, there was some difficulty, for unless I took a private conveyance as far as Humansdorp I must be prepared to start at about half-past two in the morning. This I at length decided to do, though not without somewhat of a wrench. Fortified, therefore, with a bottle of tea and something meant for food, I "turned in" early, but not to sleep more than people generally do when they are bound to wake at almost impossible hours and cannot persuade themselves to trust the caller so far as to allow themselves

to fall to sleep. Accordingly, I kept losing and regaining consciousness, until finally I would lie no longer, but got up and dressed at about half-past one o'clock. Shortly after two, the bright notes of a post-horn came sounding in the mellow tones of distance through the darkness, and a rap at my window warned me to be ready.

We left at the appointed hour—the driver and I—in the usual shaped red post-cart, and with a young farrier upon the bags, who was going as far as the first change. Thence we two went on together under the black sky and glittering stars, he now and then dozing, and his horses keeping the track. I did not wonder ; for he told me he had I know not how many hours of driving every night, and that he could not go through another winter. Yet now and then he was awake enough to blow his horn for something that I could not see, which proved to be the usual large Dutch waggon with sixteen or eighteen bullocks meeting us in the dark. Gradually the calm glow of early dawn came stealing over us, which in South Africa one would fain prolong, in hopes to postpone the obstinate hot regularity of sunrise. And with dawn Humansdorf lay before us, on rising ground, with its corrugated iron buildings appearing among its trees.

You may easily understand that my drive in the red post-cart had not been very luxurious, but I had been promised a change at Humansdorf for a really pleasant covered one on springs ; and, therefore, on arriving

I sat quietly down on the step of the corrugated iron post-office to drink my bottle of cold tea and gnaw something of the solid—solid enough. We were a long time waiting, and the postmaster had looked round the corner once or twice, when there at last was heard a hard rattling sound, and instead of the *quasi* luxurious vehicle I had been promised there drove round another large red cart, brand new, with strong springs and plain wooden seat; driver black, and flourishing a whip with all pride and defiance of everything and everybody. Surprise, disgust, and expostulation all exploded for nothing more than to relieve temper. The very night before, an accident had happened to one of the springs of the cart we were to have had. As to the springs of the red one—colonial by birth—to them nothing was very likely to happen; to me much happened—for, what with springs and stones over a great portion of the way, I almost had my spine jarred out of joint altogether, to say nothing of the unhappy cerebellum. Sometimes, however, there was happily no road, and we drove over grass; sometimes over sandy stretches.

One of our changes, I remember, was in the middle of a large pasture belonging to a Dutch farmhouse, which showed the usual stillness and absence of active husbandry. The stable was a ragged building and the stableman was a ragged black. While we were changing, a burly son (about five and twenty perhaps) of the owner came to exchange a few

strange heavy sentences with the driver, and I mention the fact because his demeanour towards myself afforded an instance of how often you may be mistaken about these people if you get no farther with them than the first gruff-sounding phrase, the natural form of expression of heavy uncultivated intelligence, living alone among bullocks, blacks and waggons. It would be more or less so everywhere, and is especially so among the Cape Dutch. "Mornen," he (apparently) growled; "how beest?" He spoke something of the same English you may now and then have heard at home. Now I was not very joyous myself, so I replied, "Not very comfortable on this confounded" (I believe that really was the word) "post-cart." The fellow looked at me as if I was a sybarite (though that actual figure may not have occurred to him, to be sure), and grunted, "Woy, wot's matt'r wid't?" "Matter with it? What isn't? The seat is as hard as a rock, and the springs are only fit to toss you out over the bad roads and jar your neck out of joint besides!" The Dutchman looked at me with open eyes for a few seconds, and over his dull cloudy face there then broke out a little sunshine that expanded into a downright good-natured sympathetic laugh; he walked round the cart, and came back to me and said—and I am quite sure of the word this time—"A dommd ding 'tiz." Nay more, he passed a farewell expostulation on the driver for the gentleman's sufferings. And so we departed on our way, and he

on his ; whether to thrash a nigger or to belabour an ox I don't know. But to this they are brought up.

At last and at last we came in sight of the corrugated iron where I was to breakfast. And the promise of the breakfast was worth about the promise of the cart ; but at all events we drove over a bit of grass to it, escaping a road.

On entering the door I was met by a large, waddling fat-voiced dame, who greeted me with a "good morning," and inquired whether I wished for breakfast. "Yes," quoth I, "very much ; I hope you have something ready." The answer she gave afforded me another instance of how necessary it is for people to be living in some sort of daily intercourse with others in order that their brains may be ready to use their tongues in saying what they mean, instead of exactly the contrary by mere clumsiness. Here was another specimen of the results of living in the wide hills and plains. She intended to tell me that she had nothing ready because anything was rarely asked for ; but what she confusedly said was this : "Well, sir, we always have the kettle on the fire, but we have nothing ready ; for its generally forty-one persons out of forty that want something !" When what I could get came, it gave pretty much the same sort of evidence of both the kitchen and the kettle being as much out of order as the old lady's brain. For the tea—bush tea I believe—was perhaps about 65° Fahr., and the small lumps of bacon were absolutely inedible !

So a little bread and butter, with tea no warmer for having been "warmed up," completed the repast (as we elegantly say), and on going out to pay the stout host he charged me half a crown.

"You have but very bad roads about here," I said.

"Yes, sir; and we can't help it. We have no money."

"And you have no population and no cultivation."

"What would be the use if we had? We don't get too much to eat, as it is, and we get nothing for what we do grow."

"Then, perhaps, it would be better to grow nothing at all?"

"Well, perhaps it would."

And thus ended my breakfastless interview at this postal station, which I leave to the consideration of psychologists and economists.

At half-past four in the afternoon, after travelling for fourteen hours with hard springs over bad roads, and with only bad food, from half-past two in the morning, we arrived at the post-office in Port Elizabeth, known also as Algoa Bay. Above the town there is high naked land, and you pass the grand stand and race and cricket grounds. Here, as elsewhere in the two colonies, there are abundant signs of the general spirit for sport and athletic exercises. I put up at the Phoenix Hotel, where I was very well treated, and I awaited the arrival from Capetown of the *Asiatic* with my friend Mr. Bird on board, to sail with him

along the coast to Natal. Had I intended passing some days in Port Elizabeth I should have availed myself of a friendly offer to sojourn at the Club, which I heard very highly spoken of.

By telegrams I learned that the *Asiatic* would not arrive before the Monday, this being Saturday ; so I decided to make a short excursion on the Sunday to Uitenhage, which I had heard much spoken of for its beauty. I was, however, disappointed, both as regards its aspect and position. As regards the first, there is too much corrugated iron, and there is only one street well planted in the old characteristic Dutch style. As regards the latter, the country round is not nearly so clothed as I had been led to expect. Engaging in conversation with a gentleman who was sitting in the hotel verandah, I found he was a friend of Mr. Bain's and had been lately appointed road surveyor in those districts. He gave me anecdotes of the manners of some of the solitary-living Dutch families, of many of whom he had had long experience. He spoke of their general great aversion to the approach of English strangers, and their great unwillingness even to admit them when needing shelter. And yet, he said, once get over this outer crust, once get them to begin to talk, and presently they become quite courteous and hospitable, and part with you hoping to be able to offer you their house again. This is but a strongly coloured picture of what happens in all remote districts ; people hate to be disturbed, even in

quiet districts in England, where there is often heard the expression, "Dear me! who are these coming to call?" Then, when the call is over, comes another phrase, "It would be pleasanter if we could see a little more of people." Mr. Fletcher's anecdotes comprehended a very strong case indeed of this kind, ending pleasantly. He knew his people and their language. Otherwise ——? At the same time there are many and many of these same Dutch farmers who are hospitable and courteous at once; but you must be prepared for their rough mode of living. With Mr. Fletcher I had the advantage of a visit to a Mr. Tudhope, of Uitenhage, who owns a flour-mill at Port Elizabeth. I spoke to him about the large quantity of foreign corn imported, and ventured a suggestion that perhaps the half of what he ground was foreign. He said, "Increase the fraction—I could say two-thirds." I was to visit his mill on my return to Port Elizabeth, after visiting Natal; but when that event came about I found Mr. Tudhope had been appointed a Cabinet Minister, and was at Capetown, where I afterwards had the pleasure of congratulating him. He remembered how a juggle of time caused me to lose my return train on that Sunday evening. This was rather singular, because the railway time for starting was that of Capetown, which is half an hour slower than that of Uitenhage. But it happened in this wise: I was told that the start was to be at 4.30 p.m. by Capetown, and therefore was waiting for 5 p.m. by

Uitenhage; whereas the hour was really 4 p.m. by Capetown and therefore 4.30 p.m. by Uitenhage. The circumstance is trite, but shows how easily a mistake may occur even with half an hour to the good. One result followed—I heard an afternoon or evening service of what is called “The Salvation Army” in tones of the very strangest kind; and may they still continue strange to me! What I lost by my day being necessarily on a Sunday was a visit to the wool-washing establishment. On the morning of Monday, the 23rd of February, I returned to Port Elizabeth, and on that afternoon I took my ticket for Durban in Natal.

Port Elizabeth, it must be remembered, is called the Liverpool of South Africa, and Algoa Bay was the landing place of the four thousand English emigrants of 1820, who and whose descendants have made their mark in those districts. There is, however, much unpleasant reading connected with their earlier days, and not unconnected with the backwardness and blundering of the Colonial Office. I have no intention, however, of copying out here what is to be found in so many other pages referring to all these matters.

CHAPTER VI.

NATAL.

THE embarking and disembarking at Port Elizabeth is managed very conveniently. The steamer lies off at a moderate distance from the pier and a launch goes to and fro to meet it. Accordingly, on the afternoon of Monday, the 23rd of February, I went on board this launch and thence on board the *Asiatic*, where I was much satisfied to find my friend Mr. Bird, according to our arrangements for meeting; and to make the passage pleasanter, he introduced me at once to Mr. Hayden, Under-Secretary for the Colony of Natal, who was returning thither a newly married man with his bride.

The course of the passage to Natal runs along in full view of the shore, but in returning you are farther out at sea, and have not this advantage. Fortunately for me, who was making this passage for the first and only time, our weather was fair, for our shore scene also was well indeed entitled to that same description. We ran along the lines of British Kafraria,

Amapondo, and finally Natal, up to Durban. The coast scenery was soft and charming throughout. Sloping green hills adorned with woodland, and here and there most picturesquely broken, folding again into higher hills and deeper valleys in the far background. All these features made the eye to be continually asking for men and sheep and cattle; but they were not there, or only in such scant herds that presence made absence all the more apparent. Thus we ran on from the afternoon of the Monday till the Wednesday morning, when we encountered a head wind. The Bluff, as the headland of Port Natal is called, with its lighthouse, was rounded in the afternoon, and at about four o'clock we lay at anchor, waiting for the launch.

The disembarking here, however, is by no means so easily effected as at Port Elizabeth; for there is a shallow sea, and a great sand bar lying across the entrance, over which even the launch sometimes passes with difficulty. At certain windy seasons of the year and when the counter-currents between the Indian and Atlantic Oceans are reverberated even here, the difficulties are of constant occurrence; for shallow waters, like shallow people, are very soon troubled. Then, as in our case, before the question of getting on shore comes that of getting on the launch. You will have seen how the mails and luggage are passed into it, and you must get there in the same way yourself. Two or three together must get into that

tall round basket, like a gigantic dinner-plate-basket, and be first shut in, then hoisted in mid-air by the rattling steam winch, then swung round and let down gently ; gently, unless rather more expeditiously by the bottom coming out. In truth I could not divest myself of the fear of this possibility, and though I saw my friend, Mr. Bird, magnanimously take his fly, I took the rope-ladder by the side. Don't do this, however, for the rough sea throws the launch up and down so violently that you may get crushed between the sides. The only case that I can compare with this clumsy landing at Durban, was that (much worse even) which I encountered once at Joppa.

Rolling and tumbling through the breakers, we at last were landed, not very wet, at Durban, which takes its name from Sir Benjamin D'Urban, a former governor of the colony ; as every town in the colony takes its name from some person.

Now, with a landing for goods and passengers of this description, the first impression of the traveller, next of course to his personal disgust at the inconvenience he has suffered, must be the prejudice that it must cause to the prosperity and progress of Natal. Therefore I will at once say that active measures are now being taken to remove this evil under the energetic directions of Mr. Escombe and others. In years gone by a great deal of money was laid out with this object, but without judgment. Two piers were erected with a view of causing a rush of water from the inner

bay by the force of the tide. But the opening thus left has proved to be too wide, and one of the piers is therefore being transferred to quite a different and closer line ; and seeing that the bar is of sand, and that it stands like a cliff towards the sea, it is reasonably expected that the rush of the tide through the new and narrower passage will displace the bar, and thus secure to Natal the vital gift of a good approach to Durban. You must, if you please, bear in mind that the name of this colony is Natál, and not Nátal. I believe the word is generally correctly pronounced, but, considering the curiously incorrect pronunciation of various names in South Africa, I wonder we don't oftener hear of Nátal. I have told you whence the name Durban comes—you need not call that Durbán—and I will now tell you, though you may have heard it, why the colony is called Natal. You must again go back to Vasco da Gama. In his great voyage to India in 1497 he sighted the land on Christmas Day, and called it Natal.

Some overlearned persons will speak of this name as being a translation of the Latin "*Dies Natalis*," but it is no such thing. Gama was no Latin scholar, and erudition is here (as it very often is) misleading. "*Natal*" is the plain Portuguese word for Christmas, answering to "*Noël*" in French. That the Portuguese derived it originally from the Latin language is a different matter. Vasco da Gama was speaking his own. Hence the name and the reason of it.

Well! we landed safely in Durban, and found them very polite at the Custom House. "Strangely savage land that!" you will exclaim at once—"a polite custom house!" Nevertheless Natal is not a savage land. They only looked for firearms and merchandise, and as we had brought neither we passed through with only some little confusion about the luggage in the dusk. Mr. Bird found his friend, a Mr. Pinson, the well-known wool-presser in Durban, who afterwards became my friend; and gradually we found our way to the Royal Hotel.

Here I met with a small surprise. Walking into the coffee-room, and looking straight before me, whom should I see at dinner, with as rubicund a countenance as of old, but my old *Trojan* friend, Mr. Burroughs! He had already decided on his new home. He had purchased some five thousand acres (that is the average figure of a small farm in these parts) in the district or division called Griqualand East, not far from its equally curious sounding capital—which I will wager is built of corrugated iron—called Korkstad; and there he is intending to send for his shepherd, farm sheep, and astonish whites and blacks, and sheep too, into the bargain.

Mr. Bird went on to Maritzburg, the capital, early the next morning, but I remained for the day, which I passed very pleasantly, but in great heat, with Mr. Pinson who took friendly charge of me.

A widely built, flat, square-streeted town is Durban;

very hot, I must repeat. A large town hall was preparing, and has since been opened. There are public gardens also, and there are churches. There is a hot sandy seashore, too, upon which I understand it is contemplated to build a terrace! Over this I was induced to walk some little distance on a journey to see the works at the new pier; but as these would show me nothing new I gave way before the sun-broil and begged that a retreat might be sounded, inwardly resolved that under no circumstances would I ever rent a house upon the contemplated terrace.

Upon the wooded hills above Durban is a remarkably pretty district called Berea; why, I know not. Perhaps after the Berea Mountains, in Basutoland; perhaps after a certain other Berea, because its inhabitants are, or consider themselves, "more noble than those in Durban." Durban also boasts a very fine botanical garden. Nor must I by any means omit to mention the abundant produce of pine apples in the neighbourhood, plentiful and cheap everywhere, but chiefly so along the sea coast. Mr. Pinson boasts a very original little iron shanty, among certain others, in the midst of brushwood and sand, close by the sea, where his friends may enjoy liberty and refreshment.

In the course of the afternoon I had the pleasure of presenting my introduction to Mr. Hunter, the energetic manager of the Natal Railway, from whom

I received the same favour that had been extended to me at Capetown ; and on the following morning I started by the 8.10 train for Pietermaritzburg. The line runs along shore for some little distance, and then turns high up country. If I was charmed with my view of the coast on my passage to Durban, so indeed was I with my passage by train. The ground is very broken—singularly so—by hill, dale, and mountain, and is decked from time to time with copses and even forests. At this time of the year, when Cape Colony is brown, Natal is green. I have called it the Emerald Colony, indeed, and in Mr. Noble's volume it is spoken of as "The Garden Colony of South Africa." I was told that in the winter this appearance is exactly reversed. The large range of the Drakenberg Mountains that divides the two colonies is said to cause this difference. The whole country as far up as Botha's Hill Station continued to present this extremely picturesque appearance far and wide. The only scenery that I can compare with it in my own experience is that of the beautiful isle of Corsica ; save that, indeed, here you have not those vast hanging forests—hanging down the mountain sides—of sweet chestnut trees, which are nevertheless divided into private properties and yield the food of thousands for the winter.

In such an abruptly undulating country as I am speaking of it may well be supposed that a line of railway cannot be driven either very straight or very

horizontally; and not the least remarkable of the features of this journey is the astonishing number of curves and gradients that incessantly follow one another. A few ostriches appeared upon the road, and an innumerable quantity of swallows literally covered the telegraph wires from time to time. In the winter time, even here, these graceful birds migrate to the more northern latitudes of Africa.

After passing over worlds of meadowy and woody mountain, with a fine genial air pervading everything, the country becomes more even and open beyond Botha's Hill, and sheets of maize regale the eye. At last you obtain a distant view of Pietermaritzburg (compounded of the two names of the Boer leaders, Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz), which we reached shortly before two in the afternoon. Although high, it lies in a basin, and its first aspect again presents a pervading quantity of corrugated iron roofs. By my friend Mr. Bird's care I found a cab ready to take me to the Victoria Club, where, at his request, young Mr. Theophilus Shepstone had been good to enter my name as a resident member.

On the following day I went with Mr. Bird to take my letter and be introduced to the Governor, Sir Henry Bulwer, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation, and who honoured me with much hospitality during my stay at Pietermaritzburg. We then went, with the like intent, to call on Sir Theophilus Shepstone, a name tolerably well known

in colonial history, but found he had gone to the military sports, whither also we went, meeting him on horseback. Here again are sports! There is sporting of all sorts and everywhere over the two colonies, and the extent to which cricket and other not less manly games are celebrated in these latitudes is, I think, remarkable; not less so here than in other parts, for I cannot but hold the climate of Pietermaritzburg as relaxing.

The next day gave me experience of wind and of dust—worse than at Capetown, because the dust was finer, and because through the broad flat rectangular streets the demon had more scope for tormenting. Mr. Bird and I were to dine on that day, Sunday, with Sir Theophilus and Lady Shepstone, and we arrived with common apologies for clothes covered and mouths filled with dust.

This disagreeable state of things as of outside suffering being here recounted, I am induced to mention a very agreeable sight, and not sight only, in Sir T. Shepstone's garden. I mean a large trellised vineyard of many walks, with grapes above as well as on both sides, planted for the purpose of an experiment in wine-making. The grapes were principally those of Catauba; all were black, and the vines were bearing abundantly. Here, then, is a pioneer in the practical question, "Will Natal produce good wine of its own?" The Catauba grape has a marked flavour of its own. I once had a present

made to me in Brazil of two bottles of champagne made from it, which I remember to have found a very luscious wine. Sir Theophilus will have the merit of showing how it can behave itself in Natal.

While walking in this garden one sees in the moderate distance the Taffelberg or Table Mountain of Maritzburg. This form is very general through South Africa, and there is a strange optical illusion in this one, which has the effect of making it appear very much higher than it really is.

There is one great peculiarity which must strike a traveller on coming into Natal, and to which not even the dust of Pietermaritzburg can avail to blind his eyes—I mean the predominance of the black race over the white. Here you are really among the Kafirs and the Zulus. The proportion is stated to be at the rate of fourteen to one. The general figures I have heard given are 350,000 black to 35,000 white. This would be in the proportion of ten to one. Some place the natives at 400,000. But little matter these differences; the picture is the same. Among these blacks are Zulus, who are annually crowding in because they like the English Government, and were deeply disappointed that Zululand was not annexed at the close of the war. There are also Hindu coolies, and some from China, given as from 9000 to 10,000. These coolies have been actually annually introduced by the Government at a considerable annual sum voted specially for that purpose,

because they will enter into contracts to serve continuously, which the native black, Zulu or common Kafir, will not. Along the northern coast sugar is cultivated, and it has been mainly on account of this cultivation that the importation of the Hindu and Chinaman has taken place. The African black is at his heart a hunter. He treats his engagements as a pursuit of game, so to speak; and when he is tired of it he suddenly leaves it—leaves it without offence and at a moment's notice sometimes, to join his kraal or go elsewhere. Now, in the club you have Hindu waiters; they are to be seen at Government House; in the shops; in general domestic service; and the Kafirs do not like them on this account; and also because they establish themselves as small shopkeepers and sell goods dearly. But observe the drawback it must be to a colony, already overladen with a black population, to be obliged to be annually importing other blacks in order to obtain service for which those with whom they are already overburdened are not qualified. The Kafir of every kind is everywhere. And if this strikes you in Cape Colony, where the proportion of blacks to whites is given as four to one, how much more must it do so in Natal, where the proportion is ten or even fourteen to one!

If you are walking down by one of the broad streets, take care a Kafir on horseback does not gallop over you. But the white and whitey-brown are quite

as bad in this respect. Maritzburg is full of galloping horses. If, however, you hear an unearthly scream, it is a Kafir driving bullocks. I have been told that each of the sixteen or eighteen knows the cry that is meant for itself. They all seem quite indifferent, however, to the agonized voice. Look at those waggons passing now; look at the bullocks. Mooning on they go, as if to say, "What's all the row about?" The Kafir's food can cost him very little, and his clothes still less. When he wears trousers they are the cheapest in the world; for they are made of patches upon patches; not always from need, however, sometimes from love of colour. In the country there is a cheaper sort of trousers still; and certain it is that the naked loin-bedecked Kafir looks the best. The dressed Kafir almost always looks ugly, except in mere shirtings.

There are very ugly public buildings in Maritzburg, and there is pleasant green hill scenery about it. I spent a day and night with Mr. and Mrs. George Barter at their farm called Westwood, in the Town Bush Valley, whence there is a very pretty mountain view. I also drove out with Mr. Bird to the house of Mr. Barter, the magistrate, through grass country. But the real excursion I made with him was to the Falls of the Umgeni river at Howick, a sight well worth seeing. It is a pleasant day's work; and by taking the train in the morning you can easily be back by five. The falls measure three

hundred and thirty feet in height, and pour over a well-formed and well-coloured apse of rock. You can walk round on the high level, and see them from a certain distance across the chasm ; or you can climb down and up the Kafir path, and see them from the bottom. This view from the rocks below is very fine. I was tempted to undertake it under the guidance of a black boy, and not being naked footed so as to cling with hard toes like the Kafir, I knew not whether I should ever get down or get up again.

On our return we had Mr. Izard, the contractor for the line, in the carriage with us, who gave me some information as to the general features of this strange railway, which continues its tortuous courses up to Howick, whence onwards it is on somewhat better behaviour.

At a spot called Highlands, 132 miles from Durban, it reaches its highest point, just one mile above sea level. Its most rapid curve is 1 in 300, and its steepest gradient is 1 in 30. Nor are rapid curves and steep gradients exceptional ; they are continual, and often the curve and gradient are at their worst together. The gauge is 3 ft. 6 in., and the rails steel, weighing 45lb. to the yard. All these curves, gradients, weights, and measures are of importance, as they must naturally govern the extent to which the colony will be able to make use of its railway ; particularly as regards its coal, of which I shall have to speak by-and-by.

CHAPTER VII.

EXCURSION THROUGH NATAL.

THE colony of Natal is diamond-shaped, and has an estimated area of some twenty thousand English square miles; Scotland (for the purposes of comparison, be it mentioned) having about thirty thousand. It was not very likely therefore that I should find myself at Pietermaritzburg, with very little to do there, without scheming an excursion about the colony; particularly as I felt an historical interest in visiting the disastrous scene of Amajuba, lying within its boundaries, and the equally disastrous scene—so far only, however, as slaughter is concerned, and not humiliation—of Isandhlwana, with Rorke's Drift; both of these lying just outside, in the Reserve of Zululand. There was also another scene to be realized, within Natal, and a short day's journey only from Greytown. But the object here was purely to behold its beauties, untainted by either bloodshed or humiliation—I mean the valley of the Tugela, at a spot which is confusedly spoken of under three names: Fort Buck-

ingham, which has disappeared ; Kranz Kop, or Crown Head, from a peculiar red rock ; and Entum-jambéle, or a rock with two holes : the *j* being pronounced like *i*.

Accordingly, Sir Henry Bulwer was good enough to furnish me with an introduction to Colonel Cardew, of Her Majesty's 82nd Regiment, Acting Sub-Commissioner in the Reserve Territory of Zululand ; while Sir Theophilus Shepstone also gave me several very useful letters, and Major Chamberlain, His Excellency's aide-de-camp, added others.

My first point was to be a place (or town ?) called Newcastle, in the north of the colony, whence my excursion to Amajuba and Lang's Nek was to be made, and Mr. Theophilus Shepstone (whom everybody from good-fellowship insists on calling "Offy") arranged for me with the contractor for the post, Mr. Welch, that I should go with the cart that was to leave Maritzburg on Tuesday, the 17th of March. But I settled not to join him until the following day ; for Mr. Izard very kindly gave me a "pass" over the whole line (not yet open) as far as Escourt, where I was to find Mr. Welch, and join the cart on the Tuesday night. Accordingly, by the 9.10 morning train I left for Howick Station, where the public traffic stopped at that time ; and there I mounted (and not for the first time in my life, though never in England) a "materials" train. "We can make you pretty comfortable, sir," said the superintendent, "or

at all events, will do our best. Suppose you sit on this waggon of iron rails?" Well! the surfaces, at all events, were flat though not soft; and I was quite prepared for this style of accommodation. Just before I was to be pushed up on to them, however, my resignation was to be rewarded, for there appeared a whole family of quiet residents, bringing with them all their household goods—among which mattresses and even a feather bed were included. "Make use of them, sir, pray do!" said a white lady of Escourt. And thus we started and continued very comfortably, except for sunshine, to the town of Escourt, where we arrived at 4.30 in the afternoon.

While waiting for the start, various languages were interchanged: English, Cape Dutch, and Zulu. This last, I came to find later on, is a very pretty language, even the verbs ending in vowels; and one expression that fell from a black mouth and struck my ear, was interpreted to me, at my request, by the white feather bed lady of Escourt at my side. "Mina canzella," said the man—not a rough black—at the close of the conversation; and the *z* was pronounced, as in Spanish, with a lisp. "That means, sir, 'My compliments to him.'" So words and sentiment were both pleasant.

Along the line, which still rises and falls and curves, but in far milder manner than below, we passed over sheets of green, sometimes grass and sometimes maize, while in the distance to the left

we beheld the noble outlines of the long and lofty Drakensberg Range. At the distance of about six miles I was told to look out for Meurd Spruit, in other words, Murder River, where the Zulus slaughtered their invaders, the Boers ; but, then, at another place called Veghtlaager, the Zulus were slaughtered by their invaders, the Boers ; and to our right, down the Bushman's River, stands the doleful name of Weenen, or Weeping, where emigrant Boers were massacred by the Zulu chief, Dingaan. How can things be otherwise, when the white man invades the country of the black to take possession of it, or to threaten it ? the white pursuing what he calls the "inferior race," albeit in high phrase "a man and a brother," and the black chasing the white as a hunter would the wild animals, rejecting and disdaining all affectation of affinity whatsoever ; fighting him and slaying him, or afterwards, if conquered, worshipping and serving him—not, however, always with that "perfect love which casteth out fear."

What is Escourt like ? It is a straggling number of houses, mainly of corrugated iron again, built upon grass ; but everybody was very pleasant.

I took my letter to Mr. Paterson, the resident magistrate, who lives a good walk out of the town, with whom I had a very pleasant conversation, dining with him and Mrs. Paterson, and walking home afterwards, under the safe conduct of a Kafir boy with a swinging lantern, to the wooden rooms of

the Plough Inn. At night came in the large post-cart, there to stay till the following morning.

And at five o'clock on the following morning came also Welch, rapping at my wooden door, and off we started. No coffee ; but, then, no sun. The cart was of the constant form, but this was my first experience in the large species. We had six horses always. Our driver was a "darkie," and I had again to appreciate the admirable driving of these men over unexampled roads, and no roads at all. At about eight o'clock in the evening we came to the Biggarsberg Range where we passed the second night ; and starting at 6.30 on the following morning—this time with coffee—we finally came to Newcastle at two in the afternoon, where I put up at the Salisbury Hotel, so named because the owner came from Salisbury.

And what is Newcastle? This place, again, is a collection mainly of corrugated iron houses, with wide open roads, the houses and the stores being scattered, and green predominating over brown all round. This (without further comment) was the main feature of all the "towns" which I visited up country.

I lost no time in delivering Sir Theophilus Shepstone's and Major Chamberlain's letters to Mr. Beaumont, the resident magistrate, which proved of great value to me, for Mr. Beaumont rendered me many services. The first and foremost matter to arrange was my expedition to Amajuba and Lang's Nek, which in fact lie side by side of one another.

I spell Lang's Nek without the *i*, and I write the full word Amajuba, which means "many pigeons." Perhaps in earlier times those birds frequented that mountain, for it is nothing less than a mountain, though troops were taken up its stony sides by night. *Ama* is a prefix in the Kafir language, signifying "many," as Ama Pondos, etc.

As the road to the north passes from Natal into the Transvaal it goes over the Lang's Nek or dip ; on the left you have Amajuba Mountain ; and on the right you have the hilly ground on which the engagement took place, known as "Lang's Nek." Both, be it specially noted, are in Natal, *i.e.* British colonial territory.

The first thing to be done was to engage a proper conveyance. It was not to be a Cape cart this time, but what is called an "American Spider." This Spider is an open chaise of the lightest or spider build, holding two in front, with a small seat behind for a third. One peculiarity is that all four wheels are of the same size, which rather hampers the getting in and out, but adds considerably to the smoothness of the movement. It has a pole for two horses, not fixed, as is usual with us, but lifting up and down and hanging on the horses' shoulders when they are harnessed. In one of these carriages Mr. Beaumont drove round, and I went to lunch with him and Mrs. Beaumont. I hired it at once. The distance to Amajuba is not great ; and the road, though very

hilly, is not bad for the country. Indeed, from the top of the long road leading up to the magistrate's office you may see the top of Amajuba.

"And is that really Amajuba?" "That is really Amajuba: Amajuba of hateful memory." And there stood the ugly high table-top, plainly seen on the horizon, with Umquela by its side: a mountain and a name which the sad miscarriage of an ill-starred general, irremediably sealed by the ill-starred and amazing succumbing of a Minister, have made synonymous for ever with humiliation of the English flag and army. That seems to be the universal sentiment throughout the two colonies. But, then (say they), "we are only colonies!"

At half-past six on the morning of Saturday, the 21st of March, I started in my "Spider"—not "Fly;" and was driven by a sort of semi-Hottentot, who was as much a master of his art as all that class of persons seemed to be.

In making this journey I ought to have gone on to a Mr. Fraser's, who lives on this side of the mountain, and has fitting saddle-horses to take you for a good day's jaunt over all the interesting ground. But on stopping short at a Mr. Frimstone's for breakfast, and not a good one either, he persuaded me that I should go on to a Mr. Kelly's, immediately at the bottom of Amajuba, and that thus (and here I believe was his real point) I could get back to dine, or sup, and sleep at his house. On my road I therefore passed

Mr. Fraser's without stopping ; but when I came to Kelly's I found that he only kept what is called a "Kafir store," and was not at all prepared either to entertain strangers or to find horses ! He received me quite in good humour—perhaps he thought my appearance rather humorous—but at once declared the circumstances and expressed vexation (and very properly so) with Mr. Frimstone. Well ! what was to be done ? "Have you no horses ? Hotel you have not." Horses there were, but they were grazing on the green mountain ; and as the grass was much better at top than at bottom they had roamed too far away to be of any use for that afternoon. So I agreed to sleep at the store, and to feed on such "store" as that class of establishment could afford. The horses were to be fetched and hobbled in the evening, ready for the morning. If by any chance, good reader, you find yourself at Newcastle it is well you should remember all this. There was, at all events, tea to be had ; and, all things considered, I got through the evening and night very well. The bed was a very fair shakedown ; and being very low, there was no great fear from tumbling out. The only one small caution that occurred as necessary was "not to get out in the dark at night, for now and then snakes crawled in on the earthen floor."

At about a quarter to seven on the following morning we started on horseback, and I made a particular point of going up the mountain as nearly as possible

by the line which the Boers took on coming from their encampment, which lay behind the hills to the right of the Nek, looking northwards, and therefore on the opposite side from Amajuba. How they managed to do what they did must remain to be still wondered at, as it always will be. The mountain is said to rise six thousand feet above the sea, and two thousand feet above Lang's Nek, being, again, another thousand feet (*i.e.* three thousand) above "Mount Prospect," where the English camp lay beyond extremely uneven and trying ground, and whence the laden troops started at night. The mountain on the side I speak of presents several ledges. It is very steep, grassy, and slippery, and there are plenty of boulders and brushwood. Mr. Kelly was not disposed to try his horses very far up; so we stopped at the first ledge and left them with the man, arriving there in about half an hour. But many of the Boers had pushed their horses up to the second and even third ledge, while, for ourselves, to get to the top from the first cost us forty minutes of panting work. It was trying to hear "that ridge is not the top yet." At last, however, we got there, and I may describe it as looking like a great unequal saucer. The dimensions have been given as about three hundred by four hundred yards. In the midst I at once saw a rather small rough heap of stones; and on one of them there were cut, but very roughly, these words: "Here Colley fell." Then I saw a

large burial-ground, walled in roughly ; and on a stone cross were engraved these words : " For Queen and Country. Jesu ! mercy." Then I walked over to the opposite side, and was shown the course our laden soldiers took in clambering up these heights, after their long march from the camp over the uneven ground in the dark. If I was astonished at what the Boers had done with horses on their side, by daylight, how much more was I astonished by what our men had been called upon to do, and did, on foot in darkness on theirs ! steep, slippery grass, brushwood, rifts, and rocks. It is pretended they were not blown and wearied when they reached the top. I cannot believe it, supposing them to have been men. It is said by some that Sir George Colley himself was so entirely knocked up that he was with difficulty awakened when the Boers' attack came on.

Look well again at the line our soldiers had to scale. Then survey the scene far below. There lies the English camp at Mount Prospect in the distance, from which an attack should have been made through Lang's Nek—the Boers themselves fearing this—to support the clamber on to Amajuba, supposing that movement could by any sane judgment be justified—a question this for military opinion, but on which most civilians would, I should think, fain be silent, from a feeling of total incapacity to understand it.

Next, look at that other spot, which every colonist looks on with scorn and shame. It was O'Neil's farm

and house, where was signed what Earl Grey has called "the miserable Convention of Majuba;" signed with rebels and invaders, "still steaming with our soldiers' blood" (as a leading colonist expressed himself to me), within the boundaries of Natal and the regions of the English flag; a Convention whereby, if colonists can be permitted to have feelings, Mr. Gladstone stung them to the heart, as with the bite of Natal's own Black Mamba.

"We have heard much of the 'Convention of Cintra'" (men say again), "whereby those concerned are held to have tarnished their reputation. But, here, never mind; we are only a colony!"

On returning to the side we ascended by, a wide view lay open before us over the Transvaal itself. In the flats below, but out of rifle shot, the mass of the Boers' waggons were lying at the time I am referring to; and when in the early morning Sir George Colley's redcoats were first discerned a sudden movement took place among them, and there was a general laagering up and moving off. Upon this Sir George flashed a telegram to Newcastle that a flight was taking place. But this movement appears to have been only one for getting the waggons towards the Dutch camp and out of danger from the cannon or rockets which at the first moment the Boers wrongly supposed must have been brought up the mountain. In good truth, even at the height he was, Sir George could not see the real camp of the Boers,

which lay behind the hills beyond Lang's Nek. It was on second thoughts, when they found that no firing took place, that the Boers decided on creeping up the hill to ascertain what was the state of affairs. The first reconnoitring party was soon followed by a numerous storming party, who found our men in no sort of order to receive them, nor, as it seems, any one in a condition to really command them. One fact would seem to be patent—that on the 26th and 27th of February, 1881, they had lost all confidence in their general, after the affairs of Lang's Nek on the 28th of January, and the Ingogo River on the 8th of February. Eventually came the complete rout, and the flight down the steep sides by which the ascent had been made, of which we have all heard too much already. Even limbs were broken by absolute falls down almost perpendicular precipices ; and the Boers, having gradually crept round the east side of the hill, discharged their pieces upon the flank of the fugitives. Before this last rush took place Sir George Colley appears to have been pressed to allow a charge, and it is stoutly maintained that had he done so a different end of the day would have ensued. I do not think there is much doubt that he had completely lost his head, and no one seems capable of explaining either the moment or the manner of this sudden and unsupported night march up a steep and lofty mountain. In short, in reference to this matter, Mr. Nix, at p. 245 of his volume, writes : " What pos-

sessed Sir George to make the fatal move on the Majuba will for ever be a secret."

As regards the soldiers themselves, while it would be difficult to justify their absolute failure to stand firm and obey such orders as it was possible to give, it is at the same time very easy to understand that they felt that there were no direct orders to obey: that there was no real head. There is a point at which confusion and flight must come, even among the very finest of veteran soldiery. But if there is one feature more painful than another, in all the slaughter that took place in this Transvaal rebellion and absolute invasion of Natal, it is the youthful ages that are recorded on the various stones that have been raised to the memory of our victims. Nor was Amajuba the first scene of trial and misfortune. Already at Lang's Nek, on the 28th of January, and at the Ingogo, on the 8th of February, 1881, had disaster occurred; and when the troops marched out for Amajuba on the night of the 27th of February, some were heard to say in plain phrase, "Here we go for another damned sell." On the fatal Sunday the troops arrived on Amajuba by daybreak, and by eleven o'clock all was over.

Descending the mountain to find our horses, we now crossed over the nek or dell on to the hills beyond, where that other disastrous battle had been fought—that of Lang's Nek, or really that of Lang's Nek hills; and riding over the whole ground, and by

a cemetery of non-commissioned officers and privates, we reached Mr. Kelly's store by ten o'clock. Shortly afterwards I was on my road to Newcastle, passing the Ingogo obelisk on the way—nothing but records of death and disaster! The first-rate driving of my Hottentot Kafir coachman enabled me to reach home before six o'clock that evening, and thus I completed the excursion in two days.

On my road, however, I stopped to breakfast at Mr. Fraser's, where I ought to have stopped the day before, though it would have made my day's inspection somewhat longer. I reached his house at about noon for breakfast, and while it was preparing Mr. Fraser proposed to saddle a couple of horses and ride out about twenty minutes' distance to another cemetery; a proposal which I of course readily acceded to. It is here that Sir George Colley himself lies buried, being (as is inscribed) at the time he died, "H. M. High Commissioner for South Africa, Governor of Natal, and Major-General Commanding the Forces. Born, 1st Nov., 1835, Died, 27th Feb., 1881, in his 46th year." Having seen the spot on which his death took place, I here read these words upon the stone under which he lies. And by Sir George's side there lies another officer—Colonel Bonar Millett Deane, late 19th Regiment. He is recorded to have died at Lang's Nek, "at the head of a storming party, ten yards in front of the foremost man." I well remember this Colonel Deane as a boy. He was a son of the

Rev. George Deane, rector of Bighton, in Hampshire ; and I can recall, as if the fact had happened yesterday, that I met him years ago with his father, in high glee in Trafalgar Square, coming from the Horse Guards, where he had just received his commission. And now, hither had I come all this distance to see his tomb.

Colonel Deane rode a fine charger on that fatal day, and apparently pressed his men too hurriedly up the ascent, as when called upon to fire they could not manage their rifles, and some were even vomiting from the exertion, and they complained of this hurry. He seems in his anxiety to have at last jumped off his horse, and taken the peculiar and perhaps unjustifiably advanced position in which he was shot. It is reported that his horse was shot also ; but Boers are not people to shoot good horses ; and a somewhat melancholy anecdote was told me by a Mr. Hutchison, whom I afterwards met at Greytown, which does not coincide with this report. Mr. Hutchison was at Chrissie, travelling in the Transvaal on usual banking business, when General de Smidt rode in with his two sons ; whereupon the landlord touched his shoulder, telling him who his visitors were, and, pointing out of the window to one of the horses which one of the sons was riding, said quietly, "That was Colonel Deane's horse."

There was yet another cross for another victim of Lang's Nek, besides these two, of which I took the

inscription—"Captain Joseph Buscombe Poole : raised to his memory by his brother officers in South Africa, to whom he was endeared by his soldierlike qualities and affectionate disposition." I cannot say that I think the cemetery is very well kept.

In my conversations with Mr. Fraser, who spoke forcibly on the hardship of the march in the dark and the clamber afterwards, he mentioned the name of Mr. Sanderson, inspector of roads, who was present as an eye-witness of the battle of Lang's Nek. I was therefore very anxious to see him on my return to Newcastle, and Mr. Beaumont was again my friend in sending him to me. His description of the leading feature in the fight associates itself in my mind with what I have lately read in the correspondence of the late John Wilson Croker. This gentleman tells an anecdote of the Duke of Wellington having walked from the railway-station to his house without knowing the country. Croker, in an allusive joke, says, "You did not guess what was on the other side of the hill;" and he explains this joke by saying that he referred to what the duke had once said to him in an excursion: "Why, I have spent all my life in trying 'to guess what was on the other side of the hill.'" The anecdote is thus told at p. 276 of vol. iii. of the "Croker Correspondence and Diaries:" "In coming to see me" (as he had done the day but one before, Sept. 2) "he had chosen to walk from the station to our house, and without even a guide. He said he had

found it a rough walk, and the ground intersected in a way he had not expected: so I said to him, 'It seems you forgot to *guess what was on the other side of the hill*.' This was in allusion to a circumstance which had occurred between him and me some thirty years before. When travelling on the north road we amused ourselves by guessing what sort of a country we should find at the other side of the hills we drove up: and when I expressed my surprise at some extraordinary good guesses he had made he said, 'Why, I have spent all my life in trying to guess what was at the other side of the hill.'” This Sir George Colley did not guess or, if he did so, guessed wrong. At Lang's Nek there were two sky-lines. There was a ridge running out and sloping down from the main sky-line behind, and between this apparent sky-line and the main sky-line was a ravine full of Boers, who were waiting for our soldiers to appear on the ridge of the lower sky-line. When the 58th Regiment charged up and reached this ridge, they were checked by the Boers in the ravine and driven back. About three hundred yards beyond the point gained by the 58th was the main sky-line, and behind this was (not visible even from Amajuba Mountain) the main camp of the Boers. The shelling, therefore, which was the real, and ought to have been the easily victorious arm of the English forces, was blindly delivered, and either went over the heads of the Boers in the ravine or was wrongly directed altogether, as Mr. Sanderson

observed, to the left. When the Boers showed themselves the shells fell in amongst them ; but a retreat had been sounded.

The dull civilian must be contented to retire from these sad scenes—now rendered humiliating by the pusillanimity of the Minister at home—with the overwhelming impression that there was no head, no master-mind, upon the spot.

Mr. Sanderson spoke with much sympathy and respect of Colonel Deane. His failure was too much ardour and confidence. “You must take care of these Boers,” said Mr. Sanderson to him on the departure from Newcastle. “They are bold at starting, and first-rate shots.”

“Ay, ay,” replied the colonel ; “but,” pointing to the guns, “we have these little children to talk to them.”

But, alas ! the talk came to nothing ; they did not “*guess what was on the other side of the hill !*”

Such are the statements and impressions which I received from my conversation with Mr. Sanderson. He gave due credit to the Boers (as all must) for their resolution and courage ; but from the fact of our commanders’ depreciating them and thus being worsted by them (as is always the result in such case), they had come to depreciate our commanders, or they never would have dared the assault on Amajuba. He mentioned a trait in their character—they cannot fight an uphill game. He has often shot with them for challenges and prizes. They are excellent shots at

five hundred yards—not beyond; and they have almost come to consider themselves as the only shots. But if you even tie them in the contest, and still more of course if you pass them, their hands begin to shake and they lose heart entirely. They certainly were never put to this test either at Lang's Nek, or at the Ingogo, or at Amajuba.

"*Bless* the 'Convention of Majuba,' as they call it!" said the barman at the Salisbury to me, using just the contrary monosyllable. "It has ruined me and many others, and chiefly those who were English and believed in England."

I hope, my reader, you will not exclaim (particularly in these present days), "Who is a barman to talk?" Because out here, where there is no aristocracy, and all are working and striving, these are the proper persons to talk. But, even so, he was not always a barman, should you object to him in that character now. The desertion by the British Government of the English in the Transvaal reduced him to be a barman in an English colony. From April 1877, the date of the masterly and most beneficial annexation, till 1881, when the miserable submission of England took place, and her own subjects and the natives were shamefully abandoned to the contempt of their *invaders*—invaders of Natal—he had been a prosperous storekeeper in the Transvaal. After that, he and hundreds of others were ruined and persecuted. But the barman was not the only one whom I heard

complaining. Mr. Prendergast, the merchant, on his way to Pretoria, told the same story ; while, as regards the Transvaal itself and the poverty into which it has sunk, I give you an illustrative anecdote which he gave to me.

At a place called Ermelo in that country there had been lately brought before the magistrate a man charged with horse-stealing. The evidence was conclusive ; but, as the case was proceeding, the magistrate stopped it with these words, " Prisoner, it is quite clear you are guilty, and I shall have to commit you if the case goes on. But there are no public funds to keep you alive in prison ; therefore I should have to keep you myself, which I cannot afford to do. Therefore I discharge you." Poor Independence ! Liberty is sweet ; but she is as much in want of food and clothing as is slavery, or she becomes the worst of slaves herself.

If the retrocession of independence, it is naturally felt, had been a sound, reasonable, and consistent act, conceded with honour and not with humiliation, it should naturally have been followed by respect and gratitude on the part of those to whom it was conceded. Has this been the case ? The colonists and the Boers can and do answer this question themselves. Insolence of the worst kind has followed Mr. Gladstone's act of succumbing to rebellion in the teeth of his own language ; and not only so, but succumbing at the moment of the worsting—the unnecessary

worthing—of his own armies while fighting in support of his own Queen's Speech. To repeat the phrase of a very prominent person, expressed personally to me, "In Natal we have become nothing."

A rather rough Dutch repartee was recounted to me as an instance of scores of like insults; and there is wit in this, which forces me to record it. After a hot wrangle: "What is the use of a handful of rude animals like you," said the Englishman, "pretending to beat a country like ours? Do you know the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions?" "What of that?" asks the Transvaaler. "Why, it shows our enormous power." "It rather shows something else, in my opinion." "What may that be?" "It shows you're such a set of rascals that God Almighty can't trust you in the dark."

The act of retrocession, as it really took place, notoriously bore all the aspect of ignominy; and there is no getting out of it by any profusion of phantastic phraseology. Mr. Gladstone seems to know this as well as any man, as he cannot help knowing it. The obstinate and persistent manner in which he constantly harks back to boast of it, in his own mode of recounting what took place, shows that it still rankles in his breast—

"Post equitem sedet atra cura."

"How came he," the question is asked, "while the Boers were notoriously invaders and depredators beyond Newcastle in our own colony of Natal, to

declare to Parliament that 'the Boers had no share in the operations.'" "If ever an occasion should arise" (writes Mr. Bird) "that would induce the British public to look with strict scrutiny into African affairs, these words will be read with amazement."

Mr. Gladstone's reference to the retrocession in his late Hawarden manifesto is surely nothing less than a complete political *suppressio veri*. On reading the passage that refers to it one might suppose that the annexation had been consistently and continuously contested and objected to out of office and in office ; that it had been a steadfast and leading purpose of the Minister to carry out retrocession, and that in gaining power he had consistently pursued that course. In such case, whatever might be differences of opinion upon the subject, the statesman would have had a right to entertain and to realize his views if supported by Parliament. But what is the real history of the case ? When the annexation took place in 1877, Mr. Gladstone made no objection to it. In defence of this line of conduct he has asked, "Was it the duty of a British politician in this country, seeing that their freedom was gone, to speak words which might have induced the people of the Transvaal to spend their blood, and spend it in vain, in the endeavour to vindicate their freedom ?" This is surely a very weak defence. But far worse remains. For in 1879, while using all his powers to overthrow a political rival, during what is called "The Midlothian Stump," he did use those

very words; he violently harangued the Midlothians upon the subject; he took care to tell them, his *Presbyterian* hearers, that these Boers were "*Protestants*," and he publicly "repudiated" (that being his word) the annexation. Was not this, and at a much more dangerous moment, inducing the Boers to rebel? Is he not (say the colonists) judged out of his own mouth? And they perfectly well know, from contact with the Transvaalers, that these words did so operate. While endeavouring to inflame the minds of his constituency against his political rival, he gave himself no time to reflect that he would be inflaming the Transvaal against English rule. Mr. Gladstone afterwards endeavoured to whittle away the meaning of the word "repudiate" in his usual style of dissertation on his own language. But the real question is what did the Transvaal rebels take the meaning of the word to be? What did violent and mischievous exaggerators among them hang on to the word? The Transvaal made efforts to take him at his word. Moreover, when he came into office, what then? Then he changed front again; he dared not, at the moment, do otherwise in England. He deliberately, firmly, and repeatedly refused to listen to every representation from the Transvaal upon the subject of retrocession, and, by all local accounts, incurred thereby the scorn of the Transvaal. Language of the most positive kind, in this sense, was put into the mouth of the Queen in her Speech to Parliament. A

large force was sent out under General Roberts to carry into effect those words; but, at the very moment of the reverses of our army, who were fighting in that same cause in Natal, another *volte face* appears. Comes a message to Sir Evelyn Wood by cable to succumb; and to General Roberts to go back again! Army, colonists, settlers, natives—all are suddenly abandoned and befooled. Yet says Mr. Gladstone, in his Manifesto, that he had “supplied military means such as to place beyond doubt the superiority of British power.” The Boers appear to have naturally thought he skulked from fear at the last moment. The whole proceeding was that of “rush and scuttle:” of recoil from suppression. Hence disaster and disgrace:

“ . . . relictâ non bene parmulâ :
Cum fracta virtus, et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.”

This was not the way to treat either England, or her colony, or her army. Then, again, Mr. Gladstone, in Midlothian, in 1885 (having explained why he had said nothing in 1877), declares that “We then told you that to annex the Transvaal was scandalous and disastrous.”

The question for the colony is not so much whether Mr. Gladstone or any other Minister acted in this amazing manner. The substantial question is, is this the way to treat your colonies? for, though the whole country suffers and blushes, it is the contiguous colonies that feel the sting the sharpest. Still, Mr. Gladstone persists in even boasting of what he did;

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and it is natural that the colonists should therefore dwell upon the subject as an open wound forbidden by him to heal. And herein lies the still living poison.

Nor is this all. Mr. Gladstone claims to have given back independence to the Transvaal by an act of magnanimity and justice. Yet what did he tell the Midlothians again, in justification of that proceeding? He told them he had thrown the Transvaal back as if he had had a poisonous serpent in his hand that was going to bite him! Strange magnanimity here! So much for the sentiment! And now for the logic. By the very act of throwing away the serpent you give it a chance of biting you. If you have caught it and are holding it, your safety lies in still holding it. And has not the Transvaal been biting us in one way or another ever since it was "thrown away"? Look at this Bechuanaland question. It is biting us now, say the colonies. Yes; and will continue so to do. The annexation was a masterly act; it was notoriously a blessing to that country. As has been written, "the Transvaal was annexed as a last resource to save its inhabitants from extermination at the hands of Cetshwayo and his legions, and, as a consequence, the Zulu war followed, because we had balked the Zulus from carrying out their declared intention of eating up the Transvaal Boers, and the Zulus had right on their side. If the people of the Transvaal (following their desertion of their President Burgers in his war on the

chief Secocoeni) had not desired British rule, it is evident that Sir Theophilus Shepstone could not have forced it upon them with only nineteen policemen at his back." The retrocession has been its curse; and to Her Majesty's faithful subjects and the natives, from the form in which it was enacted, it was a very bitter curse. The poison is still permeating everywhere, and will continue to permeate long after the woods of Hawarden have ceased to echo to the axe and the church to resound to the intonations of the performer's voice. I could gather but one feeling from end to end of our South African colonies upon the subject; and were that feeling interpreted by them, and by the Transvaal as well, on canvas, it would represent Mr. Gladstone turning his back on his own people, and, with hat in hand, kneeling humbly down upon the flag of England, stained with mud and blood, and bowing to Rebellion with the Queen's Speech crumpled in its hand and derisively shaken in his face.

I was quite satisfied to have returned on the Sunday evening, for Monday proved to be an extremely hot and very relaxing day. Newcastle itself is a relaxing place, and is rather famed for inflicting on its visitors neuralgia. I cannot say that I escaped being complimented by that unpleasant attention on its part, and the very sudden change of weather on the following day into a cold pouring rain added to my indisposition to the extent of deciding me to lie abed, the entry in my diary on Tuesday, the 24th

of March, being, "Face-ache, tooth-ache, neck-ache." These are manifestations of climate. It was while occupying that same throne that Mr. Beaumont was good enough to bring me a driver with whom I was to start on my intended journey, passing by Rorke's Drift and the camp, to Greytown. One Peter Hoog, as he spells his name, was to be my guide and coachman, with his own Spider and horses, at the price of thirty shillings per day, without return-charges, he leaving me at last at Greytown. "He is one of our characters," said Mr. Beaumont. And so I found him. So far as I could gather he must have been approaching sixty years of age—at all events he was well in the fifties; thin-featured and shrewd, with Scotch and Dutch blood in his veins; born in Cape Colony; a hunter, and a trader in hunting produce through all his prime; full of experiences with all the tribes; full of anecdotes of life and adventure; a loyal British subject, but essentially Dutch in all his affections; twice married, I believe, and on both occasions with a Dutch bride; withal, a faithful and efficient conductor, and an entertaining companion. Such is a rough outline of my hero; and if these lines ever reach the eyes of Peter Hoog, and he finds any errors in them, he will forgive me.

From one cause and another, however, I did not leave Newcastle till Monday, the 30th of March, and in the meantime moved about as much as heat and rain and aches permitted. Among other short days'

doings, Mr. Davidson of the Salisbury drove me out to see the coal-field from which, I believe, Newcastle derives its name. All lies close to the surface ; small works are going on at a depth—not of hundreds of fathoms, but—of twenty feet. I did not, as I afterwards did at Dundee, see the coal burning, nor can I vaunt myself as being any critical judge of coal by the mere look of it, that part of my education having been neglected ; nor did either of my useless godfathers bequeath me any mining property. But I may ask, Who shall say, if this country is ever laid open to the world by population and means of carriage and communication, Natal shall not have its own Newcastle in proportion as England has hers ?

There naturally was not much to do in a place like Newcastle, but as I wanted some small matters in stationery I walked up the great broad road to Mr. Haddon's iron shop, and during my short purchase fell into long conversation. I found him labouring under a small puzzle. He had been requested to send for some scores, or perhaps hundreds, of small catechism books, on account of a certain branch or sect of missionaries ; but on their arrival he had been told that they were not of the class required—that they belonged to another teaching. This fact pointed to what I had heard before, that there was a good deal of puzzling of the Kafir brain going on from these differences among their teachers. Whether the Kafir's brain will ever prove soil fitted for receiving

and fructifying the seed of the erudite creeds which the European brain has worked up for itself is, I think, a matter for the serious consideration of those who are anxious to improve him. It was told me as a fact—and it may be quoted against them, or as showing their common-sense view of the matter, as you please—that the residents do not, as a rule, subscribe to support these missions. Mr. Haddon spoke feelingly of the ill-starred warfare and Convention already referred to. Who does not so speak throughout the length and breadth of the two colonies? I mean, of course, among those who are called loyal, and who relied on Imperial faith. Among the disloyal the feeling is vaunting and insulting still. He was present when the army left Newcastle, and he heard Sir George Colley's address to the men. He remarked how young all the soldiers were ; and, as compared with the Boers, how few they were ; and his heart misgave him at the moment. The disasters that had occurred were in his forebodings ; the caving-in and the Convention—no. I looked into a very interesting volume on all these subjects which was on his shelves, written by a Mr. Carter. He recounted to me a conversation he had had with General Joubert in which a remark by the latter struck me as indicating a very predominant feeling among the Boers : " Wherever we go," he said bitterly, " you English always follow us." It seems there never has been—will or can there ever be?—a general inclination throughout the two colonies

for Dutch and English and English and Dutch to amalgamate? Possibly so. But how different as yet! And the Dutch feel that the English took the country from them.

Cricket is as lively here as elsewhere; athletic sport abounds everywhere. But not much of this kind was going on at the moment, for it was the period of the wool-market; and among those who had come in on that account Mr. Haddon pointed out to me a broad, hearty, and well-to-do Dutchman of the Orange State, named Wessell, who had been very successful, and who (as a good example of what is the Dutch ruling passion) is stated to have bought a fresh piece of five thousand acres of land on the birth of each child. It is this craving for the possession—not the cultivation—of such vast stretches of land that causes so many of the troubles and interlopings, and such bad treatment of the natives, that we have all heard so much of. “Land and cattle, land and cattle,” is the predominant idea. And even if the land were always fairly bought, as Mr. Wessell is said to buy it, still were this proclivity an evil! There must occur some strange wrench to eradicate it. Land is not unlimited.

I fell more into contact with Zulu and Kafir service here than elsewhere, and was struck by their curious manners. Whatever may have been the case while they were serving in warfare, under their chiefs, against the white-skinned stranger who had come to invade them, they are, in peace, very ready and

obedient, as a rule ; treating the white man as their natural superior. The Zulu is constitutionally jocose, and hails you with just so much jocosity as he feels your bearing towards him will permit of. One arm is thrown up in the air straight, and the word pronounced is "Cose," an abbreviation of "Ecosi," or lord and master. This extent of adoration was showered upon me from time to time, and I dare say for their own amusement sometimes. But they can be very reverent too. My friend Mr. Bird, who has for many years held public appointments, that of resident magistrate being among the number, is saluted with all sorts of titles, gravely given, in Maritzburg ; and he has translated them thus to me : "chief," "chief of chiefs," "lord of the inner chamber." "But, then," says Mr. Bird, rather naively, "they add another which rather pulls me down ; for greeting me sometimes, instinctively, by a phrase in use towards their own chief, they add 'Thou black one !'" Be it perfectly understood that there is not the slightest obsequiousness or subserviency in these modes of salutation ; all is natural.

I had now come to Sunday, the 29th of March, on which day I was to have started ; but Peter did not come in. The weather was very showery every now and then, and I was warned that this might indicate long and heavy raining within a few miles. So I had only to keep waiting on, and exchanging a few words now and then with Mr. Wessell and a few others who

were at the Salisbury. One thing that disturbed me in this sojourn was, I must confess, the meat. So many oxen and so little beef! Not being bad in flavour, it was strong in substance. The mutton was as tough as the wool, and the beef was tougher. In short, from Dan to Beersheba, through these two colonies all the meat and all the so-called poultry is tough, and throughout Natal all the roads are bad—except where they are not made, but only cut through the hard and smooth prairie. Newcastle was for me a somewhat hard place to live at, notwithstanding a very pleasant and considerate landlady; for not only did it inflict neuralgia in the jaws, but bound me to hard food, or none. And none, in the shape of meat, it really sometimes was.

“When I was at home,” says Touchstone, “I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.” Submissive they may be, but not content.

“I have been looking at you,” said a jolly Dutchman (not Mr. Wessell) at the table, who appeared to be strong enough to carry his own stomachful about with him as easily as if somebody else was doing it for him, “you eat nothing.”

“Ah!” said I, “and I have been looking at you; you eat everything.”

“Yes, thank God!” (an easy phrase, that!), “and so could you, but you stand about chewing it too much.”

And it is a real wonder to me very often, not only abroad but at home, what stuff people can be

content to invade their stomachs with. They fight with it on their plates, but swallow it with peace. Did you ever read the "Original" by Walker, reader? Verily there are some gifts of the flesh which I would ardently pray for, if I thought that by so doing I could obtain them.

Tough food, I repeat, is no matter of special complaint in Natal. It reigns throughout the two colonies; but people do not seem to complain of it or to be aware of it. Chickens are the worst of all. They are as bad as they used to be in Brazil, where I was wont to say, up country, that the only way of carving them was to ask your friend opposite to take hold of the other leg and so tear the thing in half between you.

A mere general complainer, after all, is really no genuine one, as he makes no distinctions and is liable to be retorted on. Querulus had at last vexed the host by abusing everything, until this worthy sarcastically replied—

"Well, sir, some complain of one thing and some of another; but—after all you have found fault with, there is only one thing in the house with a bad taste to it, and that you haven't discovered."

"What's that, pray?"

"Your own mouth, sir."

Now, the breed of oxen is by no means bad; but the common saying is that they only kill those which are unfit for work. I don't think this can be exact.

Oxen may look thriving but be of coarse material too ; and, like my Dutch friend, the feeders may be as coarse as the food. This is often the explanation of coarse food in other parts of the world than South Africa. Dr. Fischer speaks much about cattle breeding ; but he says that on explaining to a Dutch breeder that the mode he was pursuing was the sure way of deteriorating the race, his remarks made the farmer so angry that he walked off and left him ! What are you to do ?

On the Monday morning Hoog came in with his Spider and pair, and with a grateful good-bye to Mr. Beaumont I departed for Rorke's Drift and the camp. I must not omit to mention, however, that before leaving, Major Mills and Captain Gough came in from a visit there and foretold for me, what I verily experienced, a hearty welcome. Thus we trotted out of Newcastle and went our way. The Spider was a very comfortable one, and the horses of course at once engaged my particular attention. How familiarly we sympathize with these inestimable animals—*inestimable* at all times—on a journey ! We need not moralize and exclaim, "Oh, mighty 'lord of creation,' and something else besides, how much you depend upon a beast !" But I at once noticed that while one of our animals was a stout cream-coloured punch, the other was altogether an inferior gentleman. "How is this ?" I asked. And the answer pointed at once to a very leading plague in the colony of Natal—the

presence, in numbers, of the most poisonous of snakes. Hoog's other horse had made an exact pair of his team ; but a snake, called the puff adder, had crawled into the stall and bitten it. This broad-backed, short, thick snake is one of the worst ; but the very worst is the Black Mamba. The puff adder has a finely marked back, and strikes in a peculiar manner. It springs backwards upon you, and sometimes very high and far ; and in attacking it you must be careful to keep in front of it, and not allow it to turn as though it were getting away, instead of preparing to strike. Fortunately it is very slow in its movements before being thoroughly enraged.

At about twelve miles out we stopped, in an open undulating grass country, some little distance below a farm belonging to a son-in-law of Hoog's, at a small separate corrugated iron house or hotel, belonging to one of his daughters, and honoured with the sounding name of the Victoria Hotel, where we dined and slept in fair comfort, with everything quite clean ; and here, in a crystal night, we beheld a beautiful eclipse of the moon, on which I was called upon to give a small lecture to a small audience, including an open-eyed black cook, who seemed to be looking to and fro between me and the moon as much as to say, "Which of the two is humbugging us?"

In all the charming freshness of early morning in these latitudes we started next day for Dundee.

If you are Scotch, good reader, you must not think of your own Dundee ; for the two places are no more like one another than Cape hock is like Rhine hock. But never mind. We drove over more wide undulating grass land to it, breakfasting comfortably at Hoog's own place, and arriving in good easy afternoon time at the usual small group of scattered corrugated dwellings, with their store, etc., built out on grass. At Hoog's we met a Transvaal Jew, who entered emphatically into a not very pleasant view of present matters there.

Now this was a silent, solitary drive to-day ; but Hoog's conversation interested me much. He told me that in 1862 six thousand acres there were offered to him for the simple figure of just £25, and that in 1882 he gave £1600 for three thousand eight hundred acres of it (the farm I have mentioned) for his son-in-law, Mr. Alcock. Why not have bought it, then, in 1862 ? Because in 1862 these now solitary plains were covered with wild animals—buffaloes, zebras, quaggas (very like zebras, and thus called from the noise they make), and some elephants. But none such animals did we see this day. Have they been replaced by their destroyers ? Only a pair of solitary blue cranes, solitary except for their two young ones respectfully walking behind them, peopled the plain. "How regularly the birds keep their distances," I remarked. This, he told me, is always the case ; and that among the blue cranes of Natal parental dignity

and filial respect are standard sentiments. There was also another feature in the landscape, consisting of numerous large pismires of what is incorrectly called the "white ant." I had seen thousands of these in Brazil, and of much larger dimensions. I have seen them as high as I could reach with my hunting-crop, on the back of a mule; but there was a feature in them here quite new to me. They had been burrowed into, and in some cases completely overthrown. Peter explained to me that this was done by their ant-eater; which appears to be a very different animal from that of South America. A certain dreariness of appearance is imparted by these same ant-hills. It seems as if the ant and the ant-eater were the only population. Not all the country is fertile enough for cultivation of course; but the want of population is remarkable, where tens of thousands might flourish were there means of intercourse at hand. In Natal, however, it seems the settler must always be prepared to find very barren soil lying side by side, in strips, with great fertility.

If Dundee, in Natal, is not famous for its town hall, law courts, and cathedral, it certainly ought to be so for its coal. The night was decidedly chilly; and the good landlady, Mrs. Field, very considerably suggested a fire, an offer which I accepted with double alacrity—comfort and curiosity combining. In both respects I was supremely satisfied. Whatever may be the scientific reports, our fire was bright,

clean, and compact, and she told me she found the coal equally recommendable for cooking purposes. Some of it is already sold in Maritzburg, and already attracts under its own name, Dundee coal. I went to see the pits ; they are like those at Newcastle, very shallow. The strata lie close below the surface ; and the geological mappings show them to be vast. On speaking afterwards with Mr. Hunter, the general manager of the Natal Railway, he told me he had made several very satisfactory experiments with it, and gave me a long report upon the subject, which, however, you will not desire me to analyze here, or which, at all events, I do not mean to analyze. "Labour and carriage" jump to the lips of everybody ; and then, again, with the curves and gradients, and rails and locomotives and rolling-stock of the railway, these will have to be considered. If, however, judging by what I saw and proved of the coal, it should most unhappily turn out that full good use cannot be made of it from its position, I can only say that Nature should be ashamed of herself for putting it there. Before leaving this question of minerals, it should be noted that Natal has already begun to produce gold.

Another early start on the next morning—and we were to be at the camp in the afternoon—brought us to a farm belonging to a Dutchman of the name of Kemp in about two hours, where we were to outspan. He was not at home, but his good wife received us

with unaffected welcome, and gave us some tea and bread and butter. The good lady gradually became inclined to talk, and I managed to carry on a conversation with her through my interpreter. "What did I think of the country?" "Not yet inhabited. Want of a great many more people." "Oh! too many already. What are we to do for our cattle if more people come?" It is a common saying that the Dutch farmer does not want to see his neighbour's smoke. When we left I asked Hoog how many acres this man held. "Well," said he, "he holds three farms altogether; there are six thousand here, six thousand in some other place, and three thousand in some other," neither of which names I remember. So here were fifteen thousand acres in one hand, and yet there was only just room enough for himself and his oxen!

Nevertheless, they are about to build a church; and the good lady on showing me over the house, showed me, as last of all, the large family Bible. Side by side with their bucolic and retired modes of life, the Dutch are close readers of their Bible, and are fanatic in their religion and church-going. They would always prefer being seen with their Bible in hand than other things. A story was told me of a (no doubt) worthy woman who, seeing the minister coming in to call, hastily snatched up her Book, but unhappily, so far as she was concerned, snatched it up topsy-turvy. But no ill happened; for the

minister, coming up to her on the opposite side of the table, found, or assumed to find, the volume purposely placed there for him ; and casting his eye down upon the page, hit upon an appropriate verse, and saying, " Ah ! madam, you have done well to open the Book in this place for me," proceeded to deliver a short devout discourse thereon.

Continuing our journey, we pulled up again at a Mr. Zietsmann's ; but about halfway between these two stations Hoog told me to look up to the left, on doing which I beheld the first view of the camp in the distance. Out on a swelling green hill the glittering white tents were picturesquely dotted ; and to their left again there rose an ugly beaked mountain. " What a strange-looking object," I observed. " You have heard the name of that mountain a good many times, sir," said Hoog ; " that's Isandhlwana Mountain, where the English camp lay on the fatal day." So here was the second mountain in these parts with associations of disaster attaching to its name !

We found Mr. Zietsmann sheep-shearing. On my remarking that the wool was short, he told me it was the second shearing within the twelve months. I asked if this was not prejudicial to the staple ; but he replied it was their custom, and they wanted quick returns. I could not stop to argue this. Want of capital is a curse to every enterprise and most especially to the enterprise of colonization. In the washing and preparing of the wool, also, there is for the most

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part very slovenly work, or none at all. We walked into the outhouses to see the operation; and I recounted to him an anecdote of my boyhood, of how I had been enticed into trying my dexterity with the shears over the level side of the animal, and was let in for a shilling forfeit. He appeared to take no notice, but after some conversation, and just as we were returning to the house, he asked me in the politest manner if I would like to try how short wool cut. I was nearly caught; but said, "What about the shilling?" whereon he burst into a hearty laugh at his innocent attempt to catch me. But the anecdote is in a small way illustrative of much of general Dutch dealing. They are very shrewd, a good many of them; and the living so much by themselves, and the fact of their dealing with those who appear to them as strangers and outsiders, and a little too clever for them in the world, all this tends, here as it would elsewhere, to increase their avarice.

Mr. Zietsmann seemed to be in intimate relations with the camp, where he is well respected. He told me jocosely that Colonel Cardew was out collecting the hut-tax from the natives; that he had passed by his farm in the morning, and that he had warned him to take good care about returning near him by that same road, with all his money, in the dark. Zietsmann farms only eight hundred acres; but the cattle-holding disposition is in the family. On first entering his house I had observed in the verandah a great

number of what we used at school to call knuckle-bones, all marked and numbered with red. So I asked him presently what these meant. "Oh," said he, "they belong to my little boy ; they are all his cattle that he means to have by-and-by when he gets his land, and he has numbers for them all."

Pursuing our course we gradually came down to the banks of the Buffalo River, and crossed it on a pontoon, mounting the green hill to the camp. It is just some few yards down stream from this pontoon that you see the famous Rorke's Drift—the drift signifying the passage over flat rocks across the stream ; and when you have crossed the river and look back to your right on that side, you see some rising ground with trees immediately over the drift. It is there that the celebrated stand was made ; but all the formation of the ground has, I was told, been altered, and I did not feel inclined to scramble up to look at nothing, but contented myself with the general scene.

Colonel Cardew being absent on duty, I drove to the officers' tent ; on lifting the sheet of which I was immediately hailed with a hospitable "Come in, come in." "Coming in," I found Major Nicholson of the 82nd. Scarcely was I seated and supplied with the friendly glass when down came what had been somewhat threatening us on our way, a real Natal rain. Captain Elliot of the same regiment, and a friend of my nephew, then in the "Bays," then joined us with Lieutenants Lucy and Smith, and even before

Colonel Cardew came in, which he did rather late, and welcomed me with all possible pleasantness, I had almost begun to feel as if I belonged to the camp.

I passed a very comfortable night in the tent of one of the officers who was absent, and woke the next morning full of anticipations of a visit to Isandhlwana. Colonel Cardew was again called away on duty ; but Major Nicholson offered to make up a riding-party ; and Lieutenant Lucy found me an excellent bay for the occasion. Major Nicholson mounted an indomitable cob of his own ; and Lieutenants Smith and Thompson came with us. The distance from the camp is about nine miles ; but a great part of the riding was over rough and rocky ground. Colonel Cardew had been good enough to propose to accompany me on the day after to the spot where the Prince Imperial was left behind to be slaughtered, single-handed, by the Zulus, and where a monument is erected to mark the spot. But on further consideration this excursion was abandoned on account of horse as well as man, for it would have involved a ride of some fifty-six miles over very bad country—going and returning, for there was no sort of resting-place—merely to see an obelisk ; and, said the colonel expressively, “The last time I went I came back sorely fatigued.” Isandhlwana was of course the far more interesting scene, as it happily was the far less distant object.

At an easy hour, therefore, we mounted our horses

and started for this mountain, which I had seen in the distance as an ugly beak ; and if so at a distance much more so when we came under its frown. Strange indeed it seemed to be standing and talking together in the silence and at our leisure on this same spot where, on the 22nd of January, 1879, there had occurred such turmoil and confusion, such fierce carnage and such mad flight—the civilized before the savage—

“ Amazement in the van with flight combined,
And sorrow’s faded form and solitude behind.”

Surprise, carnage, and flight here, as at Amajuba ; but not here, at all events, the immediate caving-in and the Convention as of the vanquished in their own blood and on their own ground, but a subsequent return to arms, a revindication of the English army, and then—articles of peace. Here then, compare the two cases—to rebels who had invaded us we bowed low ; while as against the defenders of their own country which we had invaded we redeemed our power.

There is a long rise to the mountain after crossing a stream ; and by riding up this and over the bend of the road at the top of the ascent and passing the crested mountain on our left or north side we thus followed the course of our troops. Turning to our left, we came upon the various lines of the encampment, which lay therefore on the eastern side of the mountain and immediately under its precipices behind. The camp faced eastward towards another valley

below, and a long range of hills lay away to the left or north of the camp. Except on that side the mountain is precipitous. It was behind those hills to the left that the whole Zulu army lay. It was thence they poured down, and throwing their two horns round Isandhlwana, enveloped and slaughtered the camp. Yet those mountains on the left had never been reconnoitred, and by some strange fate or fancy, Lord Chelmsford had on that very fatal morning of the 22nd, gone off with Colonel Glyn in force in quite another direction.

We rode to and fro over the position. On the right of the camp, and on the right side likewise of the road we had come by, was pointed out to me, on a rising ground above, a few officers' graves, on which I remember to have seen the names of Ritchie and Hitchcock; also almost the very spot where Colonel Durnford fell. He had come up from Rorke's Drift, and passing the camp after certain conversations with Colonel Pulleyne, who had been left in charge, had gone forward northwards to meet the enemy. But no one knew, no one had had orders that might have made it known, that the whole Zulu army lay out there. He was five miles away from camp already when it was found necessary to retreat; and when eventually the ammunition failed, it was discovered that the reserves of it had been packed in waggons which were then filled up with stores.

In spite of the severest fighting and slaughter by

the guns, as one visible result of which the Zulus are said to have lain dead "just like peppercorns upon the plain," on they poured upon the camp at last, throwing out their two horns (as has been said), one on each side of the mountain—that in the rear of it closing up the line by which the troops had arrived. The camp was unlaagered ; the reserve ammunition out of reach ; the forces had been divided ; the general had gone away with Colonel Glyn to no practical purpose, and only came back at night. He came back at night after (according to written accounts) the strangest possible doubts, and disbeliefs, and misgivings, and telescope spying, as to whether the firing they really heard could possibly be going on at the camp, or as to what, if anything, was really going on there ; he came back to find that horrors had gone on there, that the ground was strewed with speared corpses, and that all was over. The Zulus in thousands rushed out from the very point which had been overlooked, though apparently much suspected by certain subalterns. The general had not "*guessed what was on the other side of the hill.*"

In reference to these so-called "horns," I may add that I have in my possession a small pamphlet given me by Mr. Wheelwright, of Greytown, entitled "The Zulu Army," "published by direction of the Lieutenant-General Commanding, for the information of those under his command." This pamphlet contains a drawing of "the Zulu Army in Attack Formation,"

and some little personal interest is added to it from a manuscript outside—"Captain Cherry, 32nd Regiment, care of Lieutenant-Colonel Durnford."

Leaving the mountain to our left, Major Nicholson and I rode on northwards to Bishop Mackenzie's house, where I wished to deliver Sir Theophilus Shepstone's letter. The bishop was away, but Mrs. Mackenzie entertained us and showed us over their little church, the interior roofing of which appeared to me, under the scant means at command, to illustrate the old phrase, "*materiam superabat opus.*" The threatenings of a violent storm drove us hastily to retake our saddles. At Mrs. Mackenzie's suggestion we took the mountain on the other side on our return, thus leaving it to our left again, and thus passing over both lines by which the Zulu army had advanced its devouring horns. On the slope of the mountain itself we caught sight of the tomb of Captain G. Shepstone, who honourably met his death by riding back into camp "to see where his chief was." In our rapid gallop home, where the ground permitted that pace, it was with no discontent I nearly always saw Major Nicholson's cob in front of my somewhat larger and vivacious animal, for minutes were everything to us, and while in due time we were sitting at comfortable mess, a storm of rain, with lightning and thunder, was pouring over our heads.

On the following morning, Good Friday, the 3rd of April, I bade good-bye to the camp, and left my friends at early parade, and passing again over the

Buffalo River in full view of the Rorke's Drift position, I made for a place called Umsinga, the road to which involved an awful climb up the Biggarsberg or Büchersberg Range, at the foot of which, in another direction, I had slept on my road to Newcastle. As the long rugged mountain road, torn by storms and bullock waggons, would not permit of what luggage I had being carried in the Spider, we turned aside, over grass, to a small farmhouse occupied by a Mr. Adams, a connection of Peter Hoog's, in order to hire two carriers for the occasion, a naked Zulu man and a naked Zulu boy. It turned out that Adams was present at the disaster of Isandhlwana, as one in the volunteer corps. He told me that when Colonel Durnford came up with his force to the camp, and decided on going forward on his ill-starred expedition, everything was in a babel of confusion and defence, and that no one understood any orders had been given about laagering up. There seems to be a general impression that the enemy was despised, and that great people knew better than little ones and smiled off their suggestions. So said Peter Hoog. "How did you escape?" I asked. "By having a good horse," replied Adams.

But his escape was not to Rorke's Drift, good reader, which was impossible on that day. It was by another drift, also made famous by this day's exploits. This lies in a direction about five miles lower down stream than Rorke's Drift. It is found in another

direction from Isandhlwana Mountain, and is now known by its own dark name, which may serve as a foil to Rorke's Drift. It is known as Fugitives' Drift. It is the spot where our fugitives passed over; fugitives, however, by no fault of theirs; fugitives—not from mere fear, but—for very life; fugitives utterly without defence against most certain slaughter; fugitives among whom you and I would most certainly have escaped, had we had “a good horse.”

I do not wish to climb the Büchersberg sides again; Peter Hoog wondered how and why I did it, as the horses could have drawn me. Perhaps I now wonder why myself; perhaps because he did it. But don't you do it, if you go there, my friend, or you may be rather stiff next day. At the top we breakfasted—technically speaking, at all events—at a place called Helpmakaar, which I was informed means “Help one another;” and from the look of it, I think the motto might be well applied in the place. There is a beautiful waterfall, though not abundant, over some high and very finely coloured rocks, and a stream down a deep wooded ravine, running, of course, towards the plains we had mounted from. The proportions are large enough to be impressive; but Peter's chief impression was one of irritation because these “Help-one-another” people had overcharged him “grossly” for his fodder. “And is not that,” I asked him, “a very common way we have of helping one another? You have helped

them." Further on we came at last to Umsinga, but Mr. Fynn, the resident magistrate, being away collecting the hut-tax, I could not deliver my letter, and we went on for about two miles (so much gained on the road) to a place called "Drift," where we stopped for the night. Scarcely were we indoors, when another Natal thunderstorm broke over us.

"These thunderstorms seem to me very heavy," I remarked, "and I have seen some heavy ones in several countries, too."

"But this is only rain," said Peter. "You have not seen our hail! I have known the hailstones kill cattle. If you are out in one of the worst you must get under your chaise, and the horses must take their chance. The hailstones are as big as hens' eggs, and bigger, and all jagged. In one storm the whole growing crops of a farm may be destroyed."

This representation was repeatedly confirmed to me; and this destruction of crops, to say nothing of animals sometimes, is one of the evil contingencies to be set down against the colony.

I slept tolerably well here, but do not wish to dwell upon my supper, because this would remind me that, in the words of the old song, I "went empty to bed." I also lost a large white silk neckerchief, which fact I cannot so curtly pass by, because it reminds me that I had tied it about my neck to protect me from one of the most irritating attacks I have ever met with in travelling, in the shape of what are

called "flying ants." They attack you at certain spots of the road. They come literally in swarms, and woe betide you, verily, if they get down your neck, or up your sleeves, and sting you. Venom in these latitudes is very sharp and pungent ; and as to numbers, I can compare them only to the small black locusts that once covered our rails, and made the engine slip upon the Smyrna railway. The sleeves of my coat were literally stained with their remains by repeated brushings off. Peter Hoog was cruel enough to laugh, but had no further means of consoling me than by assuring me repeatedly, " I know what those things are ! "

The next day was to have taken us as far as the Mooi River, but when we arrived there, in good afternoon time, Peter decided to go on further, in order to be in Greytown in very good time on the Sunday, that being Easter Day, in order to be among his relations and friends, who were sure to be among the many Dutch, to be gathered together for their Nacht Mahl or sacrament. It is especially on these occasions that you discern the separate nationality of the Dutch in the two colonies. We continued therefore to a spot called Burrup's Hotel, not more than an hour and a half from Greytown. Our road ran at first through what is called "The Thorn Country," from its thick and extended growth of the *Acacia Mimosa*, with its tremendous thorns. The soil is sure to be fertile, they say, where this tree is

rife. The roads through it were particularly sloppy and bad ; but the scenery was extremely pretty and engaging, from a succession of these trees on all sides growing upon grass, and presenting in some sort a green forest. We first stopped at the Tugela, across which we had to pass on a pontoon, and here, in a highly picturesque spot of rock and wood, we halted for breakfast. Picturesque it was, but very hot from the reflected heat around us. And, here, my good reader, while the horses were taking their leisure, and enjoying, I am sure, their corn much more than I enjoyed my food, I realized a scene, a perfectly legitimate one according to the modes of these native people, which I shall choose to recount to you ; requesting you not to start back from it, simply because in your own vast circle of life on this petty globe it could not have been enacted in our own drawing-rooms, where ladies crowd on their forms all sorts and kinds of dresses which Fashion and Commerce can palm upon Art for the purpose of disfiguring or exaggerating every outline which Nature has drawn upon the human frame.

Three or four fine-grown Kafirs or Zulus, loin-decked, whose business it was to work the pontoon, were laughing and talking with a very fine-grown girl of their own tribe, loin-decked also, with a scarlet flower daintily stuck in her black hair ; with her neck, wrists, and ankles handsomely braceleted ; and with a light short split scarf thrown over the shoulders,

and fixed on the naked right one with a brooch. It recalled to me exactly a passage in Camoens—

“ Porêm, nem tudo esconde nem descobre
O veio, dos roxos lírios pouco avaro.”

“ Yet doth the veil not hide, nor all reveal,
Scarving the roseate lilies scantily.”

I was naturally much struck with this truly simple scene of nature, and walked down with Peter for a nearer view. Presently Peter said something to the girl, at which she laughed, and looked curiously at me.

“ What are you saying ? ” I asked.

“ Well,” said Peter, “ I am telling her that you are a great gentleman from England, and that therefore she ought to exhibit her fine form to you.”

“ Bless my heart,” exclaimed I (and very likely you do the same now), “ don’t say that ! ”

“ Oh ! ” said Peter, “ we are quite as good people here as others after our own fashion. She is proud of the proposal ! ”

And accordingly, just as a statue might be unveiled, with as much purity and pride as a mother might show in exhibiting her fine child, this well-made girl threw her scarf back and stood before me. I was gazing on a round-limbed, chocolate-coloured statue—that and nothing more ; save that, indeed, she was living and laughing. And thus the gallery closed. But that is not quite all my story. When

she had readjusted the scarf, she laughingly said something on her own account, which Peter thus interpreted—

“She says she thinks you ought to show her you are pleased, by making her a small present for her marriage.”

“For her what?”

“For her marriage. She is decked out for her marriage, as you see, and is going on her way to be married to-morrow. And two of those men, who are her cousins, are going to conduct her to the bridegroom.”

When I respectfully offered her half a crown, she received it as a marriage trinket, and looked as pleased and proud as an honest maiden could do.

“Some who had seen us,” I remarked, to Peter’s amusement, “might have said, ‘Handy-dandy, handy-dandy, which is the savage and which is the civilized?’” And again, some—not all—might have asked themselves, “Why should these simple children of Nature be puzzled with strange dogmas, and made to feel ashamed of themselves?”

Another incident which caused me some amusement occurred up country, not wholly disconnected with this last anecdote, but of an opposite kind. A lady, rather notably adorned for the district, was making a call on a Dutch farmer in a smart Cape cart. When she departed, a large Zulu, who had been waiting by the coachman’s side, turned round

and said something in a curious manner. I asked what this was ; and was told it meant in English, "What a figure of fun she looks." We are not all the world ourselves, nor always the best part of it.

The two cousins and the other men pulled us lustily and with great good-humour across this stream of the Tugela—the Tugela which I afterwards saw, lower down, in all the dark grandeur of red rock and forest, and which, yet lower down still, Cetshwayo had deeply stained with his own countrymen's blood.

It was between these two rivers, the Tugela and the Mooi, that we met the running post. Several blacks were carrying several sacks of letters and papers, running and changing weights. This is how the post is carried here ; a common sight to those who see it every day, and curious to those who do not. It is a feature of the country, and Peter gave them a short admonition as they passed, though they seemed to be doing their work very expeditiously. "It never does," he said, "to tell them they are in time, as then they are sure to get behind it."

At the Mooi River we gave the horses a short rest, and then wound up a terribly long hill, reaching Burrup's Hotel in about three hours. There was a certain speculation about this hotel and my getting a bed there, in that solitary house upon the weldt ; for we had heard that Mr. Wheelwright, the resident magistrate, to whom, however, I had a letter, was there with his retinue, collecting that same hut-tax,

and that every corner would be occupied unless he had already completed his work and returned to Greytown. The hope of this last chance, however, we were presently obliged to abandon ; for we met groups of cheerful-faced Kafirs, returning from making their payments, who told us one after another that everybody was there and everything full. And so we found it to be when we came to the solitary door upon a wide and undulating plain, with forests of snakes and bucks in the short distance.

"Very sorry indeed, sir," began the host, with those well-known words which we are so well aware have no sorrow whatever in them. That was enough. I asked for Mr. Wheelwright, and introduced myself. A change was made ; a bed was found ; and by-and-by we all sat down together for dinner. But no doubt it was a squeeze !

"I can show you what these Kafirs eat, if you like to come round behind the house," Peter had said, by way of giving me an appetite.

"No, thanks. Something nasty, I suppose."

What do you suppose it was ? Manners and customs you must learn, and ought to know. It was raw bullock's liver, and small pieces of the skin torn off the paunch ; this last being considered a delicacy. Who knows but that they would have recoiled from a Scotch haggis ?

Though I revolted from this class of their eating, I was tempted into trying their especial drink, called

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Kafir beer. It is made from what is called Kafir corn, a particular and picturesque-looking cereal, grown in abundance, and it is for the land on which it grows they pay this annual hut-tax. This drink, I am told, is most agreeable and refreshing in the hot weather, being of a slightly acid quality. The jugful of it that was brought to me by Peter, and which I was invited by all to try, was quite opaque, and I must confess not at all pleasant to my sight. It reminded me, so far, of the pulque in Mexico, which I never could persuade myself to swallow ; yet, like the pulque, this Kafir beer becomes delicious to scores of palates by degrees. I did taste the Kafir beer, and experienced both in palate and stomach the received first repelling sensations, to the general amusement, of course, and especially that of the Kafirs. I was justified, however, in my wry face, when, others having tasted it, it was pronounced a very bad specimen, offering no example of the really good ; so that I am yet in ignorance of what is really Kafir beer.

In the evening's conversation with Mr. Wheelwright I learned, as I indeed had from Colonel Cardew, that the hut-tax is generally very well and cheerfully paid by the natives. It used to amount to 7s. per occupier, but Lord Wolseley raised it to 14s., and might very easily have then made it a £1, as I was often told. The total amount of revenue from this source is considerable ; showing a sum of some £70,000. It certainly did not appear to have

weighed very heavily upon the Kafirs whom we met and those whom we now saw collected, if their countenances truly indicated the state of their minds. The having paid a debt very often makes one cheerful ; but the having to pay it is sometimes a bore.

On the morning of Sunday, which was Easter Day, at about a quarter to seven, we started for our last and short journey to Greytown, where we arrived at eight o'clock, and found all the Dutch, to Peter's great satisfaction, looking like Easter Sunday itself. We first drove to Mrs. Plant's, a very cheerful looking house with a verandah and pleasant garden, rather out of the town ; but as there seemed to be a difficulty about getting a room there, I ordered Peter to drive elsewhere. On going to what was called "the best hotel," however, I found the owner strangely perturbed at my request for hotel accommodation ; but on visiting the interior, I quickly discovered that the sort of accommodation the house could afford sufficiently explained why my offer of custom there had so incommoded the landlord ; and in this hopeless state of affairs I drove back to Mrs. Plant's, where, after sundry rappings at a bedroom door and mumblings of a bedroom voice, I was informed that the gentleman was going at twelve o'clock and that I could be accommodated with that room. So there I stayed and found everything very clean and comfortable. Such is Greytown, but the truth is that no great luxury reigns in any corner of the two colonies, and

that people generally go to one another's houses. The Grand Hotel at Charing Cross, for example, would not pay very high dividends at Greytown.

Here, then, my cross-country journey with Peter Hoog from Newcastle to Greytown ended, having occupied just a week, from Monday, the 30th of March to Easter Day, the 5th of April.

I was now bound for Pietermaritzburg again, which I should have to reach by the regular post-cart ; but before returning I was to pay my second visit to the Tugela, far below the point at which I crossed it on the pontoon, and surrounded by scenery far more wonderful. The journey to and fro would occupy two easy days, but there would be no sort of accommodation for the night except at the house of the Norwegian missionary, the Rev. Nils Astrup. To him, therefore, Mr. Wheelwright, who knew him well, gave me a letter of introduction. Peter Hoog was, of course, to be my guide, and I started with him before six o'clock in the bright and not too hot morning of Tuesday, the 7th of April. Our chance for breakfast and rest for the horses lay at another and a nearer mission—the German Lutheran Mission—presided over by the Rev. Mr. Frühling, with a school, and (considering the neighbourhood) a full-sized one, conducted by a Herr W. Ahrens. To him also I had a letter, so that, depending on two missions, though belonging to neither, I travelled without fear of being left out to starve, by cold or hunger, among the cattle

on the weldt. We arrived at the Lutheran station in good time for breakfast, and were very hospitably received by both clergyman and schoolmaster. The station is quite rustic, and well surrounded with trees. Farm work was going on ; and as we approached, my eyes were regaled with the sight of a large flock of sheep, spreading over the open undulating green. The farm occupies six thousand acres, which is not so very large for Natal ; and the mission owns much cattle and many sheep. Being invited to visit the unpretending church, I of course accepted the offer, and in honour of my visit one of the pupils played Luther's well-known hymn upon the organ. On the altar I observed at once a crucifix and a pair of candlesticks with candles ; and, on inquiry, our friend informed me that these were always lighted during the celebration of the sacrament. On this I could not but fancy how astonished, and perhaps even shocked, hundreds of our people at home would be, who had lately been celebrating, in 1883, the tercentenary of the birth of the Great Reformer.

Over more wide and undulating green country, adorned with cattle, fat and thriving, which showed the quality of their pasture, we pursued our way until at last we came into full view of the mountainous and cliffy country which surrounds the winding Tugela, including the heavy mass of mountains of the Reserve in Zululand immediately on the opposite side of the river. In particular, there lay to our right the strange

red rock standing integrally at the head of its valley and called the Kranz Kop, or Crown Head, from its remarkable formation. Passing this we made our way to the Norwegian church and dwelling, which lay close together in grass without a road to them; and at the rustic door, the Rev. Nils Astrüp, with several young children about him, greeted us with a perfect welcome and introduced me to Mrs. Astrüp. Truly the missionary who undertakes this station must be a man filled with earnestness for his cause, and any romantic feelings he may be influenced by in its pursuit must be nourished and enhanced by the astonishing scenery that surrounds him.

There was a fair peep at the valley from the house, but nothing to give a suggestion of its vast depth and dimensions. Mr. Astrüp walked me out before dinner, in the direction of down stream to a spot where I obtained my first real impressions; but on the following morning we took a longer excursion, which again in some sort dwarfed what I had seen in the afternoon. On this first occasion we diverged from our path at last and went out on to a large jutting rock, where we sat, and whence we looked completely down into the length and depth of the vast gorge. You must imagine this depth to be of some two thousand feet, hemming in the marvellous windings of a river below by the high ridges on which we sat, and by the dark folding mountains of Zululand closely opposite. Then note, particularly,

that all the rocks showed not white or grey, but a rich crimson colour, while all the forests abounded with an intense and thick-growing green. Transversely to this valley, and in the midst of it, a huge integral razor-shaped mass of absolute green stood out. Buttresses of red rock ran sloping down in several places almost to the very bottom, but were lost in the lower configurations. From this spot we saw the outline of the strange towering separate rock called the Entumjambéle—the *j* being pronounced like an *i*, and this name signifying (so far as I could understand) a rock with two holes.

In the evening I had a long conversation with Mr. Astrüp as to his position, and his prospects of success in his mission; and I was surprised at his facility of expression in the English language. He also appears to be master of the Zulu. On asking him, among other questions, whether baptism did not cause great ill-feeling and hostility between parents and children among the tribal families, he frankly confessed that it did; but he made this excellent observation: "I never induce the children to be baptized unless their parents have first consented to be so." He is devoted to his calling.

Early on the next morning Mr. Astrüp mounted himself and me on horseback, and we made our excursion up stream; and here the view up the valley was even more extensive than that of yesterday, and the depth, from the range we climbed to,

was even greater. For miles we must have seen the stream ; and so fantastical were its windings that it was an amusement to trace that some parts of Zululand, on its left bank, and therefore beyond Natal, were really nearer to us than parts of Natal itself upon our own right bank. All the striking colouring was the same ; and in the far, far, distance, and far below lay a large circular Kafirs' kraal, looking like a nest of beehives. On this excursion we clambered on to part of the Entumjambéle, but certainly not up its immense red precipices, if only because between them and ourselves lay an immense chasm, the rock rising integrally beyond. Yet has this rock been ascended from below ; Peter told me he had done this himself when young, being obliged to take off his shoes in order to cling with his toes. Poor Colonel Montgomery also accomplished that feat with a friend. I say "poor," for in his explorations of these dark forests it befell him to be mortally bitten by a snake. Natal is full of snakes, and this Tugela, towards its mouth, besides producing the Black Mamba of immense proportions—they say sometimes eighteen feet—will threaten you with its crocodiles.

Among the darkly wooded mountains opposite Mr. Astrup pointed out to me the Black Umvolosi. Here Cetshwayo held his last interview with the English, after his return to Zululand ; nor is this the only connection of Tugela with the name of that savage and defiant but unhappy chief ; for in his wars

against his brothers, Uhamu and Umbulazi, to snatch the crown which his father never intended him to possess, and after successful battles, he stained its waters with the blood and strewed its banks with the corpses, male, female, and infantine, of his flying kindred and countrymen. In an able and powerful paper entitled "An Inquiry into the Causes of the Zulu War," my friend, Mr. John Bird, late Colonial Treasurer, and for many years a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils of Natal, speaks of this terrible slaughter. Umbulazi had been slain, and three thousand of his followers died on the field, Cetshwayo having led his troops against his rivals and defeated them near the mouth of the Tugela in December, 1856; whereupon Sir John Scott, then Governor of Natal, fearing disturbance so near our border, hastened to the spot, but arrived only three days after the battle. Mr. Bird accompanied him and Sir Theophilus Shepstone to the Tugela. "We saw," writes Mr. Bird, "the banks and sandbanks of the Tugela covered with dead bodies of women, old men, and little children, the families of the adherents of Umbulazi, who, distrusting the chances of his cause, had fled to the Tugela in the hope of escaping into Natal; but the river was at flood, they were unable to cross over, and were set upon by the victors and put to death." "A child," adds Mr. Bird in a note, "of about twelve years of age was found still living, though it had received as many as ten spear-

wounds. It was carried to the residence of the border agent, Mr. Joshua Walmsley, at the Nonoti, and saved by the kind care of Mrs. Walmsley." There will always be two parties in the colony on the question, "Was the war against Cetshwayo necessary? Did his behaviour afford just ground for apprehending a sudden invasion of Natal?" Sir Bartle Frere was no mean judge in such a matter; and Mr. Bird concludes his paper with the prophecy, "that history will attest that there were very just and imperative causes for the Zulu war." Be this as it may, one thing, at least, is sure—it robbed Cetshwayo of all chance of perpetrating on the right bank of the Tugela the horrors he had perpetrated on the left; and that he would do so was the misgiving of many in Natal.

So much for the Tugela, its pontoon, its Entumjambéle, and its massacres; and now, back to Greytown, with another view of the remarkable Kranz Kop, standing out in its own valley. After our return from riding and breakfasting, Peter Hoog "put to," and with a hearty farewell to Mr. Astrüp and wife and family, we left Entumjambéle and arrived at Mrs. Plant's at about half-past three in the afternoon. My next parting was with Peter Hoog himself, and we parted with mutual good feeling and fellowship. He fulfilled all his obligations well, and may be said to have known everybody and everything upon the road; and was always ready with anecdotes of his

hunting life, confirming what I had heard about elephants. Woe betide the hunter that cannot hide himself when they come down in a troop to help, for he will be trampled to death. In a hunting party of which he made one, this fate had happened to his brother-in-law, who was a timid man, and had failed from terror to make good his escape with the rest. Among elephants there is a pole cow, as she is called, without tusks ; and this worthy dame is invariably savage, and leads on the rest. The race of elephants, however, has been nearly extirpated in these districts. Ivory has been too valuable for the beasts that bear it to be allowed to keep it for themselves ; and so they have been slain for the lord of creation's uses. Where you cannot domesticate and breed as well as slay you are killing the goose for the golden egg.

But if these and other wild animals have disappeared, oxen without number have succeeded them. Throughout my whole journey, waggon after waggon was met, sometimes moving slowly along, sometimes in difficulties in a bad spot, where one team of sixteen had been taken out to aid another team of sixteen, and the bucolic drivers, not much more intelligent than their animals, were, to Peter's great contempt, halloing and pulling and pushing them about in some twice sixteen different directions ; and then, again, we would come upon an outspanning spot, chosen according to grass, where we would see the waggon alone, and the yokes all bundled on

the ground, with the men under the shadow of the waggon, eating, smoking, or sleeping; while far, really far away, upon the hilly open pasture would be seen the oxen wandering and feeding. Large quantities of wool and other matters are thus slowly lugged about up and down country, where the dwellers look with somewhat of disdain upon the fuss and hurry of the stranger called Englishman.

At five o'clock Peter took his leave to drive to his son-in-law's farm and get there before dark.

Then, on the following morning, Thursday, the 9th of April, there was another parting. I had to part from Mrs. Plant; for at 11.30 I was to get upon the post-cart for Greytown. I had a long open sandy space to walk over to get down to the little iron post-office, whence the start was to take place, and of course by measuring time too exactly, in a country where little is exact, got there a great deal too soon, so that I might have stayed a little longer in the pretty garden and verandah, talking with the bonny hostess. She had been a dweller of some years, and knew the people well; and like all others with whom I spoke, she dwelt on the trouble with her servants, from the Kafirs' modes and nature being matters so peculiar to themselves. I plainly recalled in these colonies what I had realized in Brazil; the white must insensibly come somewhat down to the black. You cannot possibly keep up the European level of existence. If you have a mixture of white and black

servants, the former very soon assume a superior position in the offices of the house, and in time become a semi-companion and a semi-co-mistress with their own mistress over the blacks. This result is inevitable, for the white will very soon begin to separate her work from that of the black, and bid the black do it. Mrs. Plant had evidently a great deal to do herself in her household ; but she managed to keep all very neat and orderly. In speaking of such domestic service as the country could afford, I asked, among other questions, whether she had any "Christian Kafirs" in her employ. The answer was a little abrupt—"I wouldn't have one of them near the place." But Mrs. Plant was a good steady church-going lady too, as I had observed on the Sunday I arrived ; and more, when I mentioned to her that I had met Mr. Fairlie, the chief of police, on the road, going to have a day's hunting with Mr. Wheelwright at Burrup's Hotel on that day, she good-naturedly expostulated with the mild anathema, "'Twill serve 'em right if they get no sport." So that she is by no means what is politely called a heretic.

The roads are very hilly, and in many parts very bad, so that the postmaster is entitled to charge for luggage as well as for the passenger ; and if you have anything much beyond a toothbrush and a night-dress you will find a large addition to your fare. But the clerk's usual reply to the usual expostulation is conclusive, "It's not my fault." Many horses, how-

ever, have to be employed everywhere, and of course bought and kept. We had always six, and I think once we had eight. I much regret not having taken the driver's name. He was tinted, but not much; and finer driving, if ever so fine, considering all the conditions, I never beheld. How these men do it, I know not. "Just let me feel the weight of all those mouths on all those reins, and now that huge long whip." It was "just to feel," and I gave them back, for I should have been cramped in perhaps two minutes. However, we went along the road with perfect facility, encountering only one hideous object, which, however, I was glad to have seen at a distance. It was a huge puff adder crawling across the road from one grass to another, and unfortunately not on the whip side. At half-past six in the evening we drove safely into Maritzburg, where I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Bird on our arrival, and regaining the hospitalities of the Victoria Club.

My return to Maritzburg virtually concluded my visit to Natal, and my next leading object was, the weather being now cool, to find my way to Kimberley, which I intended to reach from Port Elizabeth—Algoa Bay—taking the railway thence, as far as it would then serve me, namely to the Orange River Station. Meanwhile, for the few days I remained before leaving for Durban to take the boat, I was at leisure to rest at Maritzburg, and renew my acquaintance with its continuous bullock carts and Kafir

screams, and occasional furious winds and dust. These winds were now beginning to be cold, and sometimes brought corresponding rain with them, and I was therefore somewhat surprised to find that many members of the club did not seem to feel comfortable at dinner unless the windows were open enough to blow the *menu* off the table; nor was the reading-room considered quite in order unless the windows were open at the bottom, instead of the top, to blow all the newspapers and periodicals off the table two or three times a day. In vain the steward replaced them, with tacit orders to lie still, off they were again as soon as he turned his back. I understood they were about to move to some more convenient house, which may relieve them of having the "bar" under the bedrooms, the hours and employments of which are not quite consistent with the occupations that are supposed to belong to the bedrooms. Nor did I thank *Punch* for arriving about this period with a cartoon by our immortal Tenniel, representing Mr. Gladstone with a woe-begone countenance and a concertina in hand, singing "Wait till the clouds roll by." For the "hit" hit everybody so immensely that the smart young barman never ceased to sing the song; realizing an old line from Sternhold and Hopkins, "Begin and never cease." All this little criticism of the club, however, is quite in good part, for I was very glad indeed of the chance of taking up my abode there, and I owe much of

my comfort to the activity and attention of the steward.

Among the small blessings of life I was glad to resume breakfast porridge really made of oatmeal ; for up country it is unpleasantly made of maize. One other small mercy I must add, as showing the manners of the country. I came back to my chance of getting coffee, made specially for me by the steward, without that mere *nastiness* called chicory. This coffee was grown in Natal, along the coast running northwards, and is by no means to be despised. But whether from want of knowledge in the treatment of the plant, or from want of depth in the soil—a condition which I remember is always looked for in the immense growths of Brazil—the cultivation does not seem to thrive. Tea is also grown, but I must confess I did not much relish the flavour ; while sugar, I was told, has absorbed some £1,000,000 of capital, present prices (as we know) being miserable.

Throughout my excursion I found the whole colony looked green and bright. So long as I was there it was really an emerald colony. I had left it, in company with the swallows, before the threatened brown of winter came upon it. There is one feature I must mention, however, as regards the atmosphere. Maritzburg really disagreed with me ; though I experienced great freshness and sweetness, I found the air relaxing. My visit to Natal and the acquaint-

ances I made there will, however, always be remembered by me with satisfaction and pleasure.

It now only remained for me to bid good-bye. A long final call completed my agreeable relations with Government House and with Sir Theophilus and Lady Shepstone. Sir Theophilus gave me a very opportune letter to his son-in-law, Mr. Judge, the Civil Commissioner at Kimberley. Finally, I had a long friendly talk with Mr. Bird, and being fortified with a little mammon by Mr. McKeller at the Natal Bank, I jumped into the 12.20 Durban train, under the auspices of Mr. Hunter, and went my way. But, oh! for the lovely scenery. The curtain was down and nothing visible, for heavy clouds and rain hung over us the whole journey, even to the door of the Hotel Royal at Durban.

At Durban I found Mr. Pinson very busy with his wool press. It would not be possible to ship this produce in the loose bulk in which it is despatched from the farms, so that rough business above country makes good business below. I again enjoyed the liberty of a shanty sojourn, and I again walked upon the sands. But this time the air was cool and balmy and gave me leisure to look about me, which led me to observe the number (I may say) of remains of wrecks in the shape of ghastly carcasses of open ribs that lay along the shore, thus showing the vital necessity of improving the entrance to the harbour.

I called on Mr. Escombe and introduced myself to

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him, as being the most active mover in the improvements in the port. He took me out in a boat to explain matters to me and enable me to obtain a general impression of affairs. Durban should be very anxious to get this hideous block of a bar removed, though there be some who will be always saying "No," when people of energy set to work to do something which they themselves cannot do. The "no" of wisdom, no doubt exists; but the "no" of inability too often passes for it.

In mentioning Mr. Escombe's name, I call to mind his general conversation, one topic of which was the substitution of responsible government, or government by party, in Natal, for the present form which now exists there, Natal being still a Crown colony. He is a warm advocate for this change, while others, Sir Theophilus Shepstone and Mr. Bird for example, are as warmly opposed to it. Strangers need not interfere in such a question, but having heard his views and read some opposite ideas I may mention that the initial cardinal objection advanced is this: that you have two races or populations there, of enormously disproportioned numbers; the European population being given at 35,000, and the native at no less than 400,000. Of these the 400,000 would have no right to depute or vote; so that the 35,000 would rule the 400,000. Among other objections to such a state of things is mentioned this: that it might give rise to the serious conse-

quence of a race-feeling which does not now exist, as Europeans and natives are, alike, fellow-subjects for the rule of the Crown, while under government by party this equality would be destroyed. The Cape Colony is said to offer no analogy, because it has placed no disqualification on the race.

Mr. Bird, in a long and able paper on the subject, enters at length into what he deems likely to be one result of the proposed new order of things, viz., a hasty endeavour to interfere abruptly with many of the customs of the natives. In particular he mentions polygamy, which is as natural among them as it was among the old patriarchs (so called), and as it is among the Mohammedans. A man's importance in his tribe has, it seems, ever been measured by the number of his wives, and the woman would disdain, as a mean position, that of being the wife of a husband who could not afford to have several.

Then, again, there is the custom of what is called "lobóla (accented for pronunciation). This means the price paid by the husband for his wife—so many oxen, for example. And if among many wives there were one for whom little or nothing had been paid, she would be looked down upon by the others. This really is nothing more than their mode of what we call "marriage settlement." With us the wife brings with her what she can show as her portion, and the husband does the same ; and pecuniary considerations, wherever they are possible, are carefully attended to.

The Kafir's mode is not prudential as regards the family of the wife. This system of buying a wife (if we choose to call it so) is not confined to Kafirs, but is to be found among Christians of the Greek Church. At all events, I perfectly well remember that, while travelling in Syria in 1880, my dragoman, Selim Heshmy, a member of the Greek Church (he was Stanley's dragoman in Africa), told me that his mother had chosen a wife for him ; that he had not yet seen the chosen, nor would he be allowed to do so until he had got together the sum agreed to be paid to her father for the privilege of marrying her.

There are other customs with which I need not burden my pages, which are not consonant with our own, and which many would desire to change. But it must be remembered that there are certain matters which the black man holds quite as sacred in his views and feelings as does the white man in his, and these cannot be rent and torn without disastrous consequences ensuing.

When, in April 1859, the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Scott, stated in his opening speech to the Legislative Council "that the Imperial policy as to the natives might be defined under two heads—the gradual improvement of the laws and government under which they were living, and their religious, moral, and industrial training, so as to raise them to a higher social position," he also pointed out that this policy could only take effect gradually and "by a

perseverance continued through many generations." No one is fit to deal with questions of this kind who has not yet made himself sufficiently acquainted with the world to abandon the phrase, "the human race," and to be prepared to treat with "the human races."

Mr. Bird also quotes Stuart Mill, who says, "The meaning of representative government is that the whole people, or some numerous portion of them, exercise through deputies, periodically elected by themselves, the ultimate controlling power." The question is quite alive, and it will be interesting to mark what comes of it. Strange, or perhaps not strange, to say, I have heard more than one sensible person remark that even in Cape Colony responsible government was granted too soon.

This allusion to the question of responsible government, and the right and capacity of the natives to exercise the franchise brings to my mind that while I was at Durban there took place there the annual conference of the Wesleyan Church in South Africa, and a number of most respectable and reverend looking black frock-coats and bald heads were dining and conversing in the coffee-room of the Royal. The recollection is in point, because the mission of this church, or sect, or society, is understood to be very active among the natives in civilizing their modes of thought and feeling; and their power of action should be great if the statistics stated by the *Natal Mercury* to have been laid before one of the sittings

be correct, for the figures are remarkable. The paragraph is as follows :—

“A religious body that can boast of 336 chapels and 901 preaching places; of 106 European and 80 native ministers; of 408 day-school teachers and 1670 Sunday-school teachers; of 1336 ‘local preachers’ and 1932 ‘class leaders;’ of 3942 English and 18,874 native members; of 272 Sunday-schools with 18,180 scholars, and of 263 day-schools with 14,982 scholars, with an average attendance at church of 100,141 persons in a country like South Africa, is obviously a very remarkable example of successful organization, and it is but right to admit it.”

About the same time there also appeared another paragraph containing an account of the Elder having been rather overpressed with applications for Holy Orders; so much so that he was induced to remark that “he was not sure whether this influx arose from the revival of religion or from the depression of commerce.” There can be no doubt of this—that so far as these missions induce the native to give up pilfering and lying, and teach them how to occupy themselves and seek their sustenance by some manual pursuit, they cannot fail to do, and in the course of years of labour must have done, good; but as to the initial attempt, pure and simple, to plant strange dogma on the soil of the black brain I could not find any one who would speak well of the results.

Finally, on the morning of Wednesday, the 22nd

of April, I embarked on board the *Taymouth Castle* for Port Elizabeth, and was well pleased to find Lieutenant Lucy, from the camp, was to be a companion, on his way to Capetown; the more so as he obtained leave to bring his own champagne with him, a participation in which helped me through what I must call the scantiest and worst table I ever encountered on board ship, except in a passage that I once made between Cadiz and Lisbon. On that occasion, we killed the vilest of hard hairy pigs at starting and fed on nothing else till we arrived at the end of a passage prolonged by bad weather. So were we delayed in our present passage, head-winds keeping us back; but at last, at about three o'clock in the afternoon of the Friday, we landed, and I hastened to the Phoenix, having thus occupied a longer period in coming than in going, when also we were behind our proper time in consequence of the head-winds.

CHAPTER VIII.

KIMBERLEY.

KIMBERLEY was now my object, but I did not mean to take the line direct to Orange River Station ; my plan was to diverge on my way through Grahams-town, King William's Town, and Queenstown, and thence to join the main line again at Cradock. I was therefore furnished with letters by Messrs. Dunn and Co., to whom I had an introduction from London, and I left for Alicedale Station, on the way to Grahamstown on the evening of Monday, the 27th of April, sending on my heavy luggage direct to Orange River Station, distant 408 miles.

At one of the intervening stations a passenger joined me in the carriage, who told me that he was a Dutchman by parentage on one side, and an ostrich farmer by occupation. He said there were elephants about his farm, though not many ; and that their tracks were often seen. He confirmed the tale about their assembling to help one another. At simply hearing a shot they will decamp, but if they hear a

cry from a wounded one they will immediately come to its assistance, and attack any one they get sight of. He also spoke much about his ostrich farming. These birds (as I had already been told) are very savage, particularly at breeding time. They are utterly senseless to danger when in that state, running at you and (as the phrase is) "kicking" you. This they do by thrusting forward one of their large powerful legs in the air and striking the object of their rage. The foot being armed with a great centre claw, should the blow be well delivered the victim may be torn open and killed upon the spot, nor would the bird cease to mangle his victim even then. Still, the only mode of escaping a fatal attack is to lie down, if you cannot get out of the bird's way. It is in their large camps or enclosures, generally surrounded with invisible fence, that they are savage ; when loose they run away.

The farmer was just beginning to gather his feathers, which is now done by cutting the quill quite close to the skin, and afterwards pulling out the stump when it has perished. Formerly the feather was bodily pulled out, to the injury of the bird. The ostrich is driven into a wooden box, and there confined while the operation goes on ; but even here danger is incurred, and he told me that that very day he had sent one of his men to the hospital with a fearful wound. He gave me some account of the habits of the birds, which was afterwards con-

firmed to me on my visit to a camp at Cradock, where I ventured to enter, with the keepers to protect me in case of need, in order to see a setting ostrich. As relating to this matter the farmer's information was curious. He told me that both as regards eggs and chickens, the male is far more attentive than the female. They take their turns in setting the eggs—not sitting on them, good reader, if you please—but while the male passes his eighteen hours on the nest, the female gives only six, and generally from nine till three o'clock by day. It is also the male who guards the young and takes them about with him; and he told me, moreover, that he had not unfrequently seen the hen come up and drive the young chicks out of the shadow of the male bird, where they were lying to escape the heat of the sun, and take the place herself. As regards the farming of ostriches he also confirmed what was told me at Knysna. He had personally known sheep farmers who parted with their whole flock of four or five hundred sheep to buy a pair of birds. "And, then," said he, "perhaps they did not turn out well from want of management, and perhaps one of the birds died." These contingencies, and the continuous fall in prices have of course been productive of immense injury. For himself, however, he was a standard ostrich farmer, and found the business, as he had managed to conduct it, still a paying one. He confirmed the view that an immense proportion of the energy of the population

is thrown away in the transport service ; that there is by far too much of bullock waggoning, which interferes with cultivation, and that Kimberley, with its large requirements and consumption of all sorts, had given great impetus to this service and increased the existing evil. But how far distant still seems the remedy, or one remedy among the number !—a large increase of railroads.

My friend was on his road to Capetown, so at Alicedale, about seventy miles from Port Elizabeth, we parted, and I slept at the iron Royal Hotel, where (as the landlord told me) there had been “crowds of business” while the line and the branch to Grahamstown were making, but that that making was his unmaking. The population that I beheld consisted mainly of some beautiful wild blue flowers.

In the morning, by being asked the small favour of lending a clothes’ brush, I fell into conversation with a gentleman, who proved to be the chief constable of the district, Captain Simkins. He had come the day before to superintend the legal sale, under a judgment, of some small property, and was returning by the same train as myself. To him I owe an introduction to the club at Grahamstown, where I met Judge Buchanan and others. With Judge Buchanan I had the advantage of a conversation, in the course of which he expressed certain decided opinions as to the acquisition of the diamond fields at Kimberley, West Griqualand, which I shall have

an opportunity of referring to when I arrive at that now-renowned spot.

It would also have been gratifying to me to have met with Mr. Arthur Douglass, one of the members for the electoral division of Grahamstown, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making at Cape-town; but he was still absent there, engaged in Parliamentary duties. This gentleman was one who embarked early in the enterprise of ostrich farming, and he still pursues it on an extensive scale. It would have been highly interesting to have met him on his domain. I believe I am not wrong when I name him as having first introduced the artificial incubator into the colony. The farming of the Messrs. Douglass dates from 1874 or 1875, and it is only a few years earlier that any commenced in the colony.

Concerning Grahamstown itself I really have no particular remarks to make, except that it is about to be adorned with a fine church, designed by Gilbert Scott, of which the tower and spire (not the most necessary parts, perhaps) are already built; and except, again, that it contains one of those arduous objects of visit, a museum. When anything of particular interest is to be looked for, these institutions are engaging; but, generally speaking, how many people wander through them, wearied to death, on the mere pretence of understanding everything. Time, however, may be lost in other ways than in museums. My day was spent in an excursion to see a remarkable

bridge—the Blue Kranz Bridge—on the line down the Kowie River; but the driver took the wrong road, and a very hard and ugly one into the bargain, so that at the day's end all I had seen was that I had not seen what I went out to see!

On going in the evening to Captain Simkins to announce my departure in the morning for King William's Town, I found him without servants in the house, for the Kafirs would always go at their own hour. This is worth noting in this country.

Thence to King William's Town there is no railway, only post-cart; so to this I had to make up my mind, not without a fruitless outburst of temper at having to pay half my own fare for my leather bag, which I ought to have restrained in the presence of the chief constable, who came to see me off.

At a quarter to seven we passed under the church clock, my fellow-passenger being a Moravian preacher, by way of another variety for the natives. But he seemed a very intelligent and earnest person, and indeed Moravians, we know, have the character of being zealous missionaries. We travelled with our six horses, changing coachmen halfway, whence our first one returned; and arrived at King William's Town at seven in the evening.

The country at first was plain; we then ran between thickly underwooded mountainous country; then into the "Vale of Pluto," where we found a burning hot silence. About here there grows in vast

abundance the not very handsome stiff euphorbia tree. Ostriches were seen here and there, and a fine view of the Amatola range of mountains opened before us. We were in 'British Kafraria, and I noticed that the Kafir huts differed in form from those I had previously seen and were differently disposed ; also that the men wore large yellow shawls or blankets over their shoulders. We crossed the Fish and Buffalo Rivers.

Friday, the 1st of May, I passed at King William's Town, but I saw neither garland nor maypole. I saw, however, a very wealthy-looking store opposite to the Commercial Hotel with the name that was on my letter, and dined and spent the evening very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Baker, at their spick-and-span private house. In this town there appeared more than usual activity, and Mr. Baker had evidently been very active during his business life and had been rewarded for his activity.

Hence to Queenstown, I again found a railway, and we started from a station, whose architectural beauties ranged tolerably fairly with those of a heavy gaol. But although it was a railway, it was almost as long over its mileage as a post-cart. These post-carts, by the way, travel very fairly indeed as to their pace, but so much time is lost at the changes, where everybody must of course get out on account of the two wheels with a pole, and where all the harness is taken off the old, and put on the fresh team, as no

contract price would permit of several sets of harness. Never mind whether one horse is unlike another, all jogs along somehow! Now, our train of to-day had its equivalent to these changes at all events; for it proved to be what was called "shunting day," and at every station we were pushed and pulled and backed and jerked with no more consideration for the passengers than for the butts and cargo on board. At last, however, by half-past seven in the evening I found myself at the Royal Hotel. Throughout this journey I was much struck with the superior appearance of the cultivation, and was reminded that here were planted German colonists. Two thousand or more of them were introduced, and are now living here, known as the German Legion, who served with the British army in the Crimea. They make themselves known by the appearance of their land; an adjunct to the four thousand English of 1820. They do not hold large tracts and leave them lying idle, and they are not overwhelmed with mortgages to banks which they will never be able to pay.

There was a strange look about Queenstown. There seemed to be a dulness pervading it, in the midst of which was a large pretentious town hall which I was told had cost £20,000 to build. This outlay having been made, there was no money left for lights or for police! I was cautioned not to go out after dark, and I have since read of many acts of

violence committed in the streets. Among the buildings there is also a well-looking, but unfinished English church. The position of the town is somewhat striking from the curiously shaped mountains that surround it. From a conversation I held with Mr. Shepstone, a half-brother of Sir Theophilus, I confess I imbibed no ardent desire to be a resident in Queenstown.

From Queenstown to Cradock, where I should rejoin the main line, I must again have recourse to the post-cart; but there was some talk of a visit to the Catsberg Range. The road, however, had been abandoned, and the excursion would have been difficult. Moreover, I had now seen a good deal of country, and I know enough of scenery in general to be aware that Nature must repeat herself, and sometimes very closely; so that I gave up this idea, and on the Monday morning of the 4th of May, I went out to take my ticket to Cradock. It was market morning, and I had to inquire my way to the humble little post-cart office. Perhaps the observation may seem trite, but I could not help being struck with the curiously vacant countenances the people put on when I spoke to them. Possibly none of them had ever heard such a question asked before; certainly only one at last seemed able to alleviate my forlorn condition. Parts of the world seem mentally dead, while other parts seem mad and reckless with activity and excitement. So, streams of population overcrowd

certain spaces and run in certain currents while leagues and leagues lie vacant—

“A weary waste, expanding to the sky”—

though capable of sustaining thousands of the unemployed. However, I obtained my ticket at last, for which I paid £3 10s., not being charged this time for luggage; and at ten o'clock I started, with an understanding that we should arrive at Cradock, a distance of eighty-six miles, at one o'clock on the following morning. As we were leaving the town a German passenger joined us. The road is not particularly interesting anywhere that I remember, but for several miles out of Queenstown and nearly as far as a town called Tarkastad the country was decked with large fantastic mountains, again presenting the table-tops, and taking various shapes as you approached and passed them by. Two for a long while showed the appearance of huge chimney-pots in the far distance, but afterwards proved themselves to be long flat-headed precipices, as seen at first on end, growing out of the slanting sides below them. These were indeed called the Taffelberg, or Table Mountains. There is a particularly curious-looking mountain near Queenstown, called Hangklip, two thousand eight hundred feet high, which would attract your observation if you ever found yourself in those parts.

Besides these, however, I saw a yet more strange object, perfectly new to me, but of a very transitory kind; it was difficult at first for me to persuade

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myself that I was not labouring under some optical delusion. A shapeless mass of confused feathery outline of light colouring was rolling and tumbling about upon the ground in the short distance, and while I was revelling in the first excitement of intense curiosity the coachman suddenly pointed his whip towards it and said, "Ah! look, he wants to fight." It was an ostrich in his camp defying us, in these, the movements of the most excited malignity. Here was another example of the savage nature of these birds. I was curious to see as much of the case as possible, so when we came abreast of the floundering savage we pulled up, and with all the bravery of perfect safety I got out and went up to the wire fence. But these birds will not run at you unless you are inside their camp; and the result was only a fixed defiance, with a long vertical neck as straight as a gun-barrel.

At Tarkastad I was to dine and change carts; the latter I did, but the former I did not. A little soup came on table—it might almost as well have been a table mountain—lukewarm; and on my asking that it might be heated, I was informed the dinner was over, and the fire out. A small piece of tainted cold beef (so called) was refused. Would I like a piece of fruit pie? Yet this was the house that expected the mail! They surely did not expect me. All these anecdotes show the modes of life.

Immediately outside, and in front, stood one of the finest Dutch churches I have seen throughout the two colonies ; but I was in no very well disposed condition to dwell upon its beauties, or to sympathize with its destined uses. I had little to be thankful for at the moment. The town is famed, I was told, for its strong "Africander-bond" sentiment, and some £4000 has been raised to endow the church. This sort of centre-power in the religion of the Dutch must always keep them, in the main, a separate people ; others may think, and may think they can prove, otherwise. So be it !

Leaving Tarkastad at half-past four, with no very great regret or Christian feeling—how much the brain, that seat of the spirit, depends on the stomach, that seat of the flesh !—I found myself by the side of the German again, in a large cart and six horses, with a good driver, of course. On comparing notes my companion had been to a friend's, and the coachman, being a wag, declared my story of the soup and tart was "about the best he had ever heard !"

"But did you ever travel in the Transvaal ?" asked the German.

"No," said I. "Is it hard work ?"

"I think you'd say so ; I know those people, well, besides."

"What do you say of them ?"

"Why, just this ; they want just three years, no more, of Prince Bismarck, and I should like to see

them get it ; and then they might be fit to go back to Mr. Gladstone."

Night came over us in due course, but the sky was bright with stars, the air not cold, and the moon not quite in her last quarter, so that she was in company with us when we arrived between twelve and one in the morning at Cradock. Our travelling was, as usual, good upon the road, but tantalizing at the stations ; and at the last I could not but call my companion's attention, as we walked about waiting, to the very poetry of despair that then presented itself. We knew we were safe, so that it was a case of "a charm in melancholy." But picture the scene ! The stable was quite lonely, and away from the road besides ; the horn had blown ; but no one had responded ; the coachman had unharnessed his six horses and thrown the tangled mass of leather in the road, and had led the animals away ; not a soul appeared to be moving down there ; silence and the moon, a cold morning moon shining on the empty cart, were our only companions. "*Omnia noctis erant.*" And I had not eaten even cold fruit pie at Tarkastad. What was to become of us, as matters showed themselves ? Should we ever move on again ? At last a glimmer flickered from the distant stable ; two voices and the slow tread of hoofs gradually fell upon the ear, and in due time the harness was actually put on, and we were actually living and moving behind six live trotters again, bound for Cradock.

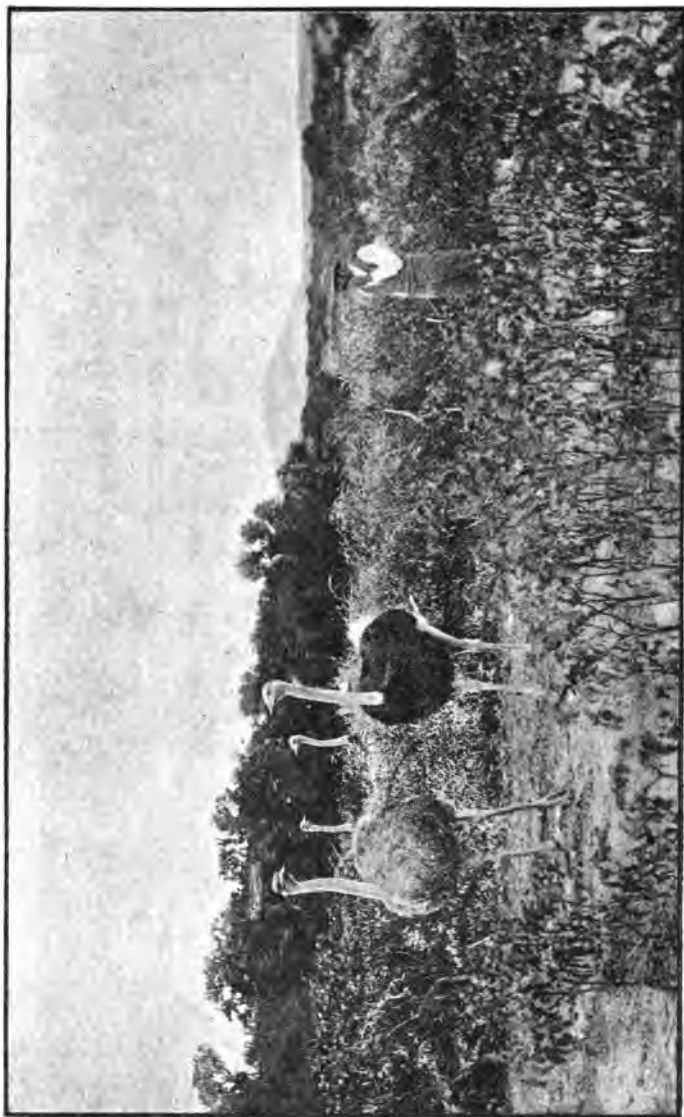
We got into town, and somehow got into bed, though everybody seemed to be there, asleep, already ; and at morning's light I found myself at a very comfortable hotel, the Victoria, belonging to a Mr. Dawson. Here, as I have said, we were on the railway.

In passing through these parts I must remark upon the various dams of water which I saw—a perfectly novel sight for me, and yet recalling what so many had stated to be an essential need for the due cultivation of vast tracts of country. Great droughts are suffered ; one was still weighing on Cape Colony while I was there, but now appears at last to have passed away. But, independently of this special visitation, a large and even colonial system of water damming and irrigating would completely alter the character of the country.

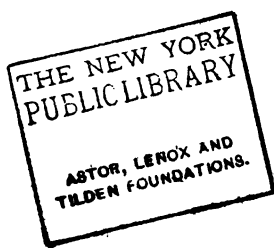
Cradock boasts its sulphurous springs, and a large solitary bath has been prepared some little distance from the city which I visited and tried. The water is warm, and the usual languor follows bathing, which of course proves the virtue of the stream.

The division of Cradock is also distinguished as a wool-producing country, and I saw some wool washing going on. But an object of greater interest to me was its ostrich farming, for I had much curiosity to visit a camp, and see something that was going forward. This I was enabled to do to a certain extent, by taking a cart and driving out to Mr. Heathcote's establishment, where I was glad to learn

a pair were setting their eggs. This I was very anxious to see, and put myself at once under the care of the steward and the black boy who tended the birds. There was no feather-cutting going on, but I was taken into the feather-room, which presented a perfectly novel aspect to me; and it was curious to be taking up small beautiful-looking bunches, weighing nothing, and to be told you had some £10 or £15 in your hand. In the year 1880 you might have been so holding £40 or £50. Hence we went forth on the rather venturesome visit to the nest; but the steward assured me they could easily keep the male bird off—the hen was at that hour on the nest—should he appear. We were each armed with a long stick and bush, which was to be held up before the bird's eyes without touching him, and so we marched forth. At the gate there appeared another hen who was moving her wings about in a curious fashion, but the steward decided that she was only fanning herself in the heat; so in we marched, and took a good long walk through thorns—the *Acacia Mimosa*—till at last I heard a loud hissing, and on turning the next bush I stopped, seeing the hen on the nest. "Go on, sir; go on," said the steward. "She will not touch you for fear of hurting the eggs." So we all came up together, and the bird gently got up with its great thick legs, and exposed sixteen large eggs lying in a circular form in a bed of hot sand, the edges of which had been first properly set up by the boy and are daily



AN OSTRICH CAMP.



repaired. The hen stood quietly gazing on and hissing, while we gazed also; and then we left her and returned and passed out without interference of any kind. Forty-two days are occupied in the setting, and with chickens the birds are as quiet as they are upon the nest, for fear of hurting them. The hens are rarely as savage as the males; but I saw one on the hills near Capetown doing everything to try and get out at me. In the next camp to the one I visited was the most savage bird of the lot; he actually lay down to hide, in order to induce us to come in. When ostriches were selling at £250 and £300 the pair, Mr. Heathcote, wise enough to take his market, is said to have realized as much as £16,000 by his sales. There was a separate camp for the young birds—quite chickens, you may say—of an exceedingly pretty mottled appearance standing in a very large group; and a very curious effect was produced by the boy running first one way and then another to make the birds do the same. At this age, it appears, they are great imitators; they were not merely following the boy for food, but were running up and down inside their camp as he was running up and down outside. Lucerne is the favourite food. We afterwards met either a son or the chief manager on horseback, who much regretted he had been away while I was there. I told him that, at all events, I had escaped with life, not having been kicked. "Oh," said he, "I should have died a great many deaths if

I had died for every kick I have had?" But it is true that kicks are often fatal, and the ostrich will attack man and beast indiscriminately. He has no objection to change of place, and never pines for home; hence the proverb in Cape Dutch—

"En Vogelstruiss
Is warr hy kompt tehuis."

"The ostrich is at home
Wherever he may come."

He is a native of the Karoo, and caught and cultivated thence. Exportations of the birds have taken place to Australia, where they have thriven so well that competition has been feared. The very heavy export duty of £100 a bird has therefore been fixed, thus securing prohibition.

At Cradock there is again a large Dutch church, larger than the one at Tarkastad, but not, I thought, so good in architecture as that building. The Dutch devote much to their churches and their worship, but I could only gather from Mr. Dawson what I gathered from all others, that, as a body, they are gifted with the philosophy of wanting little here below, wanting neither refinement nor willing to pay for it. Farmers with thousands of acres buy for household purposes of everything, and cultivate next to nothing. And so it will continue to be, with some individual exceptions, increasing slowly in number as time goes on, until population increases and a general current of new blood rushes through the country.

On Thursday, the 7th of May, having established relations with Mr. Beddgood, the district traffic manager, I started by the early fast train, at half-past four, for Orange River Station, being now on my direct road to the great diamond centre, Kimberley—a visit I had deferred to the last, and which I held imperative by duty to curiosity. In the same carriage with me happened to be a Mr. Lanxon, a Port Elizabeth merchant, on the same journey as myself, with whom I made companionship as one knowing the country. We travelled very well, with a kitchen on board for refreshment; and my sensations after post-carts and naked roads, cold soup and fruit tart, were that of having suddenly awakened in a totally new and distant country. In the early morning, however, I was offered some independent article of food by a Dutch gentleman, which I afterwards learned is called “biltong.” It is hard dried ox-flesh. I did not taste it, as there was no need.

In this direction of country we passed over what is called the Middleburg district, which is very good for sheep, of which we saw many flocks, and came to the De Aar Station, where the line joins that coming from Capetown to Kimberley. Thence to the Orange River Station, where the line then stopped, occupied the rest of the twelve and a half hours' journey, and we arrived at five o'clock in the evening.

The days now getting short in these southern latitudes, it was more or less dusk at this hour, and

the growing gloom added to the character of the scene. It was what I called a Pandemonium. Carts, waggons, bullocks, large coaches, mules strolling and rolling, and dust, dust everywhere over the wild, wide space, with all kinds of iron warehouses with goods inside and out, and a building called an hotel of a corresponding stamp. My portmanteau found, I booked my place for Kimberley in Gibson's mail-cart, as the best, paying £4, and we were to start at three, or four, or five o'clock in the morning, according to the arrival of the train from Capetown and the arrangements of the post as it might prove to be in size and weight. After a not bad dinner we strolled out in the dark to look about us under the stars. We went across the line and visited the "bar," and saw all the crowd of rough and noisy life there, which must speak for itself; that much, by the way, it was doing at the moment, with a very babel of voices. Something was to be drank with somebody, for fellowship's sake, and so I was asked to take a glass with two or three, one of whom, with a tolerably crimsoned face, was loud in his denunciations of the coming railway. "What will it do for us?—ruin the country." Who could argue such a matter then and there, or pretend to argue with a spirituous man who could fire off such a shot? But, noticing that he spoke feelingly, I learned from my companion that he was what is called a "forwarding agent," and therefore it would ruin him, or, at all events, his then occupation. The

good of some has, over thousands of miles of the world, long since been the harm of others in this respect.

Wandering out again, we observed all the varieties of movement going on, and presently my eyes were caught by a perfect Rembrandt watchfire across the line, coruscating through the surrounding dark. A loose blazing body of wood flame was waving in the centre, giving light to a certain quantity of its thin smoke as it rose into the darkness, and round it were grouped a large party of various tints and loose costumes, those on the other side showing their vivid countenances, and those on this side their dark backs, between each of which there shot forth broad rays from the centre strong light. All were singing, chattering, and smoking.

Reader, if I have been, in your first impressions, too particular over all this scene, let me remind you it is because it is now gone for ever. That great purifier, war, or the fear of it, has caused the railway to be extended, and it is now opened to Kimberley itself. That which a reluctant legislature in the weak times of peace permitted to lie dormant, and which, it is said, Dutch waggon carriers opposed, has left "forwarding agents" and others to mourn their departed life, or, more wisely, to seek it by new and improved methods.

To go to bed was the thing to do; but how to sleep, with anxiety as to the uncertain early hours of

morning for the start? At all events, there was in this very uncertainty a certainty that no one would be very exact, and the issue, in fact, was that we were called long before our time. There was plenty of time, therefore, for a cup of hot chicory with the usual small amount of coffee in it, and at half-past five we were all bundled into a huge coach, reminding me exactly of what I had travelled in in Mexico. From this, however, we were to be changed on to a large post-cart of familiar form, which was to meet us on the other side of the Orange River. Preferring to look about me, I got up outside, and, though something in consequence happened to me which might have led to serious results, I freely forgave the accident for the sake of the first scene which my exalted position afforded me. I mean the start. Eight was the number of our team. It was yet torchlight-work, and I believe they were all mules. Could we ever start? The ground was sand, and the wheels were in it, and a long, uniform, straight pull was necessary for the first move. But I should think that for three several times, besides the jibbings, a magnificent letter Z was described in front of us before we really got away. These coachmen, I say again, are a perfect marvel, for out of this incongruous confusion and seemingly hopeless tangle, they got everything straight. I say "they," for here there were two of them—one with the immense whip, who was considered to be the driver, and the other with the reins,

who was to do what he was told. They put me between them, and certainly engrossed my attention entirely. Over sand we still went till we came to the river, which we were to cross on a large pontoon—coach and all, of course—and down to which there was a long and steep descent. Here we were all to get out and off and walk down, and here it was that a very ugly accident happened to me; for in getting down from aloft, with my whole weight on the rail in usual form, it broke clean off in my hand and I came headlong to the ground, to the great alarm of all. It was then that I was thankful for the sand, and for its depth, on the soft surface of which I had just time to manage my tumble with a good roll over. Such was the Queen's then mail-coach! We crossed the stream by starlight, and a long up-hill sand-walk again followed before remounting, and by-and-by we met the cart into which we were to be transferred. How this transfer was managed I know not. All I can bring myself to remember is that it was; and the cart went off with us, adorned at its sides with two enormous wings—not of feathers, but of trunks and bags and boxes. Sometimes there was a road, sometimes not, and sometimes huge boulders; and ever and anon the springs jarred us down on the block. Day wore on through a very uninteresting country, enlivened only by the various startings of our eight animals, every one of them on one occasion, except those at the pole, having several times stared us in the

face. It is well, indeed, for Her Majesty that she is not bound to accompany her own mails everywhere. Moonless night was on us before we came to Beaconsfield, the district lying outside Kimberley; and, driving for some further time by lights, and now and then by an electric light, we finished our journey in the town proper, and I found myself at Jardine's Queen's Hotel.

For the first night I was lodged in a bedroom belonging to a row of iron buildings in the yard, but afterwards was promoted to one on the first-floor in what is called the new building. I was curious in the morning to know what my first impressions of Kimberley would be, and these were soon realized, for I discovered that my anticipations were tolerably well founded. That there are some decent buildings in Kimberley may be taken for granted; but with that exception all are unshapely corrugated iron erections, giving you a very strong impression of everything having been put together with the hurried purpose of making temporary use of the place for the transient chance of snatching a valuable prize and getting away again. Kimberley thrusts this conviction upon you—that it would never have been there at all except for the diamonds, and that few if any will by-and-by remain to take any permanent interest in the place.

While occupied with these impressions, Mr. Lanxon bid me good morning, and offered to take

me to the Kimberley mine. This mine lies, you may almost say, in the town. What sort of a place was I to see? for so many accounts of it have been given. This has arisen from the many changes that have taken place in it. What I was brought really to see, and was particularly struck by, was what I at once associated with the old crater of Vesuvius, which I first saw in 1857, but which has long since been knocked out by subsequent commotions and eruptions of the mountain. The Kimberley mine showed like an immense irregular crater. To the flat bottom of it, that is, so much as still remained visible of it, they count some four hundred feet, and across the top of the vast chasm, which may be described as a rough, broken oval, six hundred yards were given for the length, and four hundred for the breadth. I heard the usual learned discussions about the "more or less" of these figures, but the main fact was to me indisputable: that the apparent size is imposing and immense. For the traveller, this general aspect has its charms; but for the enterprisers, no: because it has arisen from great misfortune to most of them, and perhaps all. Originally all the diggings were most regular; and the mine (so-called) at first presented regular properties, cut out by line and rule, with cart-lines between the several chess-board diggings. But gradually there have happened enormous earth-slips; what are called the reefs or ridges have fallen in. In short, Kimberley mine looks now like a great

gaping, ragged, rocky crater. But there is no fire and sulphur down below ; there is life in plenty still, though nothing to what there used to be. Nevertheless, for me it was a sight. Look how small those men appear down there, and up on the distant slopes ! Just like burrowing rabbits, to put a high colour on the picture. Then there is the whirring up and down of the iron tubs that hang and run along the high slanting iron ropes that pass from top to bottom in mid-air.

Such was my first view ; and my first resolve thereon was to go down by one of these airy paths and have a look at matters at the bottom, and see the crater upwards from below. So, for my letters of introduction ! I called at once on Mr. Carlyle, whose first act was to introduce me to the Club, which lies a short walk outside the town, and offers a place of very pleasant resort. There, other introductions took place, and Mr. Francis, of the Standard Company, offered to take me down their ropes. This he did on Monday, the 11th of May, and forth we issued down an airy path of what he called 350 yards of slant. Many years ago—never mind how many—I well recollect having been tempted to go across the Avon at Clifton in the basket, when the first iron rod only of the now pretty suspension bridge was laid ; and a few years ago at Paris I was idle enough to go up in the captive-balloon for some fifteen hundred yards, I think. There was something of both sensa-

tions connected with my present novel voyage, though differing from both—the return upwards reminding me of the balloon. When we came to the bottom, the effect of gazing round and upwards was another new sensation. I would on no account have missed it. At this narrow bottom the company had sunk a shaft where further works were being carried on in safety. I declined an offer to go down this mere black hole—I do not mean to go down any more mines—where Kafirs were at work, and whence foul smoke from blasting was welling upwards. I was content to gaze with wonder on the surrounding scene while Mr. Francis performed his compulsory visit below. Evening was coming on, and when he had come too, the Kafirs followed, and then the usual form of examination took place to guard against diamond-snatching. Mouths were opened among other processes, and in one case an eyelid was lifted up; but, for all that, it seemed to me that there might still be some strange value hanging about these strange-looking animals. These final ceremonies concluded, Mr. Francis invited me for variety's sake to sit with him on the cross-bar instead of standing up in the deep bucket; and thus we mounted to the top and went our way. Of the four chief mines, Du Toit's Pan, Bultfontain (1870), De Beere's, and Kimberley (1871), Kimberley was the last discovered, and has proved by far the richest.

The next morning Mr. Francis took me to see the

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finding and washing processes. I cannot undertake to go through an exact description of what I saw, for the attempt would bore both you and me ; but I may say that the diamond-bearing earth brought up is hard, and must be exposed to the air in order to pulverize it. Then it is put under a crushing-wheel, with water, and gradually shows a clean blackish mass of particles like shot, which eventually dry, and are then finally examined for what they contain. In passing the stuff through the last water, where everything glistens, I stood by the black who was feeding the box, and who picked out, as a by-play, anything that showed itself under his eye. The rapidity of his vision surprised me, for though many fragments glittered, he was like the squirrel, he never cracked a bad nut. The effect on my own eyes was also curious. Once or twice, thinking to help him, I picked up trash ; but presently the excessive sparkle of the wet reality in the midst of the wet black and the tinsel shinings became obvious to my ignorance, to the great approval of my educated collaborator. The colour of the earth that bears the diamond is blue. This was often repeated to me, "You must always look for the blues : " so often, that I made Kimberley a present of the following epigram :—

Your Kimberley miner's as curious a boy
As any to mention you choose,
For, while others around would good spirits enjoy,
His joy is to be in the "blues."

Having faithfully handed over such diamonds as I

had picked out, I went to see the cardinal dry examination. All goes on regularly, of course ; but from end to end of the affair I could not but come away with the impression, " Surely it must be often easy to steal ! " This diamond-stealing, we know, does go on to an immense extent. I dare not say, but I seem to remember, that they told me as much as one-third of what is found passed into the hands of what are euphemistically and euphuistically called the I. D. B. : which, being interpreted, signifies, Illicit Diamond Buyer, who buys of the thieves, and therefore keeps crime going. There was a heavy punishment enacted for this crime, extending only to the district ; but when I left the colony there had been lately passed an Act to extend it to the whole colony, but not to Natal, I think. The extension of the railway to Kimberley was to ruin the colony in the opinion of the forwarding agent ; and this extension of the Act is to ruin the colony likewise. Why ? Because the I. D. B. is the only " precious chap " that spends on the spot what he makes. The honest owner sends all he gets away, and goes after it when he's made enough. A curious view of things, at all events ! One trick of the I. D. B. was told me. They first get their diamonds, and then they rent ground, and bring out their purchases by degrees, as produce found.

A day or two afterwards, I paid a visit, in all respects of a similar kind, to the Bultfontain mine, under the auspices of Mr. Davis, driving out thither

in his Cape cart with Mr. Wolf; and in returning I gazed over the precipices, the most varied of all perhaps, of the Du Toit's Pan. The works of the Bultfontain are large, and of a high order. Their drying-grounds are most extensive, and present the appearance of ill-conditioned soil lately ploughed up in huge clods.

In the course of my stay, Mr. Judge, the civil commissioner to whom I had brought a letter from Sir Theophilus Shepstone, his father-in-law, took me to see the new system they called the "compound system," whereby the Kafirs live exclusively within the property; the object being to prevent their trafficking with the I. D. B. On the probable efficacy of this scheme I am not intending to dilate. In returning from dining with Mr. Judge, who lives some little way out of the town, he walked a great part of the way home with Mr. Carlyle and me; and I could not but feel that I was in a sort of country where I was well content to be walking in the dark with a civil commissioner by my side. But on making this suggestion the next day it was remarked to me "you may be much more afraid of the I. D. B."

Carrying back my associations with South America, I traced in all I saw in the Kimberley mining business the great good it had effected in bringing the coloured race into regular work for regular wages. While the I. D. B. prevails—and many insist you can never get rid of him—it is possible that the continuous chance

of stealing and selling to him induces constancy in labour. Many acts of apparently estimable behaviour may be traceable to motives of not altogether estimable character. But, taking matters as we find them, Kimberley has done well for the native in the disposition it has created in him to continue steadfast in his occupation.

By favour of Mr. Davis I was introduced to the largest diamond agent or merchant, who opened several papers to show me the various sorts. These Kimberley diamonds have surely set at nought all former experiences as regards these precious gifts of the earth. Formerly we were told that the stone must look milky, and must be an octahedron, with eight sides of equilateral triangles; but here at Kimberley they are of all sizes and colours; so much so that I could not help remarking that one of the large papers appeared to be full of large pieces of gum arabic, a simile accepted with amusement. Only one real, and not large, octahedron (why is not our word octohedron?) came under my own eye, while at the Standard works. It was valued then and there at £10. But half would go in cutting, with the risk (not great) of breaking. One peculiarity of the stone is, I believe, still invariable: it feels like the surface of soap upon the tongue—possibly from its great density.

I have spoken of wind and dust at Capetown and at Pietermaritzburg, and have said that in these pleasing features the second surpassed the first. In

now speaking of them at Kimberley let me say that the third surpasses the second, if not both first and second together. It also rained while I was there, and then the mud was corresponding. Still, there are diamonds. There are also "bars" where friendly "drinks" are to be had and merry passing conversations. To one of these I was one day hurried by an old fellow-passenger on the *Trojan*—Mr. Myers, who kept us so alive with the "running lotteries." I was glad to see him apparently flourishing and happy, and to lunch with him at the club, where I met Mr. Baring Gould, who gave me further information about Kimberley. There is not now a tree (so to speak) about the place, but formerly the country was well timbered. The Kimberley mine itself was once covered with trees, and was called the Colesberg Kopje. Equally, it was formerly rather humid. Though flat, the land is not an actual plain; the beds of former pools may be traced. As to the present waterworks, I hope, my reader, you are not anxious to know something about them, for I really know nothing. But I heard something about irrigation from the Vaal, though that may have nothing to do with the other question. The whole history of these mines and of Kimberley is unique. From mere open cultivated tracks in the hands of Dutchmen, this part of the country has risen into immense activity; and the word wealth might be added, were it not the fact that all the wealth goes away beyond that which is required for the

necessities and for certain of the luxuries of life. And if it is asked, "How came the Dutchmen not to find out the diamonds?" one answer given me to this very question by Mr. Golding, editor of the *Independent*, was, that the Dutchmen, becoming aware of the first movements in the new discovery and the interruption to their unenterprising equanimity that was likely to occur, sold the lands one portion after another and moved away, rather than have so many people and so much noise and fuss about them. This disposition, at all events, is essentially one of the characteristics of the general Dutch people of to-day. Whether the story is quite exact, and, if so, whether any second great and certain discovery of diamonds would be followed by a second such sale and "trek" will be decided only when the second discovery is made. How long are diamonds to last? Some say a hundred years more!

But here I cannot forbear from recurring to part of my conversation with Judge Buchanan in Grahams-town, as regards the claim by the Imperial Government to Griqualand West. The little history is also set out very plainly in Mr. Froude's "Oceana." This district, it seems, had been treated as belonging to the Orange Free State; but when the diamonds were first discovered we put ourselves forward to make claims, by way of protectors, for a Griqua chief, called Waterboer, who had been our ally. This interference, to begin with, was an absolute violation of our Treaty

of Aliwal. Again, Waterboer's claim was held to be fictitious. Again, when we had succeeded for him, we gave him one-tenth and kept the nine-tenths, including the diamonds, for ourselves. Eventually, Lord Carnarvon confessed we had dealt unfairly with the Orange Free State, and gave them £90,000 for the district. The Imperial Government then offered it to the colony, which was about to enter on responsible government; but the Parliament refused the proffered gift, in view of all the circumstances of the annexation. In 1878, however, Griqualand was formally annexed to the colony.

On Friday, the 15th of May, I had been exactly a week at this zigzag town of Kimberley, and took my departure for a return direct to Capetown, which I had left on the 6th of February. We were all packed into the post-cart, six of us, on two movable seats, one behind the other, with a passenger between the two coachmen in front, and we drove round the large ugly square in the town to the post-office. The day was wet at starting, but not much rain fell during the dark night, which was very cold, and the inconvenience of which we bitterly felt at the stations, where (as before observed) it was always necessary to get out. Luckily the horses started straighter by night. Huddled together, there was at all events the advantage of our keeping one another warm, though at the expense of room. "I beg your pardon, sir, but your bench is hurting my knees." "I beg your pardon, sir,

but your knees are running into my back." Once very nearly upset by going over a huge boulder in the dark, we arrived at the river and the railway-station. Morning came first, and the station very soon after it; and thence, with some hot drink, we found our way to the De Aar Junction. At noon on the Saturday we started thence by regular train for Capetown, a distance of five hundred miles, and getting very fairly through the night, came to our journey's end about half-past twelve, making a little more than the twenty-four hours, or twenty-five miles an hour, including stoppages.

In passing over the line, the red mountains and black quartz from time to time reminded me of the Egyptian Desert. A change towards the less arid look which winter brings on was just beginning to show itself in others, and in one district were to be seen those water dams, a wide and extensive supply of which would so effectually serve to fertilize much present dry ferruginous soil. It was just at daybreak that we came to the Triangle at the top of the Hex River Mountains; and very different indeed was the aspect here from that which I had witnessed on my first visit in January. The mountains were all capped with snow, and, so long as their bases were covered by the intervening ridge, might have been taken in the early morning light to be of any height at any distance. But this illusion passed, they resumed their real proportions; and even so are not insignificant. By this

effect I was reminded of an exactly similar one which I witnessed in Algeria, on my drive from Bougie to the Chabet Pass. Then again, the farm below, where I had endured so much heat at the beginning of the year, looked actually white and cold. So with the mountains about Worcester. And when we once more came at last under the great Table Mountain, he was densely shrouded in his towering mists. The weather was now cold at night in Capetown, and I continued fires in my bedroom at the International till I left.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPETOWN AGAIN.

WHEN I returned to Capetown, I found the parliamentary session had already opened, and that at this opening the new Parliament House, of which Mr. Greaves is the architect, had been inaugurated. Mr. St. Leger, the editor of the *Cape Times*, was good enough to introduce me to Mr. Noble, Clerk of the House, who took me over the building. The two chambers, one for the Upper House, or Legislative Council, consisting of twenty-one members elected by the same voters as the House of Assembly, and one for the Lower House or House of Assembly, consisting of seventy-two members, are two very fine apartments with excellent and ornamental electric lighting; and in reference to our own House of Parliament and the accommodation (or unaccommodation) there provided, I was surprised to learn that at Capetown the chamber for the seventy-two—the legislative Septuagint—is only ten feet shorter and ten feet narrower than our own for, now, 670 members. Mr. Noble introduced me

to the Hon. Mr. Tennent, the Speaker, who was good enough to afford me the opportunity of attending two or three of the debates from the best seats allotted to strangers. I did not, however, find the acoustic properties of the building in those quarters particularly good ; but I saw and heard well enough to form a general impression. Mr. Upington, the Prime Minister and (curiously to us) Attorney-General also, made the best figure as an orator. Mr. Leonard, in opposition, is very fluent, and the Hon. Colonel Schermbrucker, considering he is a German, is remarkably so.

I cannot pretend to have been warmly interested or profoundly versed in their colonial questions, but I must confess, at the same time, that I was but little edified by the strangely bitter attack that one or two members made on the Ministry for their acceptance, on their own responsibility and without waiting for the assembling of Parliament, of the most advantageous offer of the Imperial Government's terms for the completion of the railway to Kimberley. Thrice happy is the colony to have secured this chance, and may she secure many others of the like—Simonstown to begin with ; and were I a colonist I should add, "May any future Government act in the like manner—if they get the chance!"

His Excellency the Governor having been good enough to invite me to his parliamentary dinner, I had the opportunity of being introduced to several

of the members. Some of these gentlemen informed me that Dutch may be spoken in the chamber, but that it was not all the English who could understand this language, and not always that the Dutch representatives could follow the English debates. It is to be hoped this incongruity will in some way or other disappear. I was led to ask the question because I saw two or three of the Dutch joining in the general laughter at a joke of Mr. Upington's, and I wondered how they had so well managed to catch the point of it. They had their laugh at all events. I can quite imagine that this appearance of Dutch members among English may eventually operate effectively in producing more of amalgamation between these two most separate races; but they really are so different in the mass! As an earnest of something like this change, the case was mentioned to me of the introduction of a Bill relating to an important but not particularly elegant and engaging subject—the scab in sheep. Certain compulsory remedies were to be enacted. But at first violent opposition was offered: (1) that the disease was in the blood and not the skin; (2) that it was the will of Providence; (3) that it might increase wool and spoil the price. The sum of all this was, of course, “let us alone.” But now there appears to be a general satisfaction with the proposed Bill; but I know not whether it has actually passed.

In this now cooler weather it was easier to take

a quieter and closer view of Table Mountain, as he was not pouring down such an artillery of hot rays as he had done in the summer, and I made endeavours to arrange an ascent on one day, and pass the night, returning on the next day. This was at the suggestion of Mr. De Smidt, who at first proposed to go with me, he having a small cellar of wine buried in some convenient quiet corner on the top. Mr. Bain, the surveyor of roads, was also engaged with his staff on the mountain for the Public Works Department in making a road to the top, and also arranging for some extensive plantation of trees as of olden time. In a report of Mr. Storr Lister, the superintendent of plantations, it appears that it is proposed to propagate the oak, Scotch pine, larch, beech, elm, and other European trees of value. And the report further adds, "When the bleak plateau is clothed with woodlands the water supply of Capetown and its suburbs will undoubtedly be much increased. Evaporation will be checked, and the clouds will fall in rain." But day by day of fine weather kept passing on, and the excursion never came to pass from one cause or another, my only chance at last being to go by myself for a day's excursion. This I at length had made arrangements to do, but then the weather interposed and prevented that visit also. I did not, however, wholly lose the effects of a high climb; for being at Mimosas on Sunday, the 24th of May, and on the following Whit Monday, when a regatta was

to take place in honour of the Queen's birthday, Mr. Fairbridge suggested to me that I should mount the high ridge running along from Sea Point to the Signal Station, and thus get a view of all that was going on below, and of the vast sides of the mountain besides. This I did, and was amply repaid for my climb. The height is great, the day was fine, and the effect of the regatta below was charming ; the boats looked like small white butterflies upon a bright blue meadow as they sailed out upon their race in a row, and gradually fell into different positions as they went on. During the whole of my walk, also, the vast sides of the mountain, displaying what they call the Twelve Apostles—these being twelve great craggy buttresses running along in far perspective—stood forth in the sun in all apostolic glory.

Another excursion as regards this mountain is offered by taking a carriage (or a walk, if you like) through what is called the Klooff, either starting from the city and coming back by the shore, or *vice versa*. But there is a very large portion of inhabited road in this drive ; and altogether I must confess I was not so much impressed with it as I had anticipated.

Another walk is on the other side, from the International Hotel to what is called the Platter Klip, or Flat Stone, whence you again obtain a striking view of mountain masses and the city, walking through a grassy maze of brushwood to the stone, till you seem to stand quite under the precipices.

When I took this walk my vision was completely confused by seeing what really appeared to me to be scores and scores of large white-headed mushrooms dancing down among the bushes. They turned out, at last, to be nothing more or less than huge bundles of clothes wrapped up for the evening and being carried down by the troops of Malay washerwomen on their heads. The streams in these quarters afford large washing facilities, and as (according to my custom) I had chosen the setting sun for my jaunt, I came among these goodies just at the hour of their putting things together and getting home. So it thus came to pass that I did not ascend Table Mountain ; but this only made me doubly resolved to ascend the Peak of Tenerife.

Nor did I succeed in another object I had in view : seeing the moon properly through the telescope of the Astronomer-Royal, Mr. Gill. The night I went there for this purpose the moon was full, and therefore at her worst stage for being looked at, for she then stares you rudely in the face, and puts you entirely out of countenance. The next time that I could go, there was no moon ; and the third time it was luncheon that I was asked to. So that though I had the pleasure of three visits to Mr. and Mrs. Gill and saw the telescope, and looked at the moon, I may say I did not see her, although I saw her. The real period for an effective view, Mr. Gill told me, is just a day or two before she completes her first quarter,

when you get the best transverse light across her, and can most clearly trace all her marvellous excrescences and cavities. In these latitudes the air is at times most favourable for a view, and Sir William Herschell has made some especial observations upon this fact. The observatory stands in some very pretty rising grounds, and lies less than half an hour's walk from the Observatory Road Station, three miles out on what ought to claim the title of the Simonstown Railway. This is an Imperial institution, and looks worthy of its destination.

While on the subject of the Astronomer-Royal, I cannot but recount an amusing anecdote (which might have been quite the reverse, however), attributed to Sir Thomas Maclear, for more than thirty years Her Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape. He used to recount that being one day on one of his excursions he spied at a short distance below him a strange-looking diminutive figure, which presently disappeared. Before, however, his attention was quite diverted from the circumstance, this same small object reappeared; and this time with a bow and arrow. Sir Thomas then knew it was a bushman intending to shoot down the strange game. Whereupon he suddenly bethought himself to produce his telescope and draw it out to full length. The disappearance forthwith again took place without the reappearance, for the little gentleman had believed there was powder and shot in question.

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But if the astronomical station is to be commended, I am reminded by contrast of one in Capetown which produced an opposite aspect, particularly since the postal and telegraphic services have been united—I mean the post-office. I had occasion to make an inquiry about a letter that was following me through the two colonies, and which came at last, like every other, safely to hand. This led to my introduction to the Postmaster-General, Mr. G. W. Aitchison. It was really quite a pleasure to talk with a public servant who seemed to take such a pride and interest in his most responsible position. The conduct of the postal service in any country is indeed one of the most valuable and important of duties that belong to the State, and demands high administrative qualities.

In Cape Colony the advances that have been made are remarkable, as would be evident to you, good reader, were you to do what you never will do—read the last report, for 1884, presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of His Excellency the Governor. Let it be known to you, however, as a small fact, that the parcel post was established in the colony before we adopted it here in England; that post-office payments are made by telegrams and telephones instead of by “orders,” and that a plan has been matured for recovery of debts up to £10, between one town and another, by officers of the post-office, on the payment of certain small fees,

according to table. As regards the building, I would just mention that it was leased in 1873 for the post-office alone, when the revenue was £44,323; it is made to serve now for both post-office and telegraphy, when the revenue of the former is £124,061. How they manage to keep business going in so exact a manner I know not, especially after reading the amusing long and varied list of articles that go by the parcel post, which I cannot forbear transcribing from the report. "The parcels sent are of the most heterogeneous character, as will be seen from the annexed list: Acorns, birds, brandy, bridles, biltong, brushes, bangles, bills, cornets, cherries, concertinas, cricket-balls, coffee, cheese, cricket-bats, curling-tongs, cayenne pepper, dolls, door-hinges, desks, eggs, figs, fish, footballs, fruit trees, gas-tubes, ginger, guitars, grass, hops, hair, hares, hoops, insects, jams, knives, lanterns, meebos, mats, nightcaps, onions, oats, oil, plums, pills, parasols, polonies, pigeons, pears, partridges, razors, raisins, snuff, skins, seaweed, spoons, sheets, shoes, soap, spiders, snails, scorpions, teeth, tennis-balls, trays, tumblers, tea, wigs, wine, whips."

While talking to Mr. Aitchison, by the way, the second time, he said, "If you will wait a little you will see the Kimberley mail come in, with all the diamonds for Europe." And so I did. Small tin boxes one after the other appeared on sacking being cut open; and there went the tens and twenties of thousands of pounds worth, sealed down in mere

gross metal. On one occasion, as I understood, every one of these tin cases was carefully cut open and all the contents stolen. But by whom no discovery was ever made. Ingenious modes of stealing these precious stones have been resorted to, outside the post-office also. On another occasion a man was detected to be going on board with the barrel of a gun brimful of them. How tempting is Mammon!

On Oak Apple Day, but probably with no reference to that artistically arranged historic anniversary, there took place the first ball at Government House, where everything of that kind is well done, and where I saw even the dignified Speaker of the House pirouette with grace; nor can my friend Colonel Schermbrucker escape this light-footed accusation. The Governor had come back to his town residence, and not too soon, for the weather began to be very unsettled and rainy, and made me think of fixing the day of my departure, which I at first intended should be the 17th of June, but presently fixed for the 10th, especially because the boat of that day was marked to call at St. Helena.

During my last days in Capetown I fell to contrasting the activity of the capital with the solitude of the country. Still, I asked myself whether much of the foreign trading here was not due to the lethargy of the country—taking matters as they now stand; whether home production would not curtail import trade; though of course a more active country would

make a more active town and in better conditions. Artistic labour is very dear. I wanted a hundred visiting cards, and they cost ten shillings. Or it does not exist at all. I wanted a Cape walking-stick, but all were London sticks. I wanted a common travelling cap; it was the same. The "Ready Made" abounds.

The country is not populated, and is not cultivated even in proportion to its meagre population. Moreover, what it yields under these strangling conditions is clumsily prepared for market. There is a want of millions of Europeans, and millions of pounds sterling. Immigration would be the only mode of meeting this deficiency. But immigration of what sort? The mere pouring in of a number of people introduced into the colony simply because they could not find a living at home may be understood by some to mean immigration. And so it does—but of a deceptive and destructive kind. It would be the immigration of a starving multitude. If you could get farmers—like Mr. Burroughs, for example—to come out with capital, choose a farm, and then send home for people to work for him, this would be the sort of immigration that Cape Colony and Natal require. And no body of such farmers could settle prosperously in either colony without sending for such labour. But what of labourers without employers?

I shall never forget a scene that I witnessed some few years ago in the streets of Rio de Janeiro. The

Government were inspired with the thought of immigration. The idea of emancipation of the slaves was beginning to assume important proportions, and white labour was to be found. Forthwith, agents abroad were employed to find it, and the happy thought was conceived of allowing these agents so much per head for those found and sent. The batches that arrived saw at once only starvation staring them in the face. The Government incurred great obloquy for what was merely a clumsy conception. But they responded to the occasion. Having spent much money in heaping this burden upon themselves of sheep without a shepherd, they spent a good deal more in shipping the bulk of them back again. We ought, perhaps, to try and forget how the Imperial Government once endeavoured to pervert Cape Colony into a criminal station; another instance, this, of caring for the naval station, but not for the colony. We might, perhaps, forget this injury were it possible to forget the resolute spirit with which the colony successfully resisted the attempt. Now, were a body of working immigrants shipped blindly out to stare at Table Mountain, and drink "Cape smoke" under a hot sun, a large proportion of them would very soon become criminals. In countries like these, the immigrant labourer should come to take the labour already waiting for him, and not come to prowl about to find it—or, rather, not to find it, though he imitated the absurd mid-

day proceeding of that hypocritical mountebank Diogenes. One other point. Immigration would be more attractive were the Kafir less abounding. The country is almost his.

The possession of thousands of acres by people who cultivate (and that badly), only hundreds, is grotesquely ruinous to agriculture, the main hope of the colony. And the mere fact, which is sometimes urged, that this system of huge possession is gradually passing away by division among sons means but little, while the old adage applies, "Like father, like son." "You must not abuse the Dutch," said a very pleasant Dutch lady to me in Capetown. "Certainly not," I replied. I have, as a Huguenot, Dutch blood (though not of the Cape) in my veins, as well as French. But it is no abuse to say that an apple is an apple and not a pine-apple. What would you? The Boer does not want to move, and the Englishman does. What would you have here to-day besides Boers in retired pastoral existence, blacks, and oxen, were it not for the English? The Boer has another philosophy. He is assuredly no poet, and has stamped out all the sparkle of the original French Huguenot intelligence. It is entirely to the French Huguenot that he owes every grape in the country. Yet he might quote poetry (if he knew where to find it) in support of his modes of life—and even Goldsmith's "Edwin" might afford him text against the fussy Englishman—

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earthborn cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

This really is the Dutchman's text. The Englishman's is, "I want everything." That is progress; impatience of the present. The Dutchman (I mean the Boer) tells him he is a fool. I don't know that there is any mere abuse in this ; but, if there be, there is a reciprocity of abuse. The Boer will never lead. He will scarcely accompany. He must be pulled along. He says, "Run yourself, and don't worry me." I take his language as a test of his difference from the true Hollander. It has wonderfully deteriorated. So has he. No greater sign of the deterioration of a people than the deterioration of their language.

An amusing anecdote is told in reference to this point about the Transvaal deputation who came to England for definitely fixing boundaries. Mr. Gladstone had so turned their heads by turning his tail that they thought they could raise a European loan. So they went to Amsterdam. But the Dutchmen of Amsterdam gave them to understand that they did not understand their language.

This language, however, is said to be spoken by four-fifths of the Cape Colony population ; and it is now allowed in Parliament and in courts. But I am told on excellent authority that the booksellers say that not five per cent. of the books they sell are

Dutch. Has the Dutch language any future in the colony? On asking a question as to educational requirements, I was told that in the higher university examinations only about ten per cent. of all the Dutch take honours. There is no doubt a growing disposition among Dutch families to obtain a European education for their children; and while all these (so to call them) restless questions of progress are foreign to the Boer mind, it yet remains that the Dutch farmer is in some cases changing, and is, in the main, a kind-hearted and hospitable, though a too easy-going man. His poisoner is far too often his political guide, whom he is too apt to follow implicitly, especially if he be a church minister.

Here, then, comes in the political question. The Dutch are like the English, in one respect, at all events. They are not very malleable; they are equally obstinate. They remember that we were invaders of them, though they refuse to remember that they were themselves invaders. When the Imperial self-imposed humiliation of Amajuba roused all the latent audacity in certain portions of the colony connected with this feeling, the cry of "Africa for the Afrianders" rose wide and high; so much so, that the "Empire League" was organized in opposition to it. But no cry could be more unjustifiable and illogical and selfish. "Africa for the Africans" would have had some meaning; but the Afriander was an invader, of whom English as well as Dutch form a part. The Dutch,

however, meant by this cry, "Africa for the Dutch." And if South Africa had never been but "Africander Dutch," and if even now it were reduced to be so, where would have been, where would very shortly be South Africa? How idle are these cries! But Amajuba gave life to them, and infused a spirit something worse than idle. Perchance with many it may gradually die out.

Among other matters I naturally heard much of Angra Pequena. Prince Bismarck has certainly shown a sudden disposition to go snuffing about for spots whereon to squat, and Lord Granville's proceedings as regards this particular matter were not very highly eulogized among many, either at home or in Cape Colony, though the issue was not so damning as that of what is known as the "Amajuba Ignominy." It did not seem to be thought that the prince had gained much by his grasp. A curious circumstance was told me, and by pretty good authority too, in connection with this planting down of the German foot. It frightened the Transvaalers that England might carry out a threatened intention of retiring entirely below the Orange River, leaving all Bechuana-land open. Any danger from the Germans would quickly lead these people to appeal to England, it is thought.

But Germany will probably have more than she will care to have in Angra Pequena alone. The climate is reported as vile, and, again, the inhabitants

up there must be strange people. Even as to the north of Cape Colony, Clanwill and Little Namaqualand, you hear strange stories of the mode in which people live. In the ostrich district of Calvinia, the travelling feather merchants suffer terribly. The houses in these northern parts are built of what is called wattle and daub, and the blacks are practically slaves. Then there is what are called the Baywhoner tribe among the Dutch, a dirty and ignorant set, that live upon the landowners, their friends. There are again what are called "Doppers." I might here use a well-known phrase among us and say, "There are Dutch and there are Dutch." But I go further, and say, "There are Dutch and there are Dutch, and yet a third time, there are *Dutch*." What can you expect of outlying districts practically without communication, and originally inhabited by people without education or refinement; all left to themselves and associated with a lower race? Wherever the white comes in contact with the black, do what the former will to raise the latter, the black will always insensibly bring the white down; and the least pleasant picture of this contact is when each pulls the other down.

Talking of this Angra Pequena question, let me ask, Why do people—perhaps the English are most apt in this acquirement—wilfully distort words? Angra Pequena is plain Portuguese for "small bay," and is pronounced Angra Pekēna. Why not, then, so spell it and so pronounce it? But no; the word

must be Pequina. And even after the mistake was pointed out, people would so print it and speak it again and again ; while some, to be very learned, would turn the word into Spanish, thus, Pequeña. The following protest, therefore, supposed to be written by Small Bay itself, at last appeared in the *Cape Times* :—

“ I am Angra Pequena, in Portuguese pure,
Pequeña is Spanish for small,
They call me Small Bay, by my name, to be sure,
Pequina means nothing at all.

“ But if, ne’ertheless, men are careless to know,
And each spells me wrong, like an ass,
Then, quana, or quena, or quina, or quo,
Or quuna, or quyna may pass.” *

All this strange mixture of races constitutes the great difficulty of the colony. Had the English been alone, they would have advanced rapidly ; had the English and Dutch only, or the English and natives only, occupied the country, matters would have turned out better than with the present confusion—English, Dutch, and natives. I say, again, the English rule, the Dutch possess, and the natives overwhelm. In many respects the English are a nuisance to the Dutch, because they will be always moving and pushing onwards ; and the Dutch are a wet blanket to the English, because they do not wish to be moved and pushed on. Again, the natives are

* Even in Mr. Greswell’s “ Our South African Empire,” the word appears in compound corruption, as Pequiña !

a trouble to both, and make trouble between both. The Englishman and the Dutchman view the native in two very different lights. The Dutchman never was an emancipator. Moreover, he remembers that he was robbed by emancipation.

These last words, by the way, remind me of the Malay population in Capetown. They are said to be descendants of the slaves of the old Dutch East India Company. In their gaudy dresses and demeanour, the women made me think of the Minas African women in Rio; but the latter are more stately in their port, and of a pleasanter complexion. The Malays are better-featured; but there was something, to me, very disagreeable in their colour, which I can only describe as that of a dark skin skumpled over with ghastly white. There are all sorts of crosses. These Mohammedans have lately afforded an example of the power of religious tenets. They hold it as an article of faith to carry their dead to the grave on men's shoulders. Therefore, when their neighbouring cemetery was, like others, closed, they openly rebelled against being compelled to go to the new one, some twelve or fourteen miles distant. Men and women, to the number of some three or four thousand, rose in rebellion, and buried a corpse in their closed cemetery. It was found necessary to call out the volunteers, and "it was a most creditable sight," writes me a friend from Capetown, "for Capetown to see about fourteen hundred

well-disciplined, well-armed, and well-uniformed men assembled on parade, prepared to put down the hostile men. However, the demonstration was sufficient, and the Mohammedans collapsed ! ”

I need not offer an opinion as to whether this or that Ministry must now be always more or less subservient to the Dutch power, because the introduction of the Dutch element and language into parliamentary debates has been now admitted ; nor shall I discuss the Bechuanaland question, particularly in the face of the lately published correspondence between Sir Charles Warren and Mr. Rhodes, which may perhaps be said not only to have opened people's eyes, but to have made people open their eyes—expressions of very different meanings. That the country owes this Bechuana question to our Amajuba glories seems to be a very general opinion ; and that those who most applaud Sir Charles Warren's undoubted successes are of the loyalist and imperialist caste seems to be an undoubted fact. When, however, a governor stands at the head of a colony, and a special commissioner is sent out, it is natural and inevitable that clashings and jealousies should arise, as this published correspondence too forcibly shows they have done ; and it is also natural that members of a responsible government should feel angry if the voluntary offices of any of them have been overridden. Messrs. Upton and Sprigg, for example, proposed their own mode of solution of the Bechuanaland

question, and Mr. Sprigg has gone so far in disapproving of Sir Charles Warren's proposals as to call them those of a madman ; an expression not worth quoting, except to show the irritation that may be aroused by jealousies. All colonial possessions, whether Crown colonies or otherwise, must be difficult to manage, particularly where responsible government has been conceded. Are people or are they not fit to be trusted ? If yea, how should those at home know better what should be done than those upon the spot ? But then the granting of responsible government still leaves the Imperial Government responsible for many things ; and on these they must be consulted. Hence a contradictory state of affairs, apparently inevitable.

Much of the Cape Colony and Natal difficulties have apparently arisen from the to-and-fro zigzag conduct of England from the beginning. Our motive in taking forcible possession in 1806 was merely selfish. We did not mean to colonize. In 1795 we had taken Table Bay in defence of the Netherlands, at the request of the Stadtholder, to keep out the French. We landed at Muizenberg, and then we realized how important Table Bay was as a naval station, and of course wished it our own. Then, having restored it to its rightful owners, when the danger in question had passed, we could not forget the value of what we had parted with, and in 1806 we took the station again, this time by force, and not

for the Dutch, but from them. There were then two courses to pursue : to confine ourselves to the peninsula and fortify it, or to manfully take possession of everything, and face our duties both towards the Dutch and the natives. Neither of these courses was pursued, but from time to time, as new steps of advance or retreat have arisen, we have shirked our duties, attempted to possess without expense, and to draw hard imaginary lines beyond which we would not go, until at last, dealing with people quite as obstinate and independent as ourselves, and failing in our duty to the natives, the present most incongruous state of affairs has been brought about, wherein (say what we will) race feeling runs strongly. It would be difficult to prove those opinions unsound which declare that when we had once passed beyond the peninsula, there should never have been any other power than the English throughout. At the bottom of our hearts we have coveted the station and begrudged the colony. We have claimed rights and shirked duties. "Additional responsibilities, especially those involving pecuniary expenditure," would not be listened to. But we had virtually committed ourselves to all responsibilities that might arise. Half measures are as false as half truths. Hence the present patchwork-authority in South Africa, which it is too late to alter. The great and growing question of the day now seems to be that of Federation.

I had two or three very interesting conversations

on all these subjects with a Dutch lady, very well known in Cape Colony, thoroughly Dutch and thoroughly loyal, and the last was on the very morning of the day I left—Wednesday, the 10th of June. Just before parting I heard a bell ringing continuously, like that of a telegraph. “Hark!” said my friend, “there is a telegram from Europe.” Presently I said “good-bye,” and came away; but no sooner was I out in the street than I heard the most unusual noise in the town, like the foreboding beating of an Indian drum. Meeting some one running from the spot whence the noise came, I asked him what it all meant. “Gladstone is out, by telegram,” he shouted, with a wide grin of delight, and rushed on. And so it proved, for shortly afterwards penny slips of the telegram were being eagerly bought by a crowd round some public window. I recount this circumstance simply as one that happened; but I could not help asking myself at the time—Can it have been wholesome statesmanship that has excited these adverse feelings towards an Imperial Prime Minister of England in one of her colonies?

With this eagerly swallowed and noisily welcomed piece of news, this popular exhibition, not of insurrection but of exultation, I closed my six months’ sojourn in the two colonies, my visit to which has furnished me with new friends and many pleasant recollections. Henceforth, whenever intelligence of interest arrives from these countries, I shall be able to

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associate it with scenes I have visited, and possibly with persons whom I am glad now to know.

It was no one's fault that the weather almost washed or blew me away when I embarked on board the good S.S. Donald Currie's *Grantully Castle*, Captain Young, on my return to England ; or that the sea fairly rolled and tossed us off from the land ; or that Table Mountain, whose various pleasing and frowning shapes and changes I had so often gazed on with such unfeigned admiration, hid himself away in towering clouds and rains, as if disdainfully to say, " You never got to the top of me, after all."

CHAPTER X.

TENERIFE AND MADEIRA.

WE rolled out of Table Bay in much worse weather and on much wetter decks than I left Southampton with, and from Wednesday afternoon until the Sunday we continued to roll. After that the weather became fine, and so continued as far as I sailed in the *Grantully Castle*, which was to Madeira only. Probably several passengers were induced to change their date of departure on the 10th of June owing to the state of the weather, for we were very few on board, and few of these appeared at table for the first few days. As my passage out had been a bright and lively one, so this homewards was correspondingly quiet, though cricket was kept up with spirit, Captain Young, like Captain Larmer, of the *Trojan*, being one of the best batters. There was also a volunteer performance by the servants and crew on board, the diversion afforded by which was, no doubt, considered to be more than sufficient to repay some slight temporary interference with the service. No one can grudge contributing

some acknowledgment for these efforts to amuse; but many of the passengers would have been better pleased, I think, that an offertory bag should have gone round, rather than a large, open, written subscription list. Everything went off very well, and all seemed highly entertained.

One reason for my choosing the *Grantully Castle* for going home was that it was marked to touch at St. Helena, where I confess to have had a great historical curiosity to land and see Longwood; and this is easily done when the hour of arrival is a practical one, for Longwood is only an hour's pony riding from the coast. As time wore on, however, Captain Young began to shake his head about this visit being possible, and on calculating the distance of the island from Table Bay—some seventeen hundred miles—it very soon became quite clear that we should arrive at very early hours on the morning of Tuesday, the 16th. So our captain, being impregnable to bribery, and being strangely more intent upon his company's contracts, the importance of the public service, and his own reputation as a smart officer, than upon satisfying the overwhelming curiosity of some of his passengers, I was fain, with the rest of us, to upbraid the Fates—

“ Who keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.”

With vexatious punctuality it was that we did arrive at St. Helena between two and three on the

Tuesday morning, and, as we were prepared for this, it did not cost the night-watch much trouble to bring us all on deck to catch, at all events, a sight of the now for ever famous island. Better, indeed, by far that the disappointment of not landing should occur in darkness than in daylight. For what a strange and murky mystery of association hangs over the Rock, as we gaze upon its silent, rugged outline against the stars, while in front and at our sides below are all kinds of boats and cries of noisy would-be vendors of fruit and trifles from the land, half lighted by their lurid lamps. Certainly the gloom of the air brought forth associations with the inward gloom of that restless and rapacious mind eating itself away under the monotony of banishment to a rock, and the irritation and exasperation that were fomented by official supervision and suspicion. Is it not curious to reflect that Napoleon in his career had schemed the capture of both those islands which afterwards, and in this case so bitterly and fatally, became the seats of his own captivity? Our visit was imperfect, but impressive. Our mail service was very soon despatched, and we sailed away on ocean, leaving the rugged outline of St. Helena in the distant dark behind us. No Napoleon is there now : but the Rock is his own for ever.

On Friday, the 19th, we crossed the line and sailed into our northern summer ; and on that night (though the fact probably was not entered in the log-book, as

it was in my journal), while walking with another passenger on deck between twelve and one, we were enchanted by vast waves of bright phosphorescent light (sometimes extensively apparent in these regions) which our crushing prow and screw were waking into life around us, in a sea already bespangled with illumination.

On Monday, the 22nd, we breasted Cape Verde, in sight ; and at night the captain drew a "house" round him by using Sir W. Thompson's apparatus for taking soundings without stopping, at which we were all, as people generally are at lectures, wonderfully edified. But what concerned me more closely was a fine sight of the Peak of Tenerife in the early morning of the 25th, when we passed through the Canaries, for to the top of that Peak I meant to go.

At about half-past four on the morning of Friday, the 26th of June, we arrived off Funchal, lying brightly sprinkled under its green mountains. Shortly after anchoring, early as it was, there appeared on board a cheerful, round-faced Irishman, by name Cardwell, who, to my great satisfaction, immediately took me into his care, and I went on shore with him to the correspondingly cheerful Hotel Carmo, in the Rua do Carmo. Thus I closed another short stage of life. The scene of the *Grantully Castle* was dissolved. Bidding Captain Young good-bye for a pleasant voyage, I left the ship for the island soon after five, and he left the island soon after seven.

The lively and elastic character of the Portuguese Government in caring for this beautiful and popular island was exemplified by the luxurious means supplied for landing. After being thrown off one's balance and getting boots full of water on the roughest of beaches, the luggage is put into a bullock-sledge, and you are drawn with it over the huge round stones into the narrow streets, to pass through the custom-house. Thence in stately march we "proceeded" (as policemen do, "upstairs," when murder or burglary has been committed) to the hotel, where I had intended to lounge for a few days in my bright room with the luxuries of black figs and strawberries. But this was not to be done just yet; for I soon became aware that intercourse between the Portuguese island of Madeira and the Spanish of Tenerife is by no means regular, and I was strongly recommended to take the chance of the *Senegal*, which was to arrive on the very next morning, touching at Santa Cruz on its passage to the West Coast of Africa.

This, therefore, I decided to do, and at 10.30 a.m. we started. The captain, Captain Brown, and the purser, Mr. Edwards, were both very courteous, but the steamer was very mean and dirty, and the passage-money was very high—part of it being, perhaps, required for future washings—viz., £3 for twenty-eight hours, the distance being about 260 miles. The weather was, however, very fine, the sea and sky very blue, and the views of the Peak and the shores of the

island extremely varied in the morning hours as we moved along towards Santa Cruz on the Sunday. Here, my first object on landing and entering the Hotel Camacho, was to make arrangements for my mountain excursion, which was presently fixed for the next morning.

The ascent of the Peak, however, is not made from Santa Cruz; you must first go across the island in a transverse direction to the town or port of Orotava, on the north side, either by carriage or vile omnibus. The distance is about twenty-five miles, for which drive I engaged a carriage at six duros, or (say) six five-franc pieces; and on Monday, the 29th of June, I started from Santa Cruz after breakfast. On leaving the city, whence the top of the Peak is visible, you begin to mount immediately, and soon obtain a wide view of the white buildings below quite unprotected by trees; of the group of dry mountains to their east; of the terraced cultivation, and of the blue sea beyond. The cactus and the maize chiefly abound. The fertile soil looks brown, and little green, comparatively speaking, appears to refresh the eye. Not much interest attaches to the road until you are beyond La Laguna, of which town I have only to say that it contains the longest straight street of jarring pavement that I can call to mind. This suffering over, there is presently more to engage the eye, particularly if the Peak be clear, which, however, it was not on this occasion; but these lower and

coarser clouds which conceal the summit have no connection with the brightness of the upper regions, as I proved on my ascent. At last you come to the grand point of the road, and it really is a grand one. You turn a corner from the shore—the spot is indeed called “rincon,” or corner—and there is suddenly opened before you the whole expanse of that part of the island called the valley of Orotava, stretching from the summit of the mountain, visible before you, down his slopes to your left, and away again on the right to the shore and the Puerto de Orotava ; all showing green fertility bounded by the glittering blue sea beyond. There are two starting-points for the mountain ; one from the town itself, and the other from the Puerto. But I had no inclination for seeking lower ground than the town in full view of the high-crested Monarch before me ; moreover, my driver’s connection was with the town, so thither we drove and stopped at the Hotel de Teyde. This name, I should observe, is given by M’Culloch to the island ; Tenerife or Teyde. And in the island the Peak bears the name of Teyde.

Here I shortly arranged with one Ignacio Dorta my terms for the excursion. A clever little chesnut horse was to cost four duros ; a sumpter mule and man at the same price ; and he himself was also to receive four duros—thus making twelve duros in all. We were to spend a night upon the mountain, for the witnessing of the sunset and the sunrise were two

indispensable and imperative conditions of my journey being undertaken at all ; and we were to return to dinner on the following day by about five o'clock. The substance of my journey was, in fact, a shadow—the shadow of the mountain.

Nerving myself up, therefore, for an expected warning to be up and about by that same hour of five in the morning, I was surprised and not displeased when Ignacio mildly requested me to be ready by the more lazy hour of eight. That would be quite soon enough, he said, for we could be at the Lomo de Alta Vista, where we should pass the night, by six o'clock in the evening, ten hours sufficing for that journey.

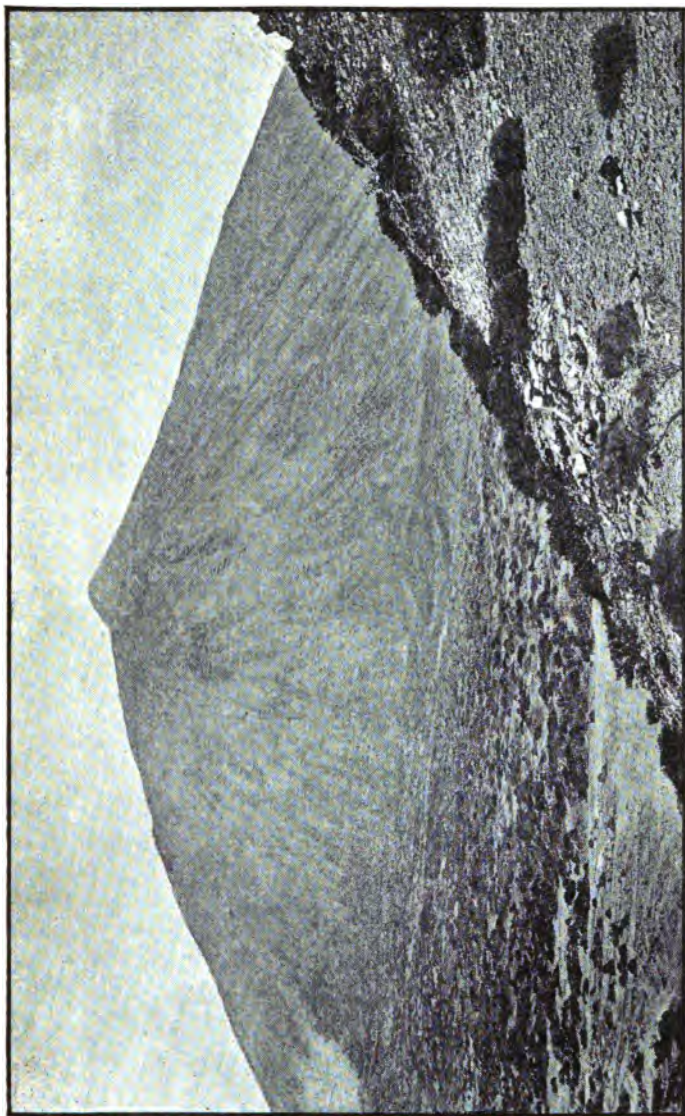
Matters being thus so easily settled, I begged the good lady of the hotel to give me a top room somewhere, whence I could see the Peak and the surrounding country, instead of the best bedroom downstairs which she had attentively selected for the Señor extrangéro. The one upstairs was not nearly so good, she said. "But there is a view?" "Oh yes; una vista preciosa! with an open, wide terrace to walk upon." So up the very strangest of crooked staircases we went, and beheld the "vista preciosa!" Do not, however, my dear reader, translate this phrase into a "precious view," for the mere sake, like so many pseudo-translators of being stiffly literal; because a "precious view" in English might read rather ironically, as of a pigsty or other such engaging object;

but in Spanish it is a choice superlative, and you must find—the one great art in translation—its proper equivalent in English—say, superb. And this it proved to be. The bed was quite clean, and quite comfortable enough for me to sleep on for as many hours as I desired ; for, although not to start till eight, I meant, if possible, to be walking out upon my terrace and gazing on the mountain before sunrise. Going off to sleep therefore at a decent hour, with the last remaining spark of sensibility fixed strongly upon four or five o'clock, behold I awoke exactly at half-past four, and walked forth at once into open air in my pyjamas. The sun was not yet up to Orotava, but he was beginning to threaten the Peak, on which he shortly shone with all his morning gold. I would not have missed those first ten minutes for worlds. I have seen many mountain effects, including strange and striking ones enough among the Alps, Pyrenees, and Andes ; but I have never seen, and do not expect to see again, what I beheld that morning. For the Peak proper became like a small pyramid of burnished gold—not merely of gold, but of burnished gold, even as of a golden salver ; while immediately below this glittering equilateral pyramid there was moving along a light frill of bright orange cloud or mist, framing and perfecting the picture after the manner in which Nature so often seems, to those who will worthily observe her, to set her finish, and to deck the striking object of the moment. What sur-

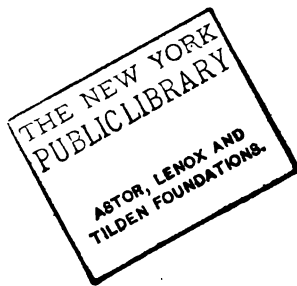
face could it be that was producing this glittering effect? or was it some peculiarity in my own vision which another's would not have discerned? So I determined to examine the rocks at the top—when I got there.

Well! the sun had now risen, and presently the clouds had done the same all round the mountain, and the morning was now obscure, so that I turned in again for the intervening time, wondering what the day would be, but relying on what I had been told, not to be afraid of the lower clouds in June and July. One thing we very soon learn in travelling—that the atmospheres of different countries are as different from one another as their languages; you have to learn the one as you have to learn the other; and you have to learn both from the people they belong to.

For my own part I should have given up the ascent from the aspect of the clouds when the hour came for starting; for they had grown thicker and thicker. But on the repeated assurances of all that the weather was good for the excursion, I mounted my nag and we went our way, beginning to ascend immediately. In about an hour we entered the clouds. Cultivation continued until about ten o'clock, and we passed one kind below the clouds which was perfectly new to me; viz. that of the cochineal on the cactus, which is said to flourish well in this island. There seemed to be a harvest of the insects going on, and the men, women, and children,



THE PEAK OF TENERIFE.
From a Point in the Cañadas.



were carefully wrapping them up in something ; but I could get no clear explanation of the matter, and I was thinking more of the mountain than of cochineal.

Shortly after entering the clouds by a wonderful number of deviations caused by stone walls, we came to what is called the Monte Verde, covered with Bresotrees—very thick green shrubs—through which we wound ; then to the Charquitos (small pools) de Arica ; and then to a long, long plaguing stony passage, called Hurarillos. What with clouds and stones, faith and patience had been thus far rather strongly taxed, but the tension was presently relieved. The shadowy outlines of an approaching horseback group were meeting us on the stony path, and gradually divulged their outlines. They had come from the opposite valley, and assured us, to my great relief, that they had seen the Peak from that side, and that it was all in blazing sun and blue. “And there it is!” cried Ignacio Dorta, some half-hour afterwards, “and here’s the end of the clouds.” Very true ! We emerged, and directly in front was the vast Peak proper, still behind intervening rocks, and something quite apart from us. By-and-by came the vast swelling bulk of the upper mountain, and at the top stood the Peak in due form. But there was still a certain intervening line a little way below the apex, which showed that this lay some long space beyond the large bulk I was looking on ; a fact which I afterwards verily came to prove, as will be shown. We now, like the very Peak,

were in a blue sun-blaze ; and very soon I began to realize how much the clouds I had feared and deprecated had really been our friends ; for during all this distance upwards they had protected us, horses and all, from a hot wearying sun, over ground whence and where there was the least for the general traveller to dwell on.

We were now upon our next named district, that of the Cañadas, or glens : being a vast stretch of sand and yellow pumice-stone country with no great ascent ; and this I understand Mr. Piazzi Smyth to speak of as "the basin of an ancient crater, whose dimensions can hardly be paralleled except on the moon itself." Under one of the scanty shrubs here growing, called by Ignacio "econoni," we took our first meal. Traversing this, with the great mountain on our right, and the great Guajara ridges in our front and on our left, we came upon some huge isolated rocks of that beautiful but valueless glassy purple lava-stone, called obsidian. Hence, also, we beheld the stupendous ribs of dry broken black lava that in times gone by the now-sleeping volcano had disgorged in burning streams down the sides of the vast inverted bowl, called Lomo Tieso, or Stiff Back. This we began to ascend towards the Peak, passing a station called the Estancia de los Ingleses, about halfway up, but which is far too low for the night if you wish to be in good time to see the sunrise in the morning. So on and on we went, the two men

stopping behind to get fuel for our night fire from certain straggling growths. For myself, I at last got off my horse, when matters became too steep and stony, and toiling upwards, bridle in hand, found myself at six o'clock, as promised, at the Lomo de Alta Vista, where we were to bivouac. This bivouac was poor indeed, and served to give one the impression that very few ever came up the mountain, or if they did, never spent the night there, or, perhaps cared not how they spent it. This is a terrible disadvantage, for the hard work begins in the morning. A dwarf wall or two against rocks is meant for a place for the horses, and the same sort of place must serve for the travellers. My food was also almost as hard as the walls, and very rudely put together. But I had come to see the mountain and to go away again, and must take what people gave me. Beer and tea were the best items, and the latter must be warmed in the same iron pan from which the horses drank their stinted water, and this we brought with us in a barrel.

Hence was I to witness the mountain shadow of the evening, and what was the atmosphere? Strange as the observation may seem, I say that happily it was not clear. The valley towards Orotava lay under the same dark fixed canopy of cloud that we had traversed, and the general view was thick. But this was all to my advantage, for the setting sun from behind the Peak, which now lay to our west behind

us, went down in perfect brightness, and thus cast out upon a misty and mysterious surface a gigantic and enchanting pyramidal shadow of the great mountain such as I had hoped to see. The phenomenon was perfect, and even my two guides were struck with what they declared to be an unusually happy manifestation.

Night coming on, the next step, almost impossible, was to lie down ; and the next, quite impossible, was to go to sleep. The sky was happily fine and clear ; the air was somewhat cold and peculiarly dry ; the wind was tranquil, but just sufficiently strong to blow eddies of the green wood smoke of our fire into my eyes, to which sort of plaguing amusement the shapeless shape of our so-called refuge seemed to invite it. Wrapped in my coat and large plaid, however, and in spite of peaked bits of rock which it was impossible to escape at some one point or other, I secured short periods of dozings, and when I opened my eyes from time to time, it was only to find my two companions fast asleep, and myself alone with the Moon and the Stars and Silence.

At last, towards two o'clock, I resolved to move, and called Ignacio to warm me up some tea, and that we would begin our march. Then began the hard work of reaching the Peak after this unrest. This climb is taken to be generally one of nearly two hours. It was quite that time and a little more with me. For the space of one we were walking, or rather

stepping and striding over an ascent of just one thousand feet of the wildest possible masses of huge black broken lumps of lava rock. It is called the Mal Pais, or evil country, and well does it deserve the name. This is the cruel space I have alluded to that intercepts the lower bulk of the slope from the upper, as betokened by the line I had traced from below on entering the Cañadas, and which in fact separates the Lomo Tieso from the cone above, called La Rambleta—the meaning of Rambla being sand.

While traversing these rocks, and stopping and turning now and then to take breath, and to realize the mighty wilderness, I was suddenly startled by observing a most strange and beautiful appearance in the distance below us. In the midst of the still, dark, heavy clouds overhanging our first valley, I beheld a bright, fiery, circular coruscation, flashing and fluttering as if from flames. The explanation was too easy for imagination to last long, but the phenomenon was none the less most strange. Some people below, as early movers as ourselves, had lighted their morning fire, and to the clouds we owed this fairylike betrayal of their unseen act.

Free of these rocks at last, we passed some snowbeds curiously thawed into pyramids, and found ourselves at the foot of La Rambleta, in full view of the last culminating cone above it, which bears the Peak, and is called the Pilon de Azúcar, or Sugar Loaf. It was satisfactory to me to be able to judge by the

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light that we should be there as early as the sun. This Rambleta begins by a dipping curve, but soon presents its soft pumice-stone angle of 33° , the same prevailing on the Mal Pais and the Pilon de Azúcar. This is a hard zigzag climb, but with jutting rocks from time to time that help the footing ; nevertheless there is this disadvantage, that as you approach the top you are met in your quick breathings with that most trying of all atmospheres and smells under those circumstances, warm sulphurous steam ; and this continues to the top. At last we are at the foot of the Pilon, with another 470 feet or a little more to climb, and these accomplished, over very much the same sort of footing, behold us at the top at last !

What is the top, the veritable Peak ? Is it a solid integral peak ? No. It is the highest point of the curve inwards of the ragged jagged walls of the great sleeping volcano itself, the east, or nearest ridges of which present themselves at first in profile to you, dipping very considerably from your right hand or northwards, to your left or southwards, so that, on reaching the outward ridge you must turn to your right to get to the top point of all ; and on looking over this, you at once perceive the broken slanting form of the crater, into the open sulphurous bosom of which, given as three hundred feet in diameter and about seventy in depth, you can with facility descend.

The sun came up exactly as we arrived, and the lower mass of clouds between him and us was like a

spread of golden ocean. Turning from this, I made all haste to look over the ridges of the top. If I had been charmed with the shadow of the evening, what shall I say of that of the morning? Finer, far finer; far more impressive. So much was this the case that although I was then and there, at that very moment, expecting to see the shadow, yet, quite thrown off my guard when I did, I was positively on the point of exclaiming, "Why, there's another mountain!" Absurd as this may sound, it is a fact, and you are quite at liberty, dear reader, if you like, to say I am absurd. Absurd I should have been had I wished the sea and air to be clear; for again it was the haze that made so perfect, so delusive, this vast pyramidal phantasmagoria. But how could it be drawn in such perfect outline on the sea? It is sometimes pleasing to revel in the confusion of wonder. Look at the mountain round you! Crag, walls, precipices, cavities, other craters, not under you but far and wide away—"informe, ingens," all: vast and shapeless. Turn quickly towards the west again, and behold a pyramid stretched out upon the misty land and waters as perfect as could be drawn by art. Then comes the explanation which may serve to convey to you the enormous size of all this mountain; for these inequalities that appear so vast upon the spot are infinitesimal as compared with the cardinal outline of the great mass.

Not very much of Tenerife itself was visible, and

I saw but indistinctly the outlines of the Grand Canary. But I would not have changed my atmosphere for the great curiosity of seeing Madeira. It is on the rarest occasions that its high peaks are visible, and some deny that they can be ever seen at all. But gazing from a height of 12,200 feet upon a height of 6000 would surely overcome the intervening curve of distance that lies between the two islands.

We wandered awhile to and fro among the crags and yellow sulphurs and spitting and steaming cavities of small dimensions, and traversed the white curving floor of the crater, spending rather more than an hour before descending. The air was cold and very dry, producing some hardness in my glands and excessive dryness in the throat and mouth. Happily, however, I had charged Ignacio with my wickered brandy flask, a sip at which from time to time continued to fortify me against this strange and somewhat trying species of exhaustion.

But what of the burnished gold that I had seen from Orotava? I looked especially to this. I found all the broken ridges of the crater, especially at the top curve, extremely white, very porous, and filled with glittering spots. Two fragments I broke off and brought home, and still have them. Through the medium of a friend I have been able to have them submitted to Dr. Lapworth, of Mason College, Birmingham, whose description amply justifies my vision. "The fragments," writes that eminent geologist, "are

trachyte, and owe their whiteness partly to the large proportion of silica which they contain, and partly to the looseness of their texture, permitting internal reflection of light, as in snow."

On entering the lava rocks of the Mal Pais again, they seemed more formidable than before, and one's wonder is excited by the exact mode in which the guide keeps the same line through the ragged bewilderment, for you seem buried among the masses. If you are a tolerable balancer of your body, there is not only no danger, but no difficulty, for the surfaces are very rough and stay the foot; otherwise a slip might be attended with a serious shin wound, or even by a broken bone. I did not hear of any such accidents as at all usual, however. I went straight up and came straight down as I was bid, but for those who care to diverge there is what they call the Ice Cavern to visit. All of this that I can pretend to know is that my throat being almost as dry as my hands, Ignacio diverged and brought me some cold water from it, and when we arrived at the refuge I found the attendant on the animals had replenished his store at the same source.

It was while striding back over these rocks that our ears were suddenly greeted with distant merry voices, seemingly from the rocks themselves. These increased upon us, until some half-dozen young fellows with empty sacks came bounding like roebucks over the huge fragments on their way up, and broke into

conversation with Ignacio. What were they going for? Neither for sights nor shadows. They were going to gather sulphur; and as they merrily disappeared with their cheerful prattle in the midst of the mountain's silence, my own wearied self of the moment marvelled at their phosphoric activity almost as at something supernatural. On reaching the refuge, I made the best I could of my provender for a slight meal, and after a short rest I left the men to gather the things together and to follow with the animals, starting off myself to walk to the bottom of the Lomo Tieso; here I waited a short time for them, regaling myself with the sweet fragrant blossoms of two large plants of the Retama. Thence onward again we pursued our way, lunching somewhere near the spot of the previous day, and passing out of the Cañadas along the rough stony way I have before described came at last to the wearisome stone wall zigzags above Orotava. There, at a herdsman's cottage, I obtained a long draught of pure cold water, which immensely relieved my still dry mouth; and by-and-by we found ourselves at the veritable Hotel Teyde, at the veritable promised hour of five o'clock.

From my description of this excursion you will at once see that the mountain climb does not present the slightest difficulty. I should be curious to know whether any other ascent of twelve thousand feet presents such facilities. The only question is one of fatigue, of encountering which every one must be his

own judge. But this fatigue might be greatly diminished were the excursionist more cared for on the mountain, and were he able to take more comfortable provender with him. As to going up to see the Peak of Tenerife in midday I should never have cared to do it. Not only is any hot mountain view worthless, except for the hot curiosity of an untravelled, but here it must be remembered that there is no great chain of glaciers or mountains around to engage the imagination as in beautiful Switzerland. The Peak is a real Monarch, he stands alone; and the whole island might seem to be a very carpet at his feet. Then again, and especially, to attempt the whole journey in one day could lead only to such sufferings and annoyances as I have lately read of in Lady Brassey's account of their ascent. Would any of their party feel they had been repaid by such an excursion as is described?

While upon the subject of Tenerife I cannot forebear asking the question why more is not made of this beautiful island? The climate is infinitely drier than that of Madeira, and the port is a free port. Many might prefer it to Madeira, and Madeira yet be visited quite as fully and freely as ever. But improvements in living must take place. A fine climate is a fine treasure where there is fine food and shelter. We are only animals, after all, and we must have both, or suffer, even in a very Eden. I am told that at the Puerto de Orotava there is a delightful place of resort.

I can only add that the whole island has a right, and ought, to be so too.

On the following morning, Thursday, I returned to Santa Cruz, anticipating some uncertainty as to the date of my passage to Madeira, and fain would I have persuaded myself to visit the minor curiosity of the Grand Canary. But I found, in answer to my inquiries at Santa Cruz, that the passage was always made at night ; and this fact, considering the style of steamer on that line and that an uncertain date of return thence to Madeira would involve other extra nights, decided me to relinquish what would be a dearly bought and not important curiosity. As to my passage to Madeira there was also doubt. Two boats were telegraphed as starting from the Canary and were expected, but not bound, to call on their way at Santa Cruz. Then I learned one of them had gone without calling, and that the other was coming, but would not leave again before Monday. So I settled down accordingly. Eventually, on Friday night I was suddenly called to take my ticket, for that the *Landuna*, Captain Crooks, had just come in, and would leave at midnight. I received all this varied information from Messrs. Hamilton, the agents, with whose head partner there, Mr. Edwards, I had revived some very old and early English associations connected with Sir James Little, a well-known former resident of the island, and partner of the firm under an earlier name. It was fortunate for me that this

happened, for being introduced by Mr. Edwards to Captain Crooks, he granted me the important advantage of sleeping in his cabin, and thus I avoided a most miserable two nights' sufferings. This ship had come from the West Coast of Africa, and what passengers it had brought! Only a few; all looking ill, except the missionary. I understood the others had been enticed out by tempting reports, but were coming home, having left behind them both health and money. When those I saw going out on board the *Senegal* come back, will they look like these I saw on board the *Landuna* coming home?

Early on the Sunday morning, the 5th of July, we arrived at Funchal, with all the green mountains clear, and I stood on board before Mr. Cardwell, much to his surprise, for I had intended a fortnight's absence with a visit to the farther island when I left. "You have not been to the Grand Canary?" "No; but I have been up the Peak of Tenerife."

This early return to Madeira gave me plenty of time for making my intended excursions over that island, for I was obliged to wait for the next steamer of the Donald Currie line, which was not due till the 22nd of July, or I should have lost my privilege of continuing my passage to England for the balance (only £5 5s.) of the whole fare from the Cape, of which I had already paid thirty guineas to come to Madeira. Here also is another of the drawbacks to Madeira. The separate passage-money to and fro

is out of all proportion with that for the whole voyage. But I suppose the companies cannot afford to fill their steamers with short fares.

In the hall of the Hotel Carmo there are palanquins or redes, or hammocks, in blunt English, and known men they belong to are at call ; so that my bargain for my first day's excursion was very readily made at the acknowledged charges. It was to be to the Gran Curral, which affords a splendid day's jaunt, and occupied me from eight in the morning till five in the evening. For my part this first experience of hammock-carrying was not, for more reasons than one, very agreeable. The being borne about like an invalid or corpse is unpleasant ; the lying down on an exploring expedition is tantalizing, and the position is liable to cramp you, until you have by long use become inured to it. You might not quite like the swing of the men's walk ; and to one feature of the performance I could not at all become reconciled—the apparent suffering of the men's shoulders by your weight and by the harshness of the great round pole that rests upon them. This they seek to relieve the pressure of by from time to time thrusting underneath their equally harsh stout walking-stick ; while the hard thud of their footsteps insists on your bearing in mind the heavy work they have to do. And up and down the incessant and often very long and rapid inclines of this wondrous island of streams and coloured rock, and softly wooded hills and gorges, they

have to trudge. Rarely indeed is there a level among these singularly beautiful scenes. Will you go on horseback? Some do; and even up all the steep round-stone pavement to the Camacho Church, two thousand feet above the sea. However, no horseback—horses ridden anyhow—in Madeira for me, except quite here and there, and almost nowhere.

One other well-known mode of moving about there is—the only rapid one and a very rapid one indeed—I mean the coming down this same round-stoned hill in what is called the *carro*, or sledge. The apparent but not positive, danger attending this too-short rush adds to the excitement of the rapidity. When the two men get fair play to jump on behind, the greatest pace acquired at parts down the steep is about twenty-five miles an hour, and the under-sledging of the basket is often greased at starting to secure the highest speed. How the people manage to get out of the way, especially with their bullock-carts, and how the skill of your own propellers, who keep madly (as it were) rushing you on by their movements, can manage to pull up for a curve, or guide you between laden animals, is a subject for repeated wonderment. The whole proceeding was so novel to me that I felt glad not to have experienced it often enough to produce that leveller of all novelties, experience; nor was this sensation of novelty at all damped by my recollection of having, some few years ago, come down for some miles on the inclines of the Serra de

Nova Fribourgo, in Brazil, in a trolley on the rails, running at one long stretch at sixty miles an hour.

On the road to the Gran Curral you pass on the edge of those rivered and wooded gorges which Madeira shows you everywhere, and of a character she may call her own, and you culminate at last at the Curral itself, which is an enormous broken-up crater, so vast that the eye must be taught to follow its outline; and from the height you occupy you look down upon a broad rich valley, surrounded by some of the finest-coloured peaks, in the two thousand feet depths of which you may gaze upon a diminutive village and its baby church and spire.

When visitors to Madeira have but one or two days between whiles to spend there, this excursion is generally the one undertaken to realize the character of the scenery. But there is another of equal length which those who admire the very romance of lovely rock, wood, and valley might prefer: I mean that to the Ribeiro Frio. This occupied me from six in the morning until five in the afternoon, and perhaps need not have been quite so long had I been less enchanted with the scene, and had not lingered over it so long. You pass over what is called the Poiso, after which you come to the Freirias, and there the beauties begin. When you commence the descent of the valley, observe the green centre serrated ridge; there are, in fact, three tangled ridges. The bearers stop at a certain spot below, and here it is that they must

take you up a very steep but short ascent past some huts or cottages, through maize, to a channeled stream which they call a levada. Here you find yourself crossing the heads of the gorges, buried in the soft bay-tree foliage of the *Laurus Canariensis*, densely covering the masses, and you are gradually led up to and seated out upon a huge integral crest called the Balcão. Below you, towards the sea, run the three gorges of the Ribeiro Frio, the Inferno, and the Metade ; behind and beside you is a vast cupped valley whence springs the range of a great red serra with its Pico Ruivo ; and when I was there all the soft foliage, with the bay-tree thickly abounding, was lighted up with the young green leaf of the mid-summer shoot. When once on the Balcão you can decide for yourself how long you mean to stay—how soon you can leave your throne. Coming home it will save you and the men a vast deal of fatigue to take a carro from the Arrebentão, which you must order to be there on your way up.

These were my two short trips ; my third was to be a long one—to Rabaçal, and round the north of the island, which occupied me just five days. Meanwhile, however, my engagements were very pleasantly diversified one morning by an invitation, through the introduction of Mr. Worth, the American Consul at Funchal, to breakfast on board the *Saratoga*, one of three American training-ships that had put in for a few days on their way homeward. The other two

were the *Jamestown* and the *Portsmouth*, the *Jamestown* being the largest. All were forty years old, but looked very handsome with their square yard-arms in port, and very English in all their bright arrangements. It was a sight to see all the lads, at a given hour, souse into the water and roll about like so many scores of young porpoises in the blue waves, making their home there or anywhere, while on board ship, even at their early stage of life. "All depends upon the bringing-up, sir—all depends upon the bringing-up," said one of the officers. And if this saying is not new, it is at all events true. With some people their drawing-room is their world; with others the world is their home.

It was on Tuesday, the 14th of July, that I started for my round tour; and I had to take with me four porters, so as to allow of changes from shoulder to shoulder on the way, and one carrier with provisions; for in this lovely fertile island you may very soon starve outside Funchal and one or two other towns. To each of these men I was to pay a milrei and a half of Portuguese money per day, equal to about six shillings, with the never-failing periodical "drink." The first move was to get on board the *Falcão*, hammock and all, a rolling little coast-boat, and go as far as a place called Calheta, lying to the west. I remembered to have sailed along these shores on my way to the Açores in 1880; but the various cliffs had lost nothing of their novelty and beauty of form

and colouring, the terraced cultivation looking like lines of engraving on their sides. After a bright passage we arrived at Calheta at a quarter-past eleven, where a large sugar-baking manufactory and some ragged habitations did not adorn the beach, nor could it hope to gain beauty from the motley crowd, with many beggars, that flocked to our boat's landing-place.

All things disembarked, the hammock was very soon arranged, and we mounted the high cliffs. In time we came to a long tunnel, half a mile long, cut for water—levada is the name again—and through this I walked, with a guide before me, in the dark, water flowing by our side. On emerging from the other end I found myself in Rabaçal. What is Rabaçal? It is an enormous and gigantic compound mountain gorge, crowded to its very summits with thick foliage, an "arvorédo" (to use a beautiful Portuguese word, accented for pronunciation) of that same *Laurus Canariensis*, and of shrubs called Ursa and Ovaria. All this soft foliage, stretching far above us and below us where we stood, was at the moment rendered yet more soft by the very slightest film of mountain mist in sunshine; and again the young midsummer shoots sprinkled their higher lights in every quarter.

Above the mouth of this tunnel, by about twenty minutes of zigzags, stands the Government House, where the Director of Public Works lives when out on duty; and here I had been told I might find a

bed on inducing the care-taker to believe in my respectability, a test of which would no doubt be looked for in the contents of my basket and my purse. But I was far better off than this; for on arriving I was most frankly greeted by the director himself and family, who happened to be there at that very moment. So I made my bow to Senhor Dr. José Bernardo Lopez de Andrade, and became partaker of his hospitality.

The Risco (which I call the compound apse of the gorge) is, in my own view, the gem of the whole vast scene. There is an upper broad path to its recesses, where all is worthy to be wondered at, and which is very easy of access; but, if you agree with me, you will say that it is by the lower path you should penetrate its romance of scenery, especially in the afternoon hour when the broken sunshine pours between the trees above you to the peaks, and below you to the rushing stream that comes from a waterfall tumbling over a black high veritable apse of rocks at the very head of all. This is a scene of scenes, and I went twice to see it.

The other point to be visited is called the Vinte-cinco Fontes, or the twenty-five fountains. The walk to this, along the sides of the gorge, is long and beautiful. You trace the watercourse as you pass along and look down (sometimes from rather near the edge) upon the wooded depths below, that unfold to you as you go, until at last you come to all these

fountains. They seemed to me to be caused merely by the copious stream above the rock finding its way down through twenty-five different fissures. But go and see it all. Rabaçal may, perhaps, be said to be the sight of the whole island.

On leaving the next morning, the 15th, for Seixal, on the north coast, we wound up the wooded side above the mouth of the tunnel we had traversed, and came upon an open fern country, which continued as far as the head of the Serra Seixal. I stopped the men at the edge of Rabaçal, and, before leaving it for ever, took a long feasting look at all its wooded glories; and here I came to the conclusion that it ought to be approached by the point at which I was leaving it, for nothing could be grander than the first burst of it to the traveller after coming over the ground by which I was going away.

Through and down and down the very lofty wooded serra of Seixal we managed to get; but how the men managed to carry the rede I know not. I only know they did; and after passing the woods, we had again to get down through the cultivated plantations, till at last, at 3.30, I found myself (as instructed) asking hospitality of Senhor Manoel Ignizio da Costa Lyda, which was readily bestowed. This senhor is occupied in the wine produce of the island, and I was fortunate in finding him at Seixal. His house is picturesquely planted on a jutting point of the shore, whence, looking across a pretty curve, I saw a good

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length of the path cut high in the cliffs which I was to traverse the next morning on my way towards Santa Anna. If you draw a straight line from Porto Monizon, the west of this shore, to Ponta Gorda, on the east, you will find it includes the largest by far of all the bays.

In the morning I started for Boa Ventura along this same coast road. Sufficiently high and sufficiently narrow it was in parts to make me prefer getting out to walk, though with the men I was perhaps safer than alone. Ferns, trees, and small dripping tunnels diversified the road. The Portuguese at every corner kept up their well-earned renown for gardening; the blue sea was swelling lazily far below; and the chaffinch and the blackbird were both in joyous song.

Oh! that man could feed on poetry alone sometimes. But the flesh has little care for the spirit in its enjoyments; and Madeira always makes you think of this. Turning into and out of São Vincente, the mountains, especially one called Lapas Pretas, because black rabbits abound there, struck me as most peculiar; and then we mounted for our night to a solitary house looking over a vast valley with a venda, called Boa Ventura, and lying rather inland.

Boa Ventura, as I dare say you know, means a lucky chance; and my lucky chance here was to get a clean bed, which I did. Otherwise the place was as poverty-stricken as any one could expect *not* to find.

in this most fertile island. We knocked at the door, and not being answered, I attempted to open it. It was locked with a key, so one of the porters hammered it. At last a girl appeared, and waiting just long enough to hear from him what we wanted, turned and fled. Supposing that she must have gone to give our message, we waited for a reasonable time in vain, till one of the men at last invaded the sanctuary, and a large fat woman came forth and showed me my large white bed. For the rest, what I had in the basket, with a strange something prepared for me, made up the table. But imagine all this with teeming fertility on all sides!

I was away at half-past seven for Santa Anna, and arrived there at about noon, finding a very fair lodging at Senhor Accioli's hotel, this being one of the spots outside Funchal where you are promised the possibilities of decent food and shelter. The path hither runs very high at different spots, and Santa Anna itself stands nine hundred feet above the sea, with a fine coast view as far as the Ponta São Lourenço. Walking to and fro on the terrace you can also plainly mark the small island Porto Santo, the first discovered of the group, in the year, as given, 1418. And here I was reminded of a conversation I had with my friend Mr. Fairbridge in Capetown, when he drew attention to the absurdity of the constantly repeated legend, concerning the first discovery of Madeira. For it is said that for a whole twelve-

month's possession of Porto Santo elapsed before any one dared sail forth to realize what some strange, looming, supernatural phantasmagoria in the distance could possibly be ; superstition stretching to imagine it as even the entrance to hell. That then, says the legend, João Gonçalves Zargo, one of the naval commanders, be it observed, who had discovered Porto Santo, was inspired with the daring resolution to sail forth and see, and that then at last he found the island of Madeira. But if the small island of Porto Santo can be so clearly seen from Madeira, how much more Madeira from Porto Santo ; and by naval eyes into the bargain ! If a cherry can be seen from where a peach is lying, or a marble from where a cricket ball is lying, surely the opposite speaks for itself—or (to use the present fashionable mere *nigger's* English) “goes without saying.” Seeing that the two islands are most plainly discernible one from the other, excepting in a few days or hours of bad weather, of course the legend is an absurdity. And under this name may pass also (I should suppose) much of the stories about the island being for years in flames.

My weather of the following morning, the 18th of July, was not propitious at the early hour of starting, half-past six. So I decided to return by the direct road to Funchal, unless when we came to the point of deviation for Lamaceiro and Santa Cruz it should have improved. This not being the case, and as I

had now seen all the characteristics of the island, I ordered the rede along the very pretty direct road, adorned with box-trees and a wonderful amount of fine-blowing blue hydrangeas planted in lines, until we came to an extensive opening, called Cortado de Santa Anna. A cultivated valley of great depth and stretch lies open below, and towards the sea stands out the huge rock called the Penha d'Agua, which, I am quite sure, must show to far greater advantage from this spot than from Fayal, which is too close beside it, but where people go to look at it. From the spot I speak of it lies at the distance which its size requires, and it also forms a leading feature belonging to the immense general picture that there presents itself, which it cannot do at Fayal.

The road then courses down by the side of the vast basin, till suddenly at a certain point you come in full view of the compound heads of the three Ribeiros, Secco, Metade, and Frio, and there is the Balcão too! The weather had by this time cleared, and only a few transparent muslins of mist were playing in the sunshine with the valleys before bidding them good-bye for above. The scene was, in some sort, the reverse of what I have before described. The guides told me the spot, though "magnifico" had never been particularly noted, so I called it Ponto Bello, and bid them remember the name.

Down and down you go, and then up and up, and every now and then your hammock is turned round,

for your shoulders must be uppermost up hill, and downermost down hill ; and the men tread hard, and change often, and pant ; dig their sticks into the ground, or put their hard substances under the hard pole on their shoulders to soften the burden ; yet when they stop for a while to rest they show no sign of real fatigue. They like a small drink, however, which you will always have to give them either at the vendas or from some bottle you ought to bring with you. Such is their sin and wickedness !

We came back into Funchal at three o'clock by the Poiso, where we rested ; but there was no carro for me this time at the Arrebentão. Funchal below lay covered over with mist ; all with us was clear. But the opposite is frequently the case ; and sometimes this interchange goes on between land and sea—bright on land, foggy on sea ; foggy on land, bright on sea. If you are above and the sea is in fog, look for two or three sails now and then coming out of the cloud, crossing a patch of open blue, and then disappearing again, something after the fashion of the moon going in and out of fleecy clouds in a mottled night sky.

The changing weather on the mountain tops did not tempt me to any further movement, so now it remained to reflect upon my island journey, in the narrow sloping streets of Funchal, with their slippery round-stone pavements, and to await my steamer from the south. I am glad to have realized Madeira,

that beautiful and fertile island, that rich Fruit and Flower Painting framed in a blue sea. But there is something of a depressing effect everywhere. Movement is so confined, life seems so lifeless, poverty appears normal, and begging whines everywhere. Perhaps the beauties of Madeira entail its difficulties. But the stranger in a passing visit may well leave both Madeira and Tenerife with the impression that the gifts of both those islands are in far too great a measure thrown away. And so, farewell to both!

My toiling old steamer, the *Warwick Castle*, was two or three days late in arriving, and at last came suddenly, as many late things do. I paid some trumpery fee for leave to go away—levied by a frank and generous Government to attract and propitiate strangers—and I might very well have been late on board from the obligation of submitting to some unmeaning custom-house requirement. All, however, ended well; and away we sailed for Plymouth, where, as usual, I left the steamer and came quietly on to London, realizing once more at the end of July what I describe, even after Madeira, as the Sweetness of English Scenery.

Thus, my dear reader, I have told you my story of Cape Colony, Natal, Tenerife, and Madeira. Content, or non-content, Good-bye!

THE END.

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